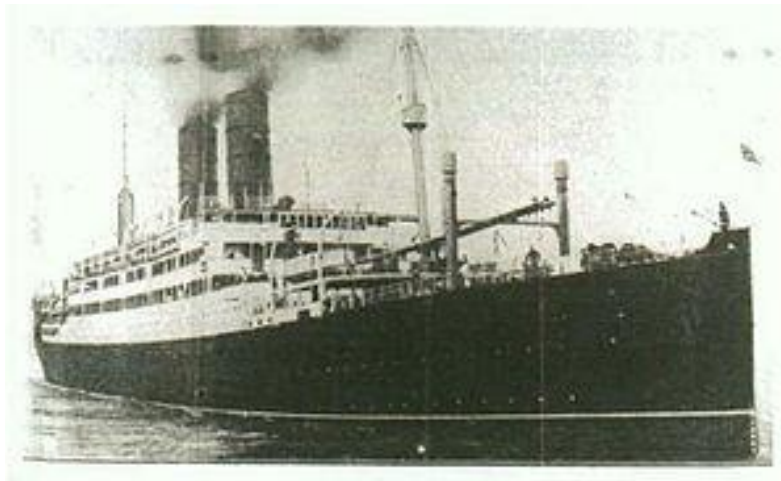


The Sinking of the *Tuscania*

February 5, 2018
100th anniversary



By Marilyn Gahm
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Part 2
Disclaimer:

There are many conflicting reports on the sinking of the *Tuscania*, both in contemporary accounts and throughout the years since 1918.

Although this topic was carefully researched for three years, there may be errors due to mistakes and contradictions made in the original sources as well as interpretations since, and because of erroneous information that has been repeated numerous times, especially on the Internet.

The conclusions drawn in this document are therefore sometimes “best guesses.” As in any tragedy, there is a lot of hearsay and gossip to sift through, and the clouded memories of survivors after many years have passed. And each day, it seems, some new piece of information becomes available on the Internet, amplifying – and sometimes contradicting – previous data.

Be aware there is more than one ship named the *Tuscania* – and misidentified histories and photographs are common on the Internet. Note the *Tuscania* that sank in 1918 has two funnels. The Anchor Line’s *Tuscania II*, which sailed from 1921 to 1961, has one funnel.

History is not just dry dates and names. History tells a story. This story of the *Tuscania* is composed of many stories - of Americans, Scots, Irish, English, Germans - whose lives intersected that cold February day in 1918, and whose lives afterwards would never be the same. And for some, that night marked the end of their lives.

Some of the enduring legacies of the *Tuscania*, in my opinion, are the introduction of the U.S. military serial number, the introduction of improved mandatory lifeboat training, the emphasis on accurate troop passenger rosters, the addition of the serial number to “dog tag” identification and a realization of the importance of the dog tag, the use of fingerprints for identification, determining the length of elapsed time before declaring dead those missing in action, spurring recruitment into World War I military service, and improving Red Cross disaster plans.

The sinking of the Tuscania was a symbolically significant milestone in twentieth-century world history – the point when the isolationist USA began to shed blood in Old Europe’s wars.

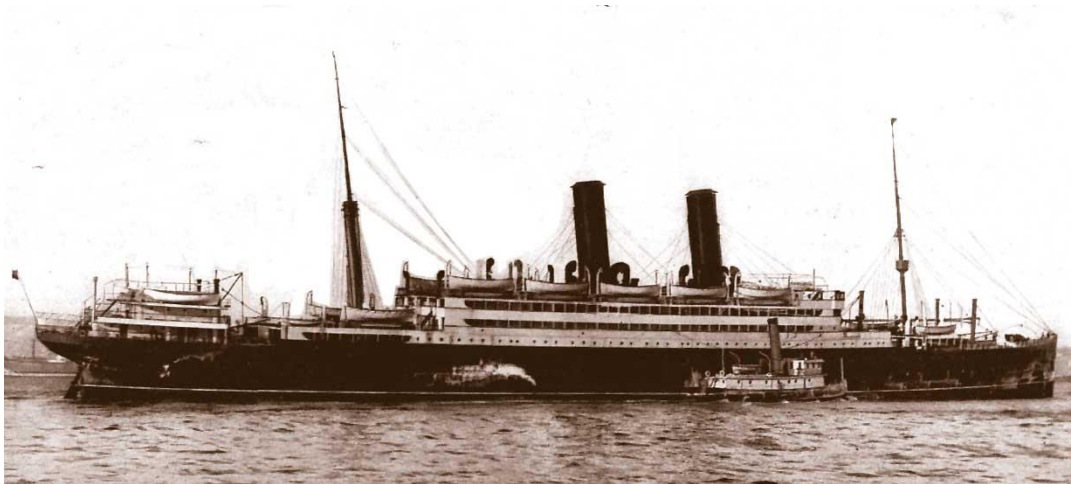
Les Wilson, The Drowned and the Saved

Come aboard ...

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Find A Grave (findagrave.com) records of survivors and casualties are gathered in a virtual cemetery at <https://www.findagrave.com/virtual-cemetery/999669>



Tuscania, probably on her sea trials in 1914, soon after she was launched (U.S. National Archives)

***And shall their memory ever grow pale?
Not ever, till the stars in the flag of America fail.
— Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews***

Part 4: Their World Stood Still

On Thursday morning, February 7, 1918, residents of Spooner, in the northwest part of the state of Wisconsin, were paralyzed by the news. One can imagine people breaking the news to those as yet unaware of the attack on the troopship *Tuscania*, and then, as in any tragedy, wondering how it affected them. Which young man from the Spooner area – or if any – had been aboard? Who had lived? Had anyone died?

The United States had declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917, beginning this country's involvement in World War I. The war had started July 28, 1914, in Europe as a conflict between the Allies (the United Kingdom, the British Empire, France and Russia) and the Central Powers (Germany and Austria-Hungary). Eventually the United States, Japan and Italy and additional countries would join the Allies, while the Ottoman Empire and Bulgaria would join the Central Powers.

Area “boys” – as they were called, even though they were being called to serve as men in one of the most gruesome of wars – had enlisted in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, or been drafted. Now, in 1918, the boys were heading “over there” to the front lines in France.

The voyage of some of the first Spooner-area troops across the Atlantic Ocean made them a part of history. Several local boys were on board the *S.S. Tuscania*, the first troop transport sunk in World War I. It was also the only ship in the war carrying American troops to Europe torpedoed and sunk while under the protection of a British Royal Navy convoy.

The news sent shockwaves throughout the country, as well as Spooner, for it was the first time since the American Civil War that Americans had felt the loss of mass casualties on such a large scale in a single day.

Claims can be found on the Internet of a casualty count that ranges from 13 casualties to 1,000 deaths to “only a few survived” to the ultimate disaster of “everyone aboard.” Approximately 210 (too low) to 230 – or 243 or perhaps as high as 267 - of those aboard the *Tuscania* perished. Estimates vary, and British and U.S. records vary. They varied at the time, and they have varied over the years, so accuracy is not possible.

The U.S. War Department claimed 117 officers, two women and 2,060 enlisted men were aboard, with 113 officers, two women and 1,917 men rescued. The historian of the National *Tuscania* Survivors Association (NTSA), after careful study, originally reported there were 237 officers and 2,156 enlisted men aboard, with 266 lost and 2,127 saved – plus two women. The NTSA later would report a casualty count ranging from 260 to 264. The *New York Times* on February 10, 1918, printed the names of 34 men aboard whom the War Department had not listed in its own records – so you can imagine the confusion. Some men scheduled to sail had not done so, so this added to the inaccuracy.

After years of research, Steven Schwartz, whose *Tuscania, An American History* website includes a passenger list on which Schwartz labored for three years, reported that the U.S. Army reports of burials on the isle of Islay [EYE-lah], Scotland, numbered 200 men, plus or minus two, who were killed, washed ashore on Islay or lost at sea. Ten more United Kingdom British merchant marines bring the total to 210, plus or minus two. Adding in the British crew lost at sea brings Schwartz’s total to 243, plus or minus two. Schwartz’s website, hosted 1996-1999 at <http://freepages.history.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~carmita/>, then [50megs.com 1999-2003](http://50megs.com/1999-2003/), then to rootsweb in 2003 at <https://freepages.rootsweb.com/~carmita/history/about/legend.html>. After extensive research based on Schwartz’s list, Marilyn Gahm in 2017 numbered 215 casualties and in 2025 at <https://freepages.rootsweb.com/~carmita/history/>. The names of the dead appear on the last pages of this document. This figure would make Schwartz’s total too low (215 Americans + at least 39 crew in boiler room = 254 + additional crew).

None of the 39 men in the boiler rooms stoking coal survived. The fortieth stoker had left momentarily to get a drink of water, thereby saving his life. T.S. Peters of the engine room crew reported the watertight door slid down in front of him, “just grazing his nose.” Peters continued: “Only two or three got clear out of the 22 on that watch. One chap had a miraculous escape. After the boat was struck – whether it was the force of the explosion or the inrush of water I don’t think he right knows himself – he found himself lifted right on top of the boilers, where there was a gangway leading to the deck. That saved him.” [A note that the name of T.S.

Peters is not found on the crew list. His comments are included in many 1918 newspapers; and although hailing from Yorkshire, England, he is said to have an American accent.] Steven Schwartz's research concludes that survivors thought six American soldiers were killed in the actual torpedo strike.

The *Spooner Advocate* of February 15, 1918, noted the confusion about casualty statistics. "Initial reports had raised hopes that no one was injured except those in the initial explosion upon being torpedoed, since rescue ships were near at hand."



< Oscar Cesare cartoon:

<https://www.worthpoint.com/worthopedia/original-oscar-cesare-cartoon-1809797863>

Of the approximately two million troops who crossed the Atlantic by the end of the war in November 1918, fewer than 650 were killed in German submarine attacks, and almost all those deaths occurred on return voyages. The loss of life on the *Tuscania* accounted for almost one-third of all troop transport deaths.

"The sinking of the *Tuscania* aroused a storm of protest in this country," reported the *Syracuse (N.Y.) Journal* on January 5, 1933, because it was thought that German spies had relayed information on the ship's sailing and its

location. The *New York Herald* asked in February 1918 when lenient treatment of spies would end. "When are the hangings to begin?"



SPY BLAMED FOR LOSS OF TUSCANIA:

The editor of the *San Francisco News Letter* of February 16, 1918, knew the exact location of those German spies. Someone in the U.S. Navy must have had the proverbial "loose lips," he claimed.

"The real surprise in the torpedoing of the *Tuscania* is the national satisfaction that so few American lives were lost. This in a measure reflects the splendid discipline, cool courage and resourcefulness of those on board, the management and command being under British authority in the convoy of the American laden transports. The *Tuscania* herself was a British ship manned by British sailors and armed guards. There is little doubt but what the Hun U-boat that successfully passed the lanes of attendant convoys must have been supplied with accurate details regarding the course to be taken by the convoy. That important tip was very likely supplied by a clever German spy in touch with some angle of the Navy Department. Naturally, Secretary Dainels [sic/Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy] will institute an inquiry of the disaster, and out of it something definite and of value may develop."

Although most people today have never heard of the *Tuscania*, it was a media sensation at the time. Almost every national newspaper in the United States and in Great Britain, and around the world, carried the story, on its front page, for days. George Buchanan Fife wrote: “The sinking of the *Tuscania* created a sensation in England as well as in the United States and the newspapers in both countries rang with it.” Hundreds of articles appeared in newspapers and magazines for years; books of the era often mentioned the sinking. “Few events of the war in the past few months have stirred the English people more deeply than the disaster to American troops approaching a British harbor on a British transport,” reported the *Chicago Tribune* on February 8, 1918.

The name *Tuscania* will always be preceded thereafter by the description “ill-fated.” Obituaries of those aboard will decades later indicate the deceased was on the “ill-fated *Tuscania*.” The tombstone of casualty George Wesley Tomlins in the El Reno Cemetery, Oklahoma, is inscribed “Died Feb. 5, 1918 / on the ill-fated *Tuscania*.”



Admittedly written only a few days later, the *Army and Navy Register* of February 9, 1918, seemed to think that this “beginning of like disasters” was not quite enough of a disaster. “The first loss of an army transport has been mercifully lacking in a formidable casualty list. ... The accident has failed to produce the sensation, while it has not failed to arouse public sympathy, expected of the loss of the first army transport en route to Europe. It has been felt that a dire disaster was needed to stir the people of this country to a realization that we were at war.”

The article continued: “It has the immediate effect of effectually dispelling the complacent impression that our adversary did not seriously intend to attack our troop ships for some occult reason ...”

In 2017, Steven Schwartz after decades of work trying to find authoritative lists of the passengers aboard, learned the passenger lists had been declassified. They are now available on the for-fee FOLD 3 (www.fold3.com) website.

THE SUN, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1918.

WAR DEPARTMENT LIST OF SURVIVORS OF THE TORPEDOED TUSCANIA

(The following list of survivors of the torpedoed Tuscania is taken from the New York Sun, February 10, 1918, page 6. The list is not in alphabetical order.)

SPooner area residents: William Henry Davis, Harry Durell Edwards, Earl William Knight, Frank William Marino, Hilding Nels Nelson, Guy William Paulson, Oscar Ludwig Peterson, Lon Rhoades (misspelled as Rhodes), Henry Willard Shaffer & Peter Voyer. Other Spooner area survivors did not make this list.

<http://chroniclingamerica.loc.gov/ccn/sn83030431/1918-02-10/ed-1/seq-6/>

The New York Times printed a February 10, 1918, update from the War Department – adding the names of Bird, Brisbin, Nolan, Frank Peterson, Pinney, Rauchstadt & Taylor.

A list of survivors, from the New York Sun, February 10, 1918, page 6 -

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The San Francisco Chronicle got it wrong on February 8, 1918 – claiming 101 casualties, most from the crew – while the Escanaba [Michigan] Morning Press of February 9 despaired of news

Prior to the *Tuscania*'s sinking, many in the United States felt safe from the war raging in Europe and were not sympathetic toward the war effort, even after President Woodrow Wilson and the U.S. Congress declared war on Germany. Schwartz's *Tuscania, An American History* website [<http://freepages.history.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~carmita/>] states: "Nothing prior to the *Tuscania* disaster united the masses for war; it was to WWI what Pearl Harbor was to WWII."

The news that the *Tuscania* had been struck by a German torpedo on Tuesday, February 5, 1918, at 5:45 p.m., just 15 miles from the shore of Ireland, with fatalities reported, brought home the facts of war for the first time to Washburn County residents. "War" until now had involved drilling at the county fairgrounds, patriotic speeches, festive send-offs at the Spooner railroad station with bands and waving flags, farewell suppers served by the young ladies of Spooner, entertainment to raise money for the Red Cross, and knitting and sewing projects – like making "gun wipers" – for the Red Cross.

The *Spooner Advocate* of February 15, 1918, wrote "It was brought right into our own home when we learned that sixteen of the boys who enlisted in Spooner in Co. E were aboard the *Tuscania*, bound for France." News of the sinking "really brought the great war to the very doors of the people of the United States." There was now no doubt that America was engaged in the Great War.

In the days following this event, Army recruiting offices recorded record numbers of volunteers, eager to take revenge against Germany. The *Spooner Advocate* (February 15, 1918) reported the sinking "has stirred the country as nothing else could do." The ship's sinking spurred a rush to recruiting stations, in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, Minneapolis/St. Paul and all over,

with 65 men enlisting in St. Paul in two hours. The *Advocate* noted: “The only question the applicants asked was, ‘How soon can we get over there?’” Three days after the sinking, more men enlisted than on any other day since war was declared.

The February 15 *Advocate* stated: “If the Huns think they have put a scare in the Americans, they have another guess coming, for the sinking of this transport has put new life into the Americans. When they reach the Huns their battle cry will be ‘Remember the Tuscania.’”

“The sinking of the Tuscania brings us face to face with the losses of war in its most relentless form,” wrote U.S. Secretary of War Newton D. Baker. “It is a fresh challenge to the civilized world by an adversary who has refined and made more deadly the stealth of the savage in wartime. We must win this war and we will win this war.”

The lead article in William Randolph Hearst’s *New York American* was titled: “Now we will show the world how Americans can fight.” It continued: “The war is no longer three thousand miles away; it has come to the doors of every American home. The torpedo that sank the Tuscania will prove a fatal missile for Germany. We know our task now. We have to whip Germany. Many of us didn’t want to be dragged into this hideous maelstrom of the European war ... The war seemed so far off, so vague, so much a matter of speech-making and parading and knitting, so little a stern matter of suffering, wounds, and death. But now the nation is aroused, and angry.”

The *New York World* in February 1918 commented: “The Tuscania disaster, nevertheless, ought to have a sobering and steadying effect upon American sentiment, and if it has the dead have not died in vain. It ought to bring to the frivolous, the chatterers and the whiners some kind of a realization that the United States is actually in the war, and that the flower of its young manhood has entered upon the supreme test of civilization.”



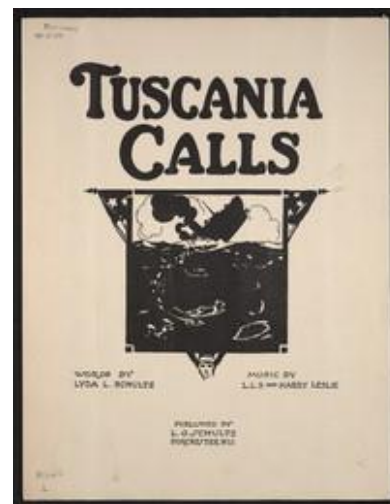
You could remember the sinking with the song “The Name Tuscania Still Goes On,” music by Leo Friedman, lyrics by Lloyd Spangler, published in 1918 by the North American Music Co.

Or with “Tuscania Calls,” words by Lyda L. Schultz, music by Harry L. Lester.

Then there is the (likely) more poignant “Some Mother’s Boy, or Remember the Tuscania,” words by Mrs. Barbara White and music by Robert H. Brennen.

Or the most touching of all, presumably, “My Sweetheart Went Down on the Tuscania” – words and music by J.L. Williams.

And there is more. Just Google “Tuscania 1918 sheet music” for a selection of songs.



Or you could buy, at the urging of the U.S. Treasury Department, a "Thrift Stamp" at 25 cents each. The Treasury's full-page advertisement in the *New York Times* showed a sinking transport ship, with lifeboats and men in the water, and the conning tower of a U-boat. "What will be *your* answer? The *Tuscania* lies at the bottom of the ocean, a victim of German ruthlessness. With her are some of our boys who have given their lives that you and I here at home may be safe."



REMEMBER!

BUY A LIBERTY BOND

In Their Name!

In the name of those who offered up their lives on the altar of service to country, let every one of us invest to the limit of our resources in Liberty Bonds. Let us not forget the horror with which we received the news of the sinking of the *Tuscania*. Let us back up our feeling with action. Let us prove to Prussianism that we mean to wipe it off the earth once and for all time and as quickly as possible.

Your government has made it easy for you to purchase bonds on the same basis which we sell our furniture.

\$1.00 a Week Will Buy a Liberty Bond.

*Liberty Bond advertisement: "Let us not forget the horror with which we received the news of the sinking of the *Tuscania*." The ship is pictured listing to the port side in error.*

"Now, in this 'remembering' business, the men of the navy and the men of the army have determined to 'remember the *Tuscania*' and the gallant lads who went down with her. But these men should not be expected to do all the 'remembering.' The whole nation should 'remember' that disaster, and every man, woman and child in the land can do so. All of us cannot go to the fighting front and do our 'remembering,' but every one of us who stays at home can 'remember' that disaster and the illegal method by which the *Tuscania* was sunk, by lending the Government money with which to right the great wrong. Every person who buys Liberty Bonds can put himself on record as having 'remembered' the *Tuscania* and the lads who lost their lives when she was torpedoed off the Irish coast."

"Remember!" from Cleaning and Dyeing World, volume 5, 1918

"When the news of the sad and disastrous sinking of the American transport 'Tuscania' on February 5, 1918, off the Irish coast was flashed over the cables, deep, hushed silence stole over the earth."

Walter S. Kaye, Superintendent, Bureau of Identification, Identity Section, U.S. Army

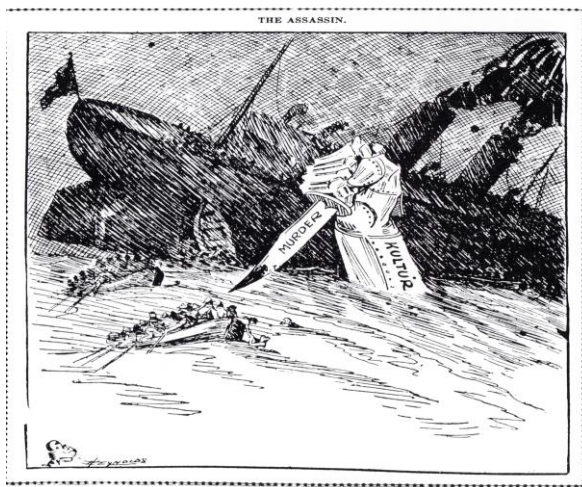
State Assembly of the State of New York, February 7, 1918:

"Pursuant to resolution, Mr. Speaker declared the House adjourned out of respect to the memory of the soldiers and sailors lost by the sinking of the *Tuscania*."

--- Journal of the Assembly of the State of New York



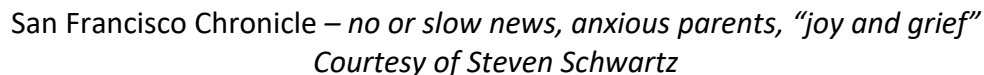
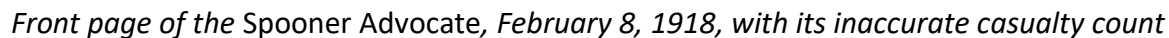
Left: “Their Legacy” – The arm labeled “heroes of the Tuscania” passes the sword of “renewed determination to crush Kaiserism” to the outstretched arm of the United States



(right): Oregonian, February 9, 1918 – the iron-clad German “kultur” hand of “The Assassin” rises from the deep to point the blood-stained knife of “murder” at a Tuscania lifeboat

Part 5: The Wait

It would take days before the names of casualties were learned. Anxious friends and relatives across the country awaited the grim – or happy - news. In New Richmond, Wisconsin, Raymond



[illegible]

Why continue "taking a chance" finding a State Journal newsboy on the street when you are ready to go home in the evening?

Have a carrier deliver a copy to your home every afternoon

Phone 6000

"Maybe his name is here!" – Sunday State Journal (Wisconsin), 10 February 1918

The first printed report of the sinking appeared in Spooner in the February 8, 1918, *Spooner Advocate's* front-page story, inaccurately noting in its headline "Fifty American Boys Lost" and reporting the ship carried troops from Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan (neglecting to mention all the other states, all of whom had soldiers aboard). Not only was this casualty count approximately one-fourth the actual total, but the paper was either flustered and incorrectly set type, or had received erroneous information, reporting the wrong torpedo time – or even questioning if there was a torpedo, as several early reports did. "The steamer Tuscania, loaded with American troops, was sunk Tuesday at 2:45 p.m. [actually 5:45] about 15 miles off the Irish coast. The boat was torpedoed or struck a mine. This is not definitely known as we go to press. There were 2,179 American officers and men aboard. The latest report is that the number of missing is 50. No account of those lost will be known until tomorrow, at the earliest, when the official report will be made."

Spooner stood still. "The news reached Spooner Thursday morning that many Wisconsin boys, and among them several from Washburn County, were on the boat, simply paralyzed the whole city." Normal operations ceased. "Business was practically stoped [sic/stopped] men and women gathered to talk over the situation and the many rumors of this boy and that boy only added to the sorrow shown on the face of everyone."

The *Advocate* continued: "The latest reports have not lessened the anxiety in the least. It seems more than possible that some of our Washburn County boys were on this boat. But whether they were among those saved will not be known until the official report comes from Washington."

The same February 8 newspaper provided "the latest report of who was on board," listing 16 names, all but one listed as a Washburn County resident:

sergeant Frank William Marino, of Spooner
 corporal Ernest Cornelius Nolan, of Spooner
 corporal Guy William Paulson, of Spooner
 bugler Charles Franklin Brisbin, of Spooner
 private 1st class Frank Gustave Peterson, of Shell Lake
 private 1st class Emil William Rauchstadt, of Shell Lake
 private 1st class Lon Rhoades, of Trego
 private 1st class Henry Willard Shaffer, of Spooner
 private Herschel Carver Bird
 private William Henry Davis, of Springbrook
 private Harry Durell Edwards, of Spooner
 private Earl William Knight, of Spooner
 private Harry Albert McCarty, of Shell Lake
 private George Edgar Pinney, of Spooner
 private Frederick J. Taylor, of Spooner,
 private Peter Joseph Voyer, of Shell Lake

"This does not mean that these boys are lost. Every one of them may have been saved. The report merely gives their names."

The *Washburn County Register and Shell Lake Watchman* of February 9, 1918, failed to capture the drama. Its article mentioned that local soldiers Peterson, Voyer, "McCarthy" (McCarty) and Rauchstadt were aboard, but since the paper claimed there were only about 100 casualties (less than half the actual number), the newspaper presumed "it is probable none of them are lost."

Bird, Brisbin, Edwards, Knight, McCarty, Paulson, Peterson, Rauchstadt, Rhoades and Shaffer were in Truck Company No. 5, 107th Supply Train (107th Company E).

Davis, Marino, Nolan, Pinney, Taylor and Voyer served in the 107th Regiment Engineers.

This newspaper report overlooked the presence of Hilding Nels Nelson on the ship. Hilding, a private in Truck Company No. 5, 107th Supply Train and former member of National Guard Company E, had registered for the draft in Ashland County, Wisconsin. His residence is given as Lushalt, Skona, Sweden, on survivor lists. Hilding's presence aboard will be noted by the *Advocate* in its February 5, 1919, issue one year later, when the total of area men aboard is given as seventeen.

The *Advocate* list also failed to include Oliver Alvin Kniss, who had enlisted in Spooner in its Company E and served as a cook. In the April 12, 1918, *Advocate*, his sister Mrs. Frank E. (nee Grace M. Kniss) Smith of Spooner reported to the newspaper that she had received a letter informing her that her brother Oliver was also a *Tuscania* survivor. The passenger list identified the *Tuscania* survivor as Oliver T. Kniss, cook in the 107th Engineers, among the Michigan contingent of the 107th. The cook from Battle Creek, Michigan – listed as Oliver T. Kniss – was actually the same as the man from Wisconsin – Oliver A. Kniss. Cook Oliver Alvin Kniss, Mrs. Smith's brother, had been transferred to the 2nd Provisional Regiment, 56th Depot Brigade, when the original Company E of Spooner disbanded. Oliver A. Kniss, of Springbrook, Washburn County, Wisconsin, did enter the service from Wisconsin (as indicated on his tombstone in Oak Grove Cemetery, Lawton, Van Buren County, Michigan) and served as a cook in the 107th Engineers, 32nd Division. A few years earlier, the *Spooner Advocate* of November 29, 1912, had noted that Oliver had returned from Battle Creek, Michigan, to work in the Washburn County area, so Kniss had some connection between the two cities.

And so Spooner waited. "To try and tell the great suspense our whole people were in would be simply impossible. Everywhere people were gathered, in the homes, on the street, and their only subject was the great disaster. The newspapers gave only a vague account and absolutely nothing upon which we could hold out any hope," the *Advocate* wrote on its February 15, 1918, front page. This anxiety was not confined to Spooner.

The *Washburn County Register and Shell Lake Watchman* of February 16, 1918, printed a national news story, "Awaiting Death List Anxiety Grips Nation," reporting: "Hundreds of American homes are waiting anxiously for the names of nearly 150 fighting boys on the torpedoed *Tuscania*." The newspaper had increased its casualty count from its original story, but it was still shy of the total.



The next week, the *Advocate* of February 15, 1918, rejoiced in its headline “Our Soldier Boys Are All Safe.”

News about local soldiers had trickled into Spooner. The first reliable news, the *Spooner Advocate* reported, arrived at 3:30 p.m. on Saturday, February 9, when local U.S. Congressman Irvine Luther (I.L.) Lenroot contacted Frank Hammill, who was both the *Advocate* editor and Spooner’s mayor, with news that Earl W. Knight, Lon Rhoades and Guy Paulson were safe. After Lenroot’s message, “Other messages came, all favorable, and that still gave us more hope.” On Sunday afternoon, news came that Charles Franklin (“Frank”) Brisbin had survived. The newspaper thought the list of survivors was complete, but then realized no report had been received about Harry

McCarty. It took until Thursday evening for the parents of Harry McCarty – John Andrew and Elvira E. McCarty of Hertel, in Burnett County – to receive “the gladful tidings that he too was safe.” In the end, it turned out that all Spooner area troops had survived.

Although the Spooner newspaper reported on the front page of its February 15 issue that McCarty had survived, the national news story it ran on page 5 listed Wisconsin soldier Harry McCarty of Shell Lake as unaccounted for.

W. O’Gara, writing in the *Spooner Advocate* of November 12, 1936, recalled a longer wait for some to hear the news. In sixth grade of elementary school in 1918, he remembered: “I had just come to school and in the back of the room one of my schoolmates stood by the window crying. He had just heard that the *Tuscania* had been torpedoed at sea and sunk and that his brother had drowned. It was weeks before we heard that the death was a false report. But I can still see that lonely figure by the window.”

Survivors had come ashore in widely separated places – several locations on the remote isle of Islay and the city of Glasgow in Scotland, and three ports in Ireland – so it was difficult to account for survivors or casualties.

The cable sent by General John J. Pershing, the head of the American Expeditionary Forces, from his French headquarters to Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, carrying the news of the *Tuscania*, reached Washington, D.C., late in the afternoon of February 6, over twenty-four hours after the sinking. [Wacky facts of history: Newton D. Baker’s father served in the Confederate cavalry in the Civil War, and the Secretary of War considered himself a pacifist.]

Good Housekeeping magazine of May 1918 (on its page 43) included the text of Pershing’s telegram, citing it as setting the example for any such future communications:

Number 577. February 6th. Confidential

For the Chief of Staff [set of strike-throughs] The following just received " Debarkation officer now at Glasgow reports that Steamship Tuscania was torpedoed and sunk and that survivors numbering 1,100 as far as now can be ascertained were landed Buncrana [sic/Buncrana] and Larne [strike-throughs] in Ireland. It is expected that they will be sent to some port in England from Belfast to-night. Additional particulars will be furnished you when received total number our troops on board that vessel were 2,065 and consisted of 107 Supply train 32nd division, mobile laboratory 32nd division, sanitary squadrons one and two 32nd division, service aero number 100 158 and [strike-throughs] 213, 6th Battalion 20th Forestry Engineers, replacement detachment companies one and two 2 civilians and 51 casual officers. George T. Bartlett (Maj Gen) " date and hour not yet ascertained / Pershing / Copy for Secretary of War (No 1)



(left): Woodrow Wilson, 28th President of the United States (in office 1913-1921)

(middle): President Wilson's Secretary of War, Newton Diehl Baker, Jr.

(right): Major General John J. Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces

President Woodrow Wilson was not notified of the sinking that afternoon, and he had gone off, unaware of the news, to Keith's Theatre, about a block from the White House, for a vaudeville performance.

Initially there was secrecy at the highest levels about the sinking. It was not until 10:40 p.m. on February 6 that the War Department issued its first announcement: "The War Department has official advances of the sinking of the steamship Tuscania." This first report indicated there were 1,100 survivors out of 2,179 U.S. troops aboard – a much more pessimistic count than the actual figures.

On the automobile ride back from the theater performance, President Wilson and his party, including his wife Edith Bolling Galt Wilson, her brother and his wife, and the Secret Service agents, failed to hear the shouting of newsboys hawking their extra editions with the news. The President learned the news only upon his return to the White House, around midnight, thirty-six hours after the torpedo had struck.



San Francisco Chronicle, 10 February 1918

By 12:05 a.m. on February 7, the State Department issued a more positive report, that 267 had been lost out of the 2,173 troops aboard, leaving 1,912 surviving officers and men. Later that day, 72 hours after the sinking, newspapers complained that the War Department “still was unable to relieve increasing anxiety of relatives of those on board by announcing the list of survivors.” Newspapers noted the discrepancies between official and nonofficial reports and press accounts.



San Francisco Chronicle, 7 February 1918

The War Department debated for hours about releasing names – or even data on which units were involved. An hour after reporters were told the names of units aboard would not be released, the War Department reversed that decision. Now as the War Department received names of survivors, these were released to the press, but no list of missing or dead was released at the time. Baker justified the delay in releasing the news by stating he wanted confirmation from U.S. Navy officials. The news had been sent in a brief dispatch from Captain Pringle, Navy chief of staff, to Vice Admiral William Sowden Sims, commander of U.S. Navy forces aboard, which quoted the Admiralty report that the sinking had occurred Tuesday night.

*We must accept the loss with the same courage with which the men
gave up their lives and prepare ourselves to meet the sacrifices we
shall be compelled to make in the future in the same soldierly spirit.
- Governor Emanuel L. Philipp of Wisconsin, 7 February 1918*

12 Californians Among Those Lost on Tuscania

THE following Californians are identified in the list transmitted by the Associated Press of those victims of the Tuscania disaster who have been given burial on the coast of Scotland:

Lankenn, Theodore E., San Francisco.
 Moore, William A., San Francisco.
 Riegs (not Riegi), Samuel P., San Francisco.
 Collins, Stanley L., Knights Ferry.
 Gillespie, Alexander S., Los Angeles.
 Ingelhart, Herbert E., Santa Monica.
 Jenkins, Clyde G., Coalinga, Cal.
 Licari, Alvin, Eureka, Cal.
 Linlow (not Linlton), Fred M., La Jolla.
 McCoy, Ora L., El Monte.
 Raiser, William H., Carlsbad.
 Weeks, Bert O., Modesto, Cal.

Beneath Scotia's Sod.
 Bert O. Weeks of Modesto (above) and W. H. Raiser of Corning (the lower photo), who were lost with the transport Tuscania, and whose bodies have been recovered and buried in Scotland.



WASHINGTON, February 13.—The "Times" publisher of the American soldiers buried on the Scottish coast, taken from the Associated Press list of those unaccounted for as boarded on with the Tuscania's passenger list, follows:

(In some instances the spelling from the Scotch report does not agree with the official passenger list.)

A
 Abbott, Anthony (not Elbeul), Detroit, Mich.
 Agnew (not Agrica), Peter A., Jewell, Ok.
 Allen, Fred H., Ada, Okla.
 Anderson, Homer, Liberty, Cumberland, Wis.
 Augspurger, Stanley R., Dayton, O.
 Austin, Gusard G. (not Austin Gusard), Olin, Minn.

B
 Barrow (not Barrow), Edgar C., Ranger, Tex.
 Barker, Roy, Paulsboro, Tex.
 Bates, Henry G., Baker, Or.
 Beatty, Herbert C., J., Saginaw, Mich.
 Bishop, John H., Foster, Okla.
 Bradley, Claud, Swartz, Ark.
 Bennett, Russell F., Plainfield, Wis.
 Bennett, William C., Rogers, Ark.
 Brown, Walter E., Peru, Va.
 Bjork, George Nelson, Helena, Or.
 Brown (not Burns), Frank, New York City.
 Barker, Edwin H., Ironville, Minn.
 Barker, James J., Minneapolis, Minn.

C
 Cameron (not Camal), Edgar C., Ranger, Tex.
 Carter, Roy, Paulsboro, Tex.
 Bates, Henry G., Baker, Or.
 Beatty, Herbert C., J., Saginaw, Mich.
 Bishop, John H., Foster, Okla.
 Bradley, Claud, Swartz, Ark.
 Bennett, Russell F., Plainfield, Wis.
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 Zane, James J., Minneapolis, Minn.

San Francisco Chronicle, 14 February 1918

The Official Bulletin, 11 February 1918, statement by Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, who notes **113 casualties** aboard (and makes several other misstatements, noted in red):

The fine discipline of the men and **the efficient handling of a difficult situation by those in command** contributed to account for the relatively slight casualties.

British Help Appreciated

At the same time we must express our profound appreciation for the splendid work of the British Navy in rescuing our forces.

Notwithstanding the fact that hostile **submarines** were lurking in the vicinity, the British destroyers rendered every assistance, and **remained on the scene**, succoring our men until **all survivors were brought safely ashore**.

At the small ports of Ireland and Scotland where our troops were landed, they met with a most warm-hearted reception on the part of the people, who did all in their power to administer every comfort and care.

RUSH LIST OF TUSCANIA SAVED TO U.S. HOMES

No New Figures Come In Extend Move That Loss Th

RELATIVES BESIEGE WAR
DEPT. FOR INFORMATION

Known Dead Will Be the Last
News to Come; Will Spare
No Effort to Expedite Work

But, as the war department statistical bureau worked to compile the data that would be needed to show that the war effort was being carried on in the most efficient manner possible, the war department statistical bureau worked to compile the data that would be needed to show that the war effort was being carried on in the most efficient manner possible.

The task of compiling over 2 names may be realized in that a

were sent to the statistical bureau where they had to be checked up on the ship's roster and then checked again for addresses.

The total of soldiers, passengers and crew list will probably be about 100. According to latest reports

land and Scotland thus far have failed to bring to light added services for

The names and home addresses of 512 survivors had been received by the war department up to 5 o'clock this afternoon. It is expected that the complete list of survivors will be received before the night is over.

After midnight last night Secret Service Agent William J. Miller was contacted by a telephone call from a woman who lives in Philadelphia.

The secretary has directed that efforts be spared to get the list of survivors out at the earliest possible time.

"The number of men that we can place and maintain in France will depend upon the number of ships available for the transportation and the supplies," Secretary of War Baker stated.

"For that reason I want to ask our friends and families of the men to support a national army to lend their part in every way to the shipyard. I heard that the necessary efforts labor may be enrolled in the United States shipyard volunteers. They are doing a work of vital importance to the defense of the nation and the men who enroll in the shipyard are performing a patriotic service."

BADE'S FALL FATA
SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 6.—(U.S.P.)

They dashed, each two and a half mile, off from the second-story window of her home at 146 Pleasant Avenue, Ely City, and, this evening, shouting a fractured shill and a fevered right arm, Rita was taken to the Mayo Emergency hospital where physicians said she probably die.

CHICAGO, July 7.—In a resolution passed "in the name of the United States" the national executive committee of the Socialist party tonight urged the working class to give the "attention and action" to "an immediate democratic peace and the re-construction following close of the war."

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Secretary of War Newton D. Baker himself had been awakened by a telephone call from a “frantic home in Philadelphia” after midnight on Saturday, February 9, reported the above-pictured Sunday, February 10, 1918, issue of the *Oakland Tribune*. “The heart-rending part of it was the fact that I was utterly unable to give this father any information at all as to whether his son was amid the rescued.”

Secretary of War Newton D. Baker himself had been awakened by a telephone call from a “frantic home in Philadelphia” after midnight on Saturday, February 9, reported the above-pictured Sunday, February 10, 1918, issue of the *Oakland Tribune*. “The heart-rending part of it was the fact that I was utterly unable to give this father any information at all as to whether his son was amid the rescued.”

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	White
Night Letter	N.L.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, VICE-PRESIDENT
BELVIDERE BROOKS, VICE-PRESIDENT

Form 1204

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	White
Night Letter	N.L.

RECEIVED AT

Washington DC 1115910

Mr Hoyer Battle Creek MI

Officially reported that

Verne B Hoyer was saved

from Lusitania McCain

Adjutant General

Adjutant General telegram to Verne's father C.W. Hoyer that Verne Bryan Hoyer of Battle Creek MI has survived

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	White
Night Letter	N.L.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Form 1204

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	White
Night Letter	N.L.

RECEIVED AT 1944 TULARE ST., FRESNO, CALIF.

98F NS 24 GOVT

WA WASHINGTON DC 550AM FEB 10 1918

MRS NANCY KENDALL

2429 N 1ST ST FRESNO CALIF

OFFICIALLY REPORTED THAT GUY RUTLEDGE WAS SAVED FROM TUSCANTIA

MCCAIN

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

546AM



Corporal Guy Rutledge 158th Aero

VisualLightBox.com

Mrs. Nancy Kendall at Fresno, California, receives news from Adjutant General Henry Pinckney McCain on 10 February 1918 that Guy Rutledge is a survivor

Out of Detroit's million, one man went down with the Tuscania, Antonio Abboni, who was 26 years old, and who had no relatives in the entire world. If he is to be wept or mourned it must be by Detroit's million, by Detroit's Americans who count his loss a loss to them.

- Detroit News, 13 February 1913, on Italian immigrant casualty Antonio Abboni

February 14, 1918

SHINGTON POST: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1918.

U. S. Troops Lost on Tuscania, 170; 164 Now Buried on Scottish Coast; 7 Additional Survivors Reported

Incomplete List Cabled Is First Definite Information of Soldiers Not Reported on List of Survivors—33 of Those Buried in Scotland Not Identified. Confusion in Names Remains.

War Department advisers indicate that very few American soldiers lost their lives in the destruction of the liner Tuscania in addition to the 164 reported yesterday as buried on the Scottish coast. The latest reports place the American loss at not more than 170 of the 1,119 who were on board the ship, although the list of rescued still is far from complete.

Seven additional survivors were officially reported last night, reducing the department's list of those not recorded as saved to about 160. The Associated Press list of the unreported, made up by checking both official and unofficial advice against the Tuscania's passenger list, was reduced to 171.

The incomplete list of the Tuscania's dead, sent by the Associated Press correspondent yesterday as having been buried on the Scottish coast, is the first definite information to reach relatives of the soldiers who have not been reported in the lists of survivors.

Are Buried Unidentified.

Of the 164 American dead buried in Scotland it was not possible to identify 33 who undoubtedly were disguised beyond recognition and had nothing on them by which to determine who they were. Of the names of the 131 soldiers sent from Scotland, only 122 have been definitely located on the list compiled by the Associated Press of men whose names appeared on the passenger list, but who have not been reported as survivors.

The home address of the American soldiers buried on the Scottish coast follows (in some instances the spelling from the Scottish report does not agree with the official passenger list):

List of Identified Dead.

T. W. Herman (probably Fred W.), Lincoln, Neb.
Luther H. Reeder, Broadus, Tex.
William Keown, Sand Spring, Tex.
Lewis Roberts, Nashdoduch, Tex.
Orvel N. Casper, Milwaukee, Wis.
Everett H. Duffy, Sloan Springs, Mo.
William H. Johnson, Metamora, Mich.
Henry H. Page, Saratoga, Tex.
Clayton E. West, Baxter Springs, Tex.
Terry Tuttle, Elgin, Oreg.
Walter L. Brown, Paris, Va.
Clarence W. Short, Willabro, Pa.
Raymond Butler, New Richmond, Wis.
George V. Zimmerman, New Rochelle, N. Y.
John Edwards, Butte, Mont.
George A. Reinhardt, Jefferson, Wis.
Walter Crelin, Virginia, Minn.
William E. Bennett, Rogers, Ark.
Charles E. Swanson, Rothchild, Wis.
William F. Martin, Portland, Oreg.
Clyde G. Jenkins, Coalinga, Cal.
Raymond T. Hurst, Pocomasset, Oila.
Theodore D. Lewison, Forest Grove, Oreg.
Herbert C. J. Deener, Saginaw, Mich.
Hert O. Weeks, Modesto, Cal.

Halls From New York City.

Henry B. Spidel, 219 East Ninety-fourth street, New York city.
David G. Benton, North Bend, Wash.
Julius Wagner, Blanford, Conn.
William J. Truesher, Cottonwood, Minn.
Alto Eickert, Eureka, Cal.

Percy A. Stevens (list spelled name Stephens), Board, Oreg.
William W. Wright, Bismarck, Oila.
Marcus B. Cook, Omaha, Mont.
George Nelson Rijk, St. Helena, Oreg.
John C. Johnson, Big Falls, Minn.
Thomas E. St. Clair, Junction, Tex.
Arthur W. Collins, Appleby, Tex.
Dorothy B. Lankenau, San Francisco, Cal.
John W. Chesler, Lucas, Wash.
Gerald E. Clever (not Grover), Hopewell, Va.
Frank Brune (not Burns), New York city.
Milton Talley (not Tully), Union City, Tenn.
Edwin R. Burkey, Bermidji, Minn.
Phillip E. Weigand (not Weigand), Baltimore, Md.
Curtis W. Willson, Batem, Oreg.
Fred K. Allen, Ada, Minn.
Manuel (not W.) Rames (not Raines), Paia, Maui, Hawaii.
Homer Llewellyn Anderson, Cumberland, Wis.
Fred M. Lintow (not Linthorn), La-moines, Cal.
James B. Gurney (not Guernsey), Glide, Oreg.
James L. Pierce (not Pearce), Creswell, Oreg.
Elmer L. Cowan, Victor, Mont.
William F. McMurray, Hayes City, Tex.
Samuel H. Pentecost, Dugout, Tex.
Russel F. Bennett, Plainfield, Wis.

Lived in Seattle, Wash.

Robert F. Warren, Seattle, Wash.
Luther W. Osmont, Broken Bow, Okla.
William I. Drogos (not Drega), Mount Idaho, Idaho.
Irvin Sims, Alto, Tex.
James P. Hawley, Menash, Wis.
William Matthews, Bellingham, Wash.
Samuel P. Riggs (not Riggles), San Francisco, Cal.
Norman G. Crocker (not Crucker), Center, Tex.
Peter A. Agren (not Agrien), Jewell, Oreg.
Jack J. Byrne (not Byrge), Butte, Mont.
Fred A. Rudolph, Milwaukee, Wis.
Herman Rupp, New York city.
Jesse M. Rhoads (not Rhollies), Itabert, Okla.
Capt. Leo P. Lellron, Guthrie, Okla.
James A. Price, Joine City, Okla.
George W. Tomlins, El Reno, Okla.
Ethan White, Arnett, Okla.
Oscar A. Smith, Winters, Tex.
Edgar C. Barnes (not Burns), Ranger, Tex.
George Moreno (not Morns), Pearsal, Tex.
Tulla B. Thompson, Madill, Okla.
Walter L. Leonard, Whittington, Sherman, Tex.
Capt. Philip Kilburn Lightall, Syracuse, N. Y.
William R. Wilson (not W. E.), Capt. Tex.
Daniel W. Trobridge, Strawn, Tex.
Fletcher (D.) Odell Piodger, Norman, Okla.
William E. Vickers (not Bickers), Southwest City, Mo.
James J. Buckley, Minneapolis, Minn.
John B. Price, Foster, Okla.
Edward F. Young, Gilmer, Tex.
Angel Perez (not Engel Perry), San Antonio, Tex.
Capt. Philip Vincent Sherman, North-said, Va.

William A. Moore, San Francisco, Cal.
Otis E. Hutchins, Whitshall, Wis.
Harry Carpenter, Potomac, Ill.
John A. Laakso, Astoria, Oreg.
Rocco Calahress, Mount Rein, Wash.
Ora L. McCoy, El Monte, Cal.
Stanley H. Augspurger, Dayton, Ohio.
Elmer A. Houston, Ild, Oreg.
Stanley L. Collins, Knight's Ferry, Cal.
Joseph G. Maystrick (not Maxstruck), Astoria, N. Y.
Marlin C. Hill (Columbus), Wimber-ley, Tex.
Otto Mowrey (not Otto Ray), Keno-sha, Wis.
Claire Meisenbauer, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Wilbur W. Clark, Lansing, Mich.
John A. Eichhammer, East Grand Forks, Minn.
Ben Barker, Foulburg, Tex.
Wesley W. Hyatt, Lebam, Wash.
Gunter G. Austad (not Anstad Gun-ner), Okla, Minn.
William V. Smithpeter (not Van Smith Peters), Fort Cobb, Okla.
William H. Palmer, Corning, Cal.
Fred M. Unger, Paretown, S. Dak.
Frank Drabold Jackson, Minn.
John C. Robinson, Potlatch, Idaho.
Nai. Henry A. Skinner (not Henry A. Skinner), Rockford, Ill.
Nathan B. Short, Stephens, Ark.
John Siles, Lechwinnoch, Scotland.
Riley F. Murray, Eugene, Oreg.
Henry G. Bates, Baker, Oreg.
Anthony Abboni (not Eibson), Detroit, Mich.
Winston A. Hartstock (not Harstock), Rapidan, Va.
Alvin N. Collins (not L. N. Collins), Maricopa, Wis.
Claude Bradley, Swaty, Ark.
Edmund H. Grov, Appleby, Tex.
Delbert E. Ingelhart, Santa Monica, Cal.
Alexander S. Gillespie, Los Angeles, Cal.

Some Confusing Errors.

The list of those buried sent by cable contains confusing errors and a number of names which cannot be transcribed with certainty. Among them are the following:

E. F. Church, may be Franklin A. Church, Providence, R. I.
J. P. Wasson, may be Thomas S. Was-son, Kocotusko, Minn.
Edgar Cullen, passenger list shows Sterling E. Collohn, St. James, Ark., and Connor A. Collins, Battle Creek, Mich., not yet reported as survivors.
T. E. Davison, may be Chauncey J. Davison, Anacosta, Mont.
Paul John C. Wood, may be Private James C. Wood, Yavuta, Tex.
William O. Williams, passenger list shows Bell M. Williams, Glenwood, Ark., and Paul A. Williams, Pueblo, Colo.
In the cabled list also are W. Hardey, E. O. Pera and Claud W. Walker. These names are not on the list which remains after removing all those reported as survivors and those lost.

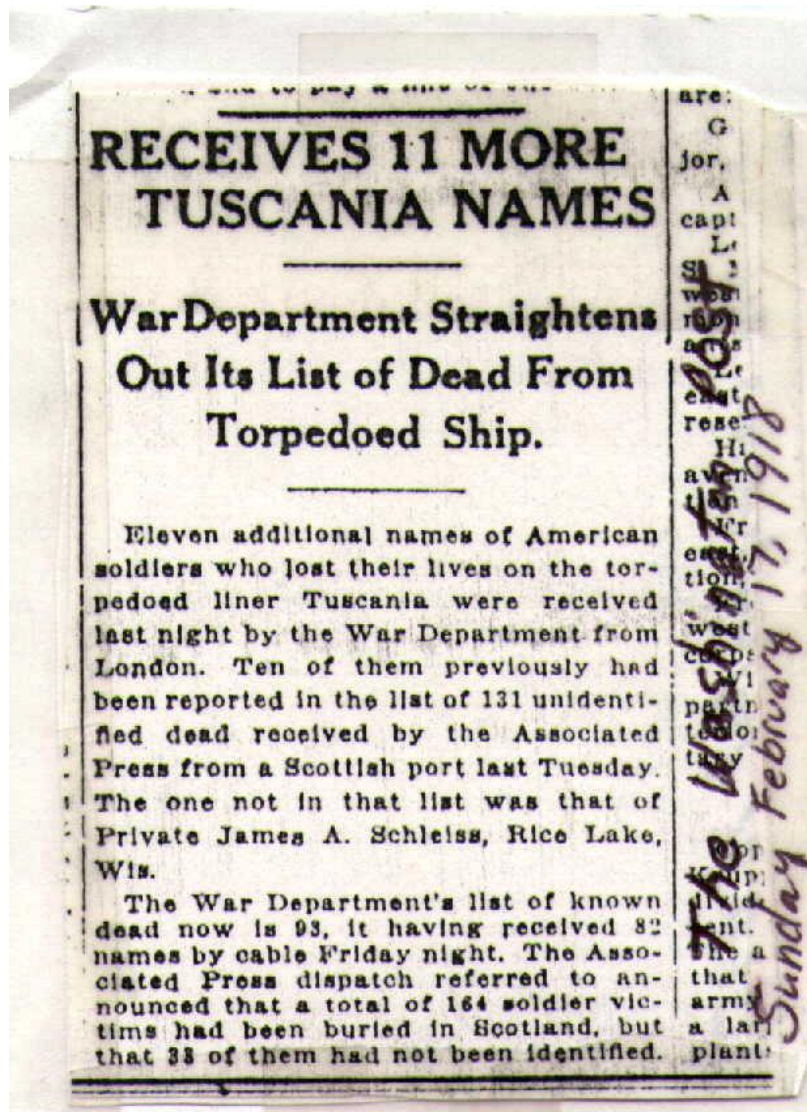
The following additional survivors of the Tuscania were announced last night by the War Department:

Jacob Zakkind, 62 Covel street, Fall River, Mass.
Joseph A. Allen, Shakopee, Minn.
Everett L. Hamilton, 329 Gibson street, Scranton, Pa.
Ethan Weirich, Fredericksburg, Tex.
Alfred V. Moyer, Lewiston, Pa.
Herbert Clarence Jensen, Barren, Wis.
Eugene Tushinson, Bishop, Tex.

Praises British War Office.

Praises for efficient cooperation by the British war office in the rescue of survivors off the Tuscania is given by Gen. Pershing in a cablegram received yesterday at the War Department. The Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross also are cited for valuable assistance.

Washington Post of 14 February 1918 prints first but incomplete list of casualties – “confusion in names remains” reads the subhead



Washington Post 17 February 1918 notes “straightening out” of casualty list by the War Department (courtesy of Steven Schwartz)

OVER 1,100 NAMES OF TUSCANIA SAVED REACH WASHINGTON

Lists of Survivors of the Lost
Liner Pour Into War De-
partment All Day.

1,000 MORE NAMES TO COME

Number of casualties by state/country (approximately):*

Arkansas – 7; California – 17; Colorado – 2; Connecticut – 2; Hawaii – 1; Idaho – 2; Illinois – 2; Iowa – 1; Kansas – 3; Louisiana – 2; Maryland – 2; Massachusetts – 2; Michigan – 6; Minnesota – 11; Mississippi – 1; Missouri – 3; Montana – 6; Nebraska – 1; New York – 10; Ohio – 5; Oklahoma – 16; Oregon – 20; Pennsylvania – 5; Rhode Island – 1; South Dakota – 1; Tennessee – 2; Texas – 44; Vermont – 1; Virginia – 6; Washington – 8; Wisconsin – 20; Scotland – 2. (See Appendix A for a passenger list which indicates the names of the casualties and survivors. A list of casualties appears on the last pages of this document.)

*This number is inaccurate. Men were sometimes listed as being from the state/city where they actually resided, but their “home” address might have been that of their next-of-kin, or a temporary location where they registered for the draft - or they had moved residences between draft registration and the sinking of the *Tuscania*. Foreign-born soldiers who were not naturalized citizens were listed as being residents of their birth country, but were actually residents of the United States, and so their states of residence were not listed in reports.

The *Official Bulletin* of the U.S. Committee on Public Information released in its March 19, 1918, issue the “Official List of the *Tuscania*’s Known Dead or Missing” (volume 2, #261, pages 10-12). The three-page list is copied below. It contains errors.

OFFICIAL LIST OF THE TUSCANIA'S KNOWN DEAD OR MISSING

The following list of names are those of persons reported to the War Department as among the known dead, missing, or unidentified dead in the "Tuscania" disaster. There have been reported to date 144 known dead and 65 missing or among the unidentified dead. The death of 2 survivors also has been reported. The emergency address given by each follows immediately after his name.

LIST OF KNOWN DEAD.

A.

Anthony Abbond. Sam Ardito, friend,
257 Blane Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
Fred K. Allen. C. C. Allen, father,
Ada, Minn.
Homer Llewellyn Anderson. Mr. Frank
Anderson, father, Cumberland, Wis.
Stanley R. Augspurger. W. L. Aug-
spurger, father, 133 Ridge Avenue, Day-
ton, Ohio.
Peter A. Agren. H. W. Agren, father,
Jewell, Oreg.
Gunder G. Austad. Mrs. A. G. Austad,
mother, Oklee, Minn.

B.

Clea Bargerstock. Rilla Barkerstock,
mother, Marlenville, Pa.
Ben Barker. G. W. Barker, father,
Forestburg, Tex.
Henry G. Bates. Mrs. Edward Bates,
mother, 2420 B Street, Baker, Oreg.
Russell F. Bennett. Mrs. Jennie Ben-
net, mother, Plainfield, Wis.
William E. Bennett. Mrs. W. Earl
Bennett, wife, Rogers, Ark.
John B. Bishop. Sarah J. Bishop,
mother, Foster, Okla.
George Nelson Bjork. Victor Nelson,
brother, St. Helena, Oreg.
Claud Bradley. Jennie Bradley, mother,
Swaty, Ark.
Jack J. Byrne. Miss Catherine Byrne,
sister, 1138 East Galena Street, Butte,
Mont.
James J. Buckley. Mrs. Chas. E.
Brown, sister, 225 West Fifteenth Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Herbert C. J. Besmer. Mrs. E. E. Tot-
tingham, mother, Highland Avenue East
Side, Saginaw, Mich.
Edwin R. Burkey. F. W. Burkey,
father, Bermidji, Minn.
Edgar C. Barnes. J. E. Barnes, father,
Ranger, Tex.
Raymond Butler. C. E. Butler, father,
New Richmond, Wis.
Walter L. Brown. Mrs. Booker Brown,
mother, Pera, Va.
Frank Bruno. Mrs. Mary Bruno,
mother, 112 East One hundred and six-
teenth Street, New York, N. Y.
Sidney W. Bernitt. Edward W. Ber-
nitt, father, 372 North First Street,
Marshfield, Oreg.

C.

Orvin N. Casper. J. H. Casper, father,
605 Twenty-eighth Street, Milwaukee,
Wis.
Gerald K. Clover. Mrs. Verde Clover,
mother, 617 South First Street, Hopewell,
Va.
Sterling E. Collonn. J. F. Collonn,
father, St. James, Ark.
Norman G. Crocker. T. N. Crocker,
father, Center, Tex.
Rocco Calabrese. Frank Calabrese,
father, Mount Solo, Wash.
Harry Carpenter. Delos Carpenter,
father, R. F. D. No. 1, Potomac, Ill.

John W. Cheshler. Joe M. Cheshler,
father, Lucas, Wash.
Franklin A. Church. Frances E.
Church, mother, 1 Doyle Avenue, Provi-
dence, R. I.
Arthur W. Collins. Mrs. O. C. Col-
lins, mother, R. F. D., Appleby, Tex.
Stanley L. Collins. Earnest Collins,
father, Knights Ferry, Cal.
Marcus B. Cook. F. L. Cook, father,
Como, Mont.
Elmer L. Cowan. John R. Smith,
brother-in-law, Victor, Mont.
Walter Crellin. John S. Crellin, fa-
ther, 106 East Chestnut Street, Virginia,
Minn.
Jennings B. Crow. Mary J. Crow,
mother, Appleby, Tex.
Alvin N. Collins. W. B. Luepton, sis-
ter, Markesan, Wis.
Wilbur W. Clark. Luella Clark,
mother, 1804 East Ganson Street, Lan-
sing, Mich.

D.

William A. Dinter. Emma Dinter,
mother, Cuero, Tex.
Frank Drahota. Adolph Drahota, fa-
ther, R. F. D. 5, Jackson, Minn.
Everett H. Duffy. Mrs. J. A. Duffy,
mother, Siloam Springs, Mo.
Chauncey J. Davidson. Mrs. C. J.
Davidson, wife, 619 West Sixth Street,
Anaconda, Mont.
William I. Drougts. Mrs. George Wat-
kins, mother, Mount Idaho, Idaho.

E.

John Edwards. Miss Jennie Barnes,
friend, 1629 South Gaylord Street, Butte,
Mont.
John A. Eichhammer. M. Eichham-
mer, sister, East Grand Forks, Minn.

G.

James B. Gurney. Mrs. D. J. Gurney,
mother, Glide, Oreg.
Alexander S. Gillespie. Agnes S. Gil-
lespie, mother, 842 Seventeenth Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

H.

Arthur Nelson Harvey. Mrs. Bessie
Fields, sister, 172 Ferry Street, Eau
Claire, Wis.
Winston A. Hartsook. G. S. Hartsook,
father, Rapidan, Va.
James P. Hawley. Mrs. Kathrine
Hawley, mother, 415 Fourth Street,
Neenah, Wis.
Elmer A. Houston. Albert Houston,
father, Held, Oreg.
Raymond T. Hurst. E. Hurst, father,
Pocasset, Okla.
Wesley W. Hyatt. Ellis T. Hyatt,
mother, Lebam, Wash.
Martin C. Hill. Mrs. Sara Hill,
mother, Wimburley, Tex.
Fred W. Herman. Mrs. Ida Herman,
mother, 425 South Thirteenth Street,
Lincoln, Nebr.

Otis E. Hutchins. Mrs. Jennie
Hutchins, mother, Box 193, Whitehall,
Wis.

I.

Delbert E. Inglehart. Etta E. Ingle-
hart, mother, 2533 Lake Street, Santa
Monica, Cal.

J.

Clyde C. Jenkins. Mrs. Carrie Olive
Barber, mother, Coalinga, Cal.
John C. Johnson. Miss Annie Johnson,
sister, Big Falls, Minn.
William R. Johnson. Charles P. John-
son, father, Metemora, Mich.

K.

William Keown. John Keown, brother,
Sand Spring, Tex.

L.

John A. Laakko. J. E. Laakko, father,
2365 Burch Street, Astoria, Oreg.
George Lankenau. Mrs. Joe Natchke,
mother, 1157 Key Avenue, San Francisco,
Cal.
Leo P. LeBron. Mrs. L. P. LeBron,
wife, in care of Saint Joseph's Academy,
Guthrie, Okla.
Theodore E. Lewton. James E. Lew-
ton, father, Forest Grove, Oreg.
Alfo Licari. Joe Licari, brother, 214
Second Street, Eureka, Cal.
Philip Kilburn Lighthall. Mrs. Mary
E. K. Lighthall, mother, 419 Douglas
Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Fred M. Lintow. Mrs. Nina Lintow,
mother, La Moine, Cal.
Thomas A. Llewellyn. Bertha Llewel-
lyn, mother, 412 Emerson Avenue, Scott-
dale, Pa.

M.

Ora L. McCoy. Frank N. McCoy,
father, El Monte, Cal.
William F. McMurry. Mrs. S. H. Mc-
Murry, mother, Rose City, Tex.
Claire Metzzenbauer. Peter Metzzen-
bauer, father, R. F. D. No. 1, Chippewa
Falls, Wis.
William Matthews. Angelica Mat-
thews, mother, R. F. D. No. 2, Belling-
ham, Wash.
Roy W. May. Mrs. W. A. May, mother,
Lindale, Tex.
Joseph G. Maystrick. Mrs. Marie May-
strick, mother, 30 Clark Street, Astoria,
N. Y.
George Moreno. Nicholas Moreno,
father, Pearsall, Tex.
William P. Morin. Lenta Morin, wife,
897 Gantenbein Avenue, Portland, Oreg.
Riley F. Murray. Susie Murray, wife,
855 West Fourth Street, Eugene, Oreg.
William A. Moore. Louise Moore,
mother, 59 Cabrillo Street, San Fran-
cisco, Cal.

N.

Clifford Norris. Oren E. Norris, father,
817 South Pearl Street, New London,
Wis.

Note casualty Homer Llewellyn Anderson of Cumberland, Wisconsin – namesake of its American Legion Post – 3rd name on the list

OFFICIAL LIST OF THE TUSCANIA'S KNOWN DEAD OR MISSING

O.

Luther W. Ozment. Mrs. M. L. Gleen, mother, Broken Bow, Okla.
Henry Oxford. S. S. Oxford, father, Turnersville, Tex.

P.

Angel Perez. Patria Nunn's Perez, mother, San Antonio, Tex.
Henry H. Page. I. N. Ewings, brother, Saratoga, Tex.
Sam H. Pentecost. J. E. Pentecost, father, Doucette, Tex.
James L. Pierce. Sidney Pierce, father, Creswell, Oreg.
Fletcher D. Pledger. Miss Doue Pledger, sister, Norman, Okla.
James A. Price. Ernest Price, brother, Boise City, Okla.

R.

William H. Ralsner. William F. Ralsner, father, R. F. D. No. 1, Corning, Cal.
George A. Reinhardt. G. Reinhardt, father, Jefferson, Wis.
Jess M. Rhoads. J. N. Rhoads, father, Halbert, Okla.
Fred A. Rudolf. Mrs. John Degreen, mother, 2229 Loyd Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Frank D. Reilly. Martin J. Reilly, father, 1785 West Forty-fifth Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Manuel Rames. Mrs. Marira Rames, mother, Pala Maui, Tetora, Hawaiian Islands.
Luther B. Reeder. Mrs. Ollie Reeder, wife, Broadus, Tex.
Joe R. Redfield. Edward Redfield, father, Glendale, Oreg.
Edward L. Routt. James Lafayette Routt, father, Pecan Gap, Tex.
Otto Ray. F. A. Ray, father, Coleman, Tex. (Previously reported as a survivor.)
David C. Renton. David Renton, sr., father, North Bend, Wash.
Samuel P. Riggs. Mrs. Anna Riggs, cousin, 115 Duboce Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Lewis Roberts. Mrs. Clara Logan, mother, Nachdoches, Tex.
Herman Rupp. Joseph Rupp, brother, 235 West Eighty-eighth Street, New York City.
John C. Robinson. William H. Robinson, father, Potlatch, Idaho.

S.

Eugene W. Snyder. Joe Snyder, father, United States Reclamation Service, Rimrock, Wash.
Percy A. Stephens. F. S. Stephens, mother, Bend, Oreg.
Charles E. Swanson. Ed. G. Swanson, father, Rothschilds, Wis.
Thomas E. St. Clair. Mrs. Ella St. Clair, mother, Junction Tex.
James A. Schleiss. Joseph Schleiss, brother, R. F. D. No. 2, Rice Lake, Wis.
Philip Vincent Sherman. Mrs. Philip V. Sherman, wife, Northfield, Vt.
Clarence W. Short. Perry A. Short, father, 55 Charleston Street, Wellsboro, Pa.
Nathan B. Short. Mattie Short, mother, Stephens, Ark.
Irvin Sims. W. B. Sims, father, Alto, Tex.

Henry A. Skinner. Mrs. Alexander Skinner, mother, 316 North Independence Avenue, Rockford, Ill.
John Sloss. Maggie Sloss, sister, Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, Scotland.
Oscar L. Smith. Mrs. M. R. Smith, mother, Winters, Tex.
William V. Smithpeter. William G. Smithpeter, father, Fort Cobb, Okla.
James F. Sparkman. Mrs. Rosa M. Watson, mother, Frisco, Tex.
Henry S. Spedel. Mrs. K. Spedel, mother, 239 East Ninety-fourth Street, New York City.

T.

Tulla B. Thompson. Mrs. Alice Thompson, mother, R. F. D. No. 1, Madill, Okla.
George W. Tomlins. Charles Tomlins, father, El Reno, Okla.
William L. Trageser. S. A. Trageser, brother, Cottonwood, Minn.
Daniel Webster Trobridge. Peter Trobridge, father, Strawn, Tex.
Terry Tuttle. Sarah A. Tuttle, mother, Elgin, Oreg.
Milton Talley. C. S. Talley, father, Union City, Tenn.

U.

Fred M. Unger. Cunigunda Unger, wife, Parkston, S. Dak.

V.

William E. Vickers. J. M. Vickers, father, R. F. D. No. 2, Southwest City, Mo.

W.

Julius Wagner. Samuel Wagner, father, 793 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.
Robert F. Warren. Julia A. Warren, mother, 1527 Terry Avenue, Seattle, Wash.
Bert O. Weeks. Clarence R. Weeks, father, 1016 Tenth Street, Modesto, Cal.
Ethan White. Mrs. Lucy J. White, wife, Arnett, Okla.
Walter L. Whittington. Hazel Whittington, wife, 815 South First Street, Sherman, Tex.
Bell M. Williams. Mrs. J. R. O'Neal, sister, Glenwood, Ark.
William R. Wilson. Mrs. Ethel W. Wilson, wife, R. F. D. No. 7, Canton, Tex.
James C. Wood. Mrs. S. E. McElroy, mother, Yantis, Tex.
William W. Wright. J. H. Wright, brother, Bismark, Okla.
Clayton B. West. Mrs. Willy West, wife, R. F. D. 2, Baxter Spring, Kans.
Curtis W. Willson. Mrs. F. J. Willson, mother, 1207 North Seventeenth Street, Salem, Oreg.
Leigh A. Wright. Mary Wright, mother, 237 Hillsdale Street, Hillsdale, Mich.
Thomas S. Wasson. Mrs. M. F. Wasson, mother, Kosciusko, Miss.
Phillip E. Weigand. Mrs. B. Weigand, mother, 2810 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
Claude W. Walker. W. A. Walker, father, 206 East Ninth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Y.

Edward F. Young. James F. Young, father, Gilmer, Tex.

Z.

George V. Zimmerman. Carl Zimmerman, father, 12 Franklin Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

MISSING OR AMONG UNIDENTIFIED DEAD.

Clarence W. Allen. W. G. Allen, father, Traverse City, Mich.
George A. Altwell. Mrs. Fred W. Altwell, mother, 1008 South Nineteenth Street, Temple, Tex.
Roger Baker. John W. Baker, father, Levee, Ky.
Adolph Bartolomeo. Mrs. Marie Bartolomeo, wife, in care of Mary Regan, 109 Eagecombe Avenue, New York City.
William Binnie. Mrs. William Binnie, wife, Fallon, Mont.
Verner C. Branland. Charles Branland, father, Colton, Oreg.
Benjamin Harrison Brown. J. R. Brown, brother, Barron, Wis.
Alcide Carollo. Martin Carollo, father, Lohrville, Wis.
Joe Cochran. Charlotte Cochran, wife, 111 Avenue East, Lawton, Okla.
Ruben Cohen. Alon Cohen, father, 189 Christopher Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tommie W. Cook. W. T. Cook, father, Rayville, La.
John M. Crowley. Timothy L. Crowley, brother, 119 Prague Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Leonard H. Dethman. Herman Dethman, brother, McCabe, Mont.
Read C. Davis. Mrs. Susan Davis, mother, Colusa, Cal.
Rosendo Diaz. Miguel Diaz, father, Najarna, Tex.
Richard F. Dreyer. R. R. Dreyer, father, Sea Cliff, N. Y.
Alexander J. Dunn. Stella Dunn, wife, 909 Vernon Avenue, Portland, Oreg.
Elton L. Edmonson. Fay Edmonson, wife, Strawn, Tex.
Florence Erras. Ivan Erras, brother, Alice, Tex.
Edward C. Feyrer. Mrs. Johanus Feyrer, mother, Welmar, Tex.
Dale M. Fish. Mrs. Ada Fish, mother, Wheaton, Minn.
Sixton Flores. Mrs. Marie Flores, wife, Alice, Tex.
Guadalupe Garza. Otilia Garza, wife, Rio Grande, Tex.
Gregg Gehring. Frank H. Gehring, father, 1094 South Main Street, Findlay, Ohio.
William O. Geyer (appears as Deyer on passenger list). Sidney O. Geyer, father, Blackstone, Va.
Vincent A. Gorman. Bridget Gorman, mother, 22 Center Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
Edward C. Grahmer. George Grahmer, father, 1045 North Irving Avenue, Scranton, Pa.
Thomas E. Hudgeons. Mrs. Thomas E. Hudgeons, wife, R. F. D. 5, Hallettsville, Tex.
Arthur Christian Junker. James O. Junker, father, 796 Sheridan Road, Kenosha, Wis.
Frank Kossneth. Charles Kossneth, father, R. F. D. Box 19, San Antonio, Tex.

(Continued on page 12.)

OFFICIAL LIST OF TUSCANIA'S KNOWN DEAD OR MISSING

(Continued from page 11.)

Frank L. Kirk. Louise Kirk, mother, 22 Lake Street, Spencer, Mass.

Mat. Latham. William Latham, father, Heflin post office, Stafford, Va.

Charles P. H. McVey. Mrs. Catherine Daley, mother, 511 Tenth Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

Dudley H. Marsh. George E. Marsh, father, Portland, Conn.

Lambert H. Mocker. C. H. Mocker, father, 1907 Acklen Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Joseph Marlin. John H. Marlin, father, Checotah, Okla.

Roy Muncaster. Mrs. W. J. Muncaster, mother, 1460 Corona Avenue, Denver, Colo.

Richard A. Nineheart. Bertha Nineheart, mother, 197 East Stauring Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Julius Notkowitz. Miss Gussie Notkowitz, sister, 390 Grand Street, New York City.

Benjamin G. Olmsted. E. M. Olmsted, father, Tenino, Wash.

Ben V. Owens. Mrs. Fannie L. Owens, mother, Canadian, Tex.

Clarence Paul. Mrs. Boyd Smith, sister, Alexandria, La.

Clyde C. Pelley. Mrs. Anna E. Nugent, aunt, 1411 Washington Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Juan A. Perez. Mrs. Antonio Vargus Perez, mother, Boerne, Tex.

George C. Perry. Mrs. C. A. Perry, mother, Lone Wolf, Okla.

James R. Potillo. C. G. Potillo, brother, Huntington, Ark.

Ondis Powell. Larry Powell, sister, Muskogee, Okla.

Carl C. Rader. Sarah Mechals, grandmother, 238 Fairfield Avenue, Johnstown, Pa.

Lucio Ramos. Victoria Rubia, friend, R. F. D. No. 3, San Antonio, Tex.

Alpha L. Rice. Nelson F. Rice, father, R. F. D. No. 1, Charlotte, Mich.

Girilo Rodriguez. Julio Rodriguez, father, Burghmill, via San Antonio, Tex.

Raymond Roessler. Sam J. Roessler, father, Medicine Lodge, Kans.

Richard Schulze. Mrs. C. G. Schulze, mother, Box 34, Boerne, Tex.

Frank Sharpe. Mrs. H. C. Woodruff, sister, 87 North Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ellis M. Smith. W. J. Blasingame, brother-in-law, R. F. D. No. 1, Magnolia, Ark.

William G. Smith. J. M. Smith, father, Festus, Mo.

Harry E. Smith. Elizabeth Smith, mother, 3329 Chestnut Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

William B. Spencer. Mrs. Lewis Kurszewski, sister, 821 North Water Street, New London, Wis.

Arthur Straach. Mrs. Lena Straach, mother, Miles, Tex.

Bernard L. Tuillington. Mrs. Julia Brown, sister, 35 Poplar Avenue, Phoenix, Va.

Charles L. Wayne. Fred S. Wayne, father, Fort Jones, Cal.

Earl Odenri Welsenberger. Mrs. Marie Welsenberger, wife, Jim Falls, Wis.

Patrick H. White. Mrs. Mollie White, mother, 711 South Acord Street, Dallas, Tex.

SUNDAY MAY BE COUNTED AS A WORKDAY FOR THE RAILROADS IN PAYING THEM FOR CARRYING MAILS, COURT OF CLAIMS HOLDS

Sunday may be figured as a workday for the railroads in compensating them for carrying the mails under recent decisions of the Court of Claims in five test cases which control suits aggregating over \$40,000,000. Thus, unless appeal be taken, is ended in the Government's favor a legal battle of several years' duration with practically all of the large railroads of the country, announces the bureau for the defense of suits against the United States.

Congress provides annual compensation for mail transportation to be based upon average daily weight. The quadrennial weighing period of 105 days represents that number of days of actual service upon seven-day roads, but only 90 days of actual service upon six-day roads. The question arises whether daily average means the average for all seven days of the week or the average for days upon which mail is actually carried, which would be the same thing in the case of the seven-day roads, or the daily average figured upon a week of only six workdays, the Sunday mail being considered as carried on Monday, as it would be where no Sunday trains are run. Both the six-day roads and the seven-day roads claimed that Sunday, being a day of rest, should not be figured in to reduce the average daily weight.

Based on Long Practice.

They based their claim upon long-continued practice of the Post Office Department, which, they argued, had become crystallized into law and had been given legislative sanction by repeated enactments of Congress on the subject of mail pay, which enactments made no provision to disturb the practice of figuring upon a week of only six days.

The court found that while Congress had frequently considered measures to compel the seven-day basis and had not adopted them, in so failing to adopt them it had not declared in favor of the prevailing six-day basis, as contended by the roads, but had simply left the matter in the discretion of the Postmaster General. That official's order of 1907, requiring the pay to be figured upon a week of seven days, was therefore upheld.

It was found that in 1873, when Government weighing and the six-day basis began, most mail carriers made trips only on six days a week, whereas in 1907, when the change to the seven-day basis was ordered, the conditions were reversed and six-day service had become the exception instead of the rule. Thus in a way is recognition given to the American trend toward greater strenuousness in recent years.

The decisions turned, however, upon the terms of the contracts sued upon. The Postmaster General having used the seven-day basis in computing the compensation tendered the roads, and the roads having voluntarily performed the service with knowledge of the amount of compensation offered, that basis became a part of their contracts.

Two Test Cases.

Two test cases, after a reargument in the Court of Claims and a unanimous decision against the railroads, was argued in the Supreme Court by the late John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, for the railroads, and Solicitor General John W. Davis and Assistant Attorney General Huston Thompson for the Government, in 1916. The high tribunal found a decision so difficult that a reargument was had by the same counsel in 1917, which was one of the last and one of the most profound of the Philadelphia lawyer's career. The Supreme Court divided four to four, Mr. Justice McReynolds not sitting because of his former connection with the case, and consequently the lower court's decision stood upon those cases.

The five test cases covering all questions involved in the multitude of these divisor cases were then selected in the Court of Claims and all plaintiffs were invited to file briefs and present arguments. The Government's defense was presented by Solicitor General John W. Davis, Assistant Attorney General Huston Thompson, J. Robert Anderson, and Joseph Stewart. The argument, covering several days, was followed by unanimous decisions for the Government, and separate opinions were written by each of the five members of the court.

EXAMINING BOARD APPOINTED.

Army Officers to Meet at Places to be Later Designated.

Special Orders, No. 55.

265. A board of officers, to consist of Maj. Gen. William H. Carter, United States Army, retired; Maj. Gen. William A. Mann, National Army; Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan, National Army; and Capt. James B. Gillespie, Coast Artillery Corps, recorder, is appointed under the provisions of section 9, act of Congress approved May 18, 1917, for the examination of such officers as may be ordered to appear before the board.

The board will meet at such places as may later be designated by instructions from The Adjutant General's Office.

[334.4, A. G. O.]

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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An Associated Press release in the *New York Tribune* of February 11, 1918, page 2, reported that 1,832 names had been released to the War Department on the night of February 10, leaving 345 names unaccounted for. It appeared, said the AP – incorrectly - that 113 had died.

Over a week later, the *Washington Post* complained that the list of passenger names had errors, confusion and names that had been transcribed incorrectly. A quick comparison of passenger, survivor and casualty lists across the nation's newspapers show wide variations in name versions. Of course, imagine the headaches of typesetting (in very tiny print) the names of over 2,000 men. Is that middle initial an "I" or an "L"? The problems in identification persist until the present day. Men are mentioned as being on board who were not; others were likely on the ship but their presence overlooked in lists. Some names were confused with others.

The wrath of the soldiers' parents did not take long to kindle. Portland's *Morning Oregonian* on Saturday, February 9 – only four days later – noted in its article "Troops' Parents Angry" that on Friday the Parents' Association of Soldiers and Sailors of Washington [state] had sent a protest telegram which made "vigorous protest against the action of the War Department in sending men across the Atlantic Ocean without providing means for their identification." The telegram chastised Washington, D.C. officials, cabling these words: "They are appalled at the disaster and the lack of identification of bodies." The parents were furious that some identification tags of casualties were blank.

On the same page, the newspaper ran an article "New Tag System Planned," with information that the U.S. would adopt the British and French systems of assigning a unique number to each man, placed on his identification tag as well as on his War Department records, effective February 28. Other information, like unit, could be added later. This unique number would never be used again for anyone else. This unique number – which we know as the military serial number – was used during the war only for Army enlisted men. Army officers, and service members of the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, were not assigned serial numbers. A similar story in the February 9 issue of the Washington D.C. "Evening Star" reported this system was a response to "dispatches from abroad that blank tags have been found upon the bodies of men who were drowned when the *Tuscania* went down."

The *Congressional Record* of February 11, 1918, notes: "By Mr. Porter, Resolution (H. Res. 247) for the investigation of the failure of the War Department to have identification tags on soldiers lost on the *Tuscania*; to the Committee on Military Affairs." Stephen G. Porter was a Congressman from Pennsylvania.

The April 1918 issue of the *National Genealogical Society Quarterly* expressed irritation with both the identification problems and wartime records in general, anticipating the frustration of generations to come who try to research World War I military personnel. "It is an unfortunate fact that U.S. soldiers, drowned through German inhumanity by the sinking of the *Tuscania*, rest in foreign graves as UNIDENTIFIED defenders of our nation. It is also a lamentable fact that the government is not properly preserving the current records of the millions who are risking their lives. Insufficient system; insufficient experienced help" – with records, constantly being shifted from locations, housed in flammable, temporary buildings.

Once ashore, many *Tuscania* survivors wrote home that they had rushed to send cablegrams to forestall distress among their families, but it does not appear that all telegrams were successfully received before families received incorrect news that their loved ones were casualties or missing.



Captain Harry Pike Letton (*left*) reported that he had hastened to cable his parents once he reached Buncrana, Ireland – but his message was not received at home until February 9. “The cable office sent the wire to London, where it was censored, with great care evidently, as it consists of but two words, and then sent it on.” Unfortunately, Letton did not share which two words in his message escaped censorship.

Dr. Shannon Van Valzah was unable to communicate with his mother. “I could not cable you at first, as we were not near a cable office and all the wires were busy with government stuff, so ours might be held up for days.”

Dr. Alfred L. Rist, of Iowa, Lewis wanted \$30, contacted his Woods, to wire Lewis the money. Department did not encourage Lewis (*at right*) would be taken care protocol, his parents sent a check by Congressman, lost his seat in the members of the House to vote Germany. There were 373 House of the declaration.



Lewis M.B. Rist’s cable to his parents had only three words:

“Saved, Wire Thirty.” His father, interpreting this meant his son Congressman, Frank Plowman Woods replied that the War sending money to soldiers, and of. Parental love winning out over mail. Woods, a five-term next election; he was one of 50 against declaring war on Representatives votes in favor of

The first telegram to the William A. Walker home in Los Angeles on February 10 from the Adjutant General notified the family that 30-year-old Claude William Walker had survived. But then his stepmother Frances saw the name Walker on a list of those dead in Scotland. A second official telegram was received February 14, again notifying them Claude was alive. “Believes Son is Dead Despite U.S. Reports,” wrote the *Los Angeles Herald* on February 15, 1918. Mrs. Walker believed another man named Walker had survived. “I believe Claude is dead. If he were alive he would have telegraphed me.” She continued: “I can only wait for word from him. If I do not receive that word I will know he is dead despite any information that may be given to me to the contrary by the government.” Her only hope was that Claude was alive but too seriously injured to cable her. The *Los Angeles Herald* of March 2, 1918, confirmed the “Premonition of Soldier Son’s Death Proves Reality,” as an apologetic letter to the Walkers from the Adjutant

General admitted the mistakes . “An error in the cablegram of Feb. 9 led this office to report on the 10th and again on the 14th that your son was among the survivors.”

Seventy men from Waushara County, Wisconsin, were on board, reported the chapter “The Tuscania Tragedy” in its “Honor Roll of Waushara County.” The first news reached the city of Wautoma in Waushara County on the morning of February 7th. H.I. Barnes, the manager of the telephone board in Wautoma, placed a large bulletin board at the intersection of Main and St. Marie streets, on which to post the news received by cablegram. By happy fortune, the first name of a survivor in Wisconsin proved to be that of Manager Barnes’s brother, John Lawrence Barnes. It was not until February 11 that the final name of a survivor – Charles Walter Eagan of Wautoma – was received there.

The February 15, 1918, Spooner newspaper declared it would print the photographs of all 16 local soldiers who had sailed on the *Tuscania* - “and how thankful we all are that they were all saved.” Hilding Nelson was not mentioned or pictured. Nor was Oliver Alvin Kniss.

The six photographs on page 1 showed corporal Guy W. Paulson, private Harry A. McCarty, corporal Ernest C. Nolan, bugler Charles F. Brisbin, private William H. Davis and private George E. Pinney. Pictured in uniform were McCarty, Paulson and Pinney; Brisbin, Davis and Nolan wore suits in formal portraits.



Bugler Charles F. Brisbin,



Davis



Private Harry A. McCarty,

McCarty



Corporal Ernest C. Nolan,



*Nolan**Paulson**Pinney*

On page 4 appeared nine photographs: private Harry D. Edwards, private Earl W. Knight, private 1st class Lon Rhoades, private Peter Voyer, private 1st class Henry Shaffer, private Frederick J. Taylor, private 1st class Frank Peterson, private Herschel C. Bird and sergeant Frank W. Marino. All photographs showed the men in uniform except Edwards (a casual snapshot), Bird and Shaffer wearing suits in portraits, and Marino with his sleeves rolled up using a metal washtub.



Bird



Edwards (his brother Oran?) Knight



Marino



Peterson



Rhoades



Shaffer



Taylor

Voyer

The photograph of private 1st class Emil Rauchstadt in uniform was printed on page 8.



Emil Rauchstadt - His wartime diary, shared by his granddaughter Jean Raucstadt, had only a one-word notation for February 5, 1918: Torpedoed

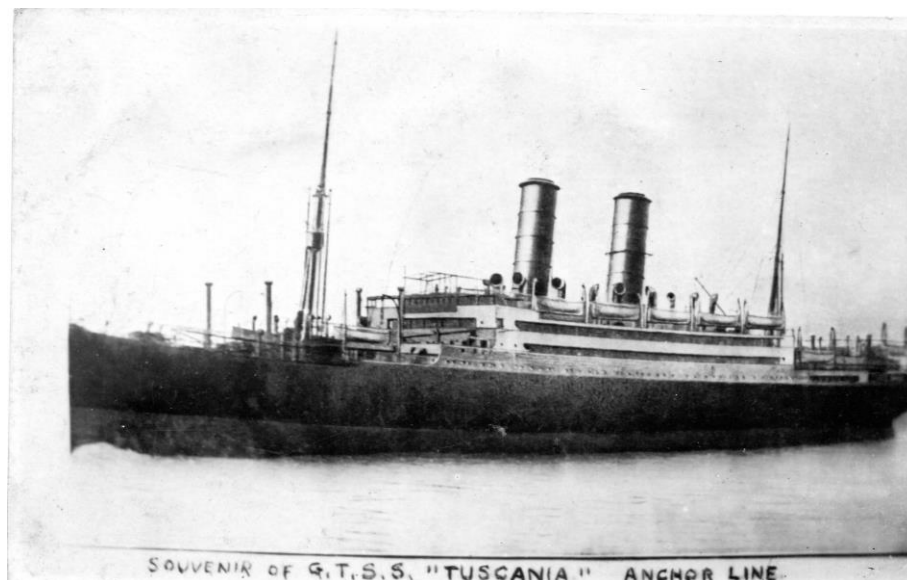
The February 14 and February 16, 1918, issues of the *Superior Telegram* – headlined “Of hundreds aboard *Tuscania*, but one North Wisc. Soldier is lost” - pictured Ernest C. Nolan of Shell Lake, reported among the survivors. It had been mistakenly thought that he was a “Superior man.” Ernie had given the name of his brother William Nolan of Itasca, Wisconsin, as the name of his nearest relative, which explains his coverage in the *Superior*, Wisconsin, paper. This is an example of the confusion caused by using next-of-kin addresses.

On February 5, 1918, the day the *Tuscania* sank, Edwards was 17 years old; Pinney and Shaffer were 19; Brisbin and Marino age 20; McCarty and Paulson were 21; Rauchstadt and Voyer were 23; Davis was 24; Kniss, Nolan, Peterson, Rhoades and Taylor age 25; Knight was 29; and Bird and Nelson were age 30. Oscar L. Peterson, who will later move to Spooner, is age 23.

Their eyewitness accounts began to appear in the letters that Washburn County soldiers began sending home. Letters from military personnel were reprinted in the *Spooner Advocate* as its regular wartime front-page feature.



Spooner, Washburn County, Wisconsin



Survivor (and later Spooner resident) Oscar L. Peterson's actual postcard souvenir of the G.T.S.S. Tuscania, courtesy of Barbara Vilella Peterson Koel of Spooner. The reverse is printed "Tarjeta Postal" with the handwritten note: "Ship that Oscar Peterson was on in service," plus glued-on black paper from a scrapbook to which it was adhered.

Part 6: Spooner Boys' Involvement in the War

Prior to World War I, several young men of the Spooner area were already serving in the National Guard, members of the 3rd Regiment Machine Gun Company in Rice Lake. Some were called to service at Camp MacArthur in Waco, Texas, in June 1916, as the United States massed troops along the U.S.-Mexico border in anticipation of a war with Pancho Villa's forces in Mexico. These men had returned home without seeing any action before war on Germany was declared by the United States on April 6, 1917. Although the *Spooner Advocate* editor in the April 6, 1917, newspaper remarked "The war will soon be over ... It is not expected that our soldiers will be sent to Europe," we know the future would be quite different.

In May 1917, Lieutenant John H. Holtz, later Captain Holtz, a part-owner of the Spooner Mercantile Company along with his sister and brother-in-law Anna (Holtz) and Guy Benson, was authorized to organize a National Guard company in northern Wisconsin. All men ages 21 through 30 were required to register for the draft on June 5, 1917. In order to avoid conscription, men were advised that if they were already in the military or the National Guard by this registration date, they would not be drafted. They could form their own company and stay together during their military service. By June 1917, Company E of the 6th Wisconsin Infantry National Guard had been formed with enough Washburn County residents to fill the county's military quota. There were 851 men of the county registered for the draft on nationwide registration day, June 5, 1917, but since there were enough voluntary enlistments, Spooner was not affected by the first national draft later that summer. The first draft, on July 20, 1917, conscripted 9.5 million men nationwide. Many men across the country who registered on June 5, 1917, had exactly eight months to live, dying on the *Tuscania*.



Some of the "boys" of Company E [photographs courtesy of Sharon Tarr, Spooner WI]. Part of a panoramic framed photograph hanging in the Spooner Veterans Hall on Highway 70.

The men aboard the *Tuscania* are called "Spooner" boys because their Company E was based in Spooner. The men themselves came from various parts of Washburn County, and some from outside the county.

Obviously the country was not prepared for war – or for a multitude of men in service. In April 1917 when war was declared, the United States had the 17th-largest army in the world, with fewer than 250,000 men. The U.S. Army was smaller than that of Romania's or Serbia's. The United States was now faced with conscripting millions of men, building training camps to turn them into soldiers, and formulating plans to move men and equipment across the Atlantic.

Company E enlistees were called to active service on Wednesday, July 18, 1917. They drilled on the Spooner fairgrounds, and local residents were invited to attend their drill exercises on Sundays, followed by a baseball game played by the soldiers. An admission fee helped pay for the men's lodgings. Local Company E members lived in their own homes, while 30 out-of-towners lived in hotels or private rooms. A plea in the *Spooner Advocate* of July 27, 1917, to residents to provide accommodations for soldiers who lived at a distance ended grimly: "When they are once gone God knows how many of them will return." The men didn't have uniforms at first, and they didn't have rifles. That lack of firearms created a bit of a problem for drill!

In August 1917, Captain Holtz asked for the loan of blankets. He used the newspaper to thank Spooner residents for donating space for benefit dances, making signal flags and donating a bulletin board. The citizens also raised money for a gramophone (record player) for the use of the company. Again thanks were expressed; "It is daily a source of much companionship to the boys in the company."

On August 2, 1917, all members of Company E reported to the county fairgrounds in Spooner where they lived in tents at the "garrison headquarters." Cots and blankets had been rented, and placed in the fair's floral exhibit hall and the tents. Stoves, cooking utensils, dishes and

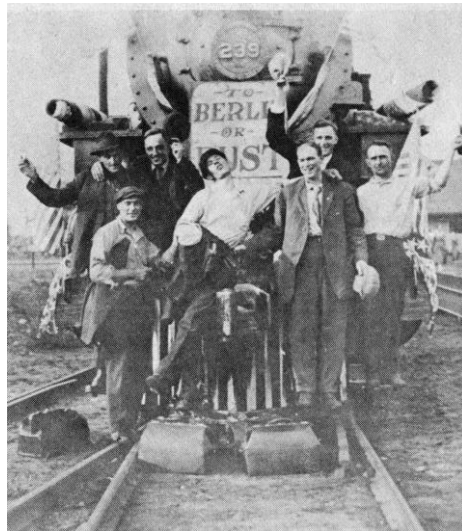
cutlery for 150 men had been purchased. Men were placed on a daily food ration prepared by the company cooks, who had been appointed from the enlisted men. A daily routine was followed as much as possible "considering the absence of all equipment" with reveille, mess call, work details, sick call, school for non-commissioned officers, drill and policing the area. Still a major lack for a soldier: "Rifles have not been issued to the men of the company." The playing of "Taps" and lights-out occurred at 11 p.m.



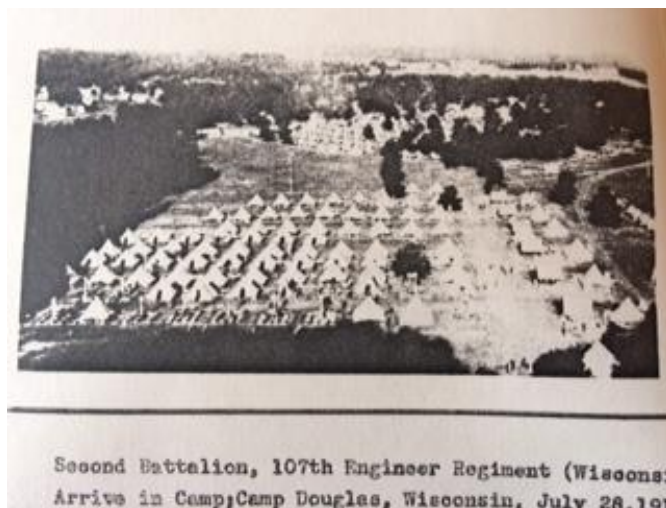
Left: Framed list of Company E soldiers, displayed in the Spooner Veterans Hall on Highway 70 in Spooner, including among them the names and ranks of the Tuscania survivors

The 127 men of Company E left Spooner on the train for Camp Douglas, Wisconsin, on August 23,

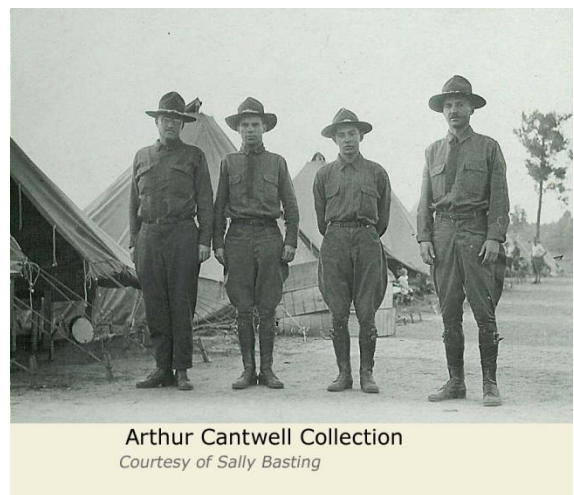
1917, with one day's notice. More than 500 people flocked to the railroad station to see them off. The trip to war begun that day in Spooner would be interrupted on February 5, 1918, off the coast of Scotland for some of the Washburn County area men aboard. W. O'Gara, writing in the November 12, 1936, *Advocate* recalled: "I recall one summer morning, when Company E left Spooner. That was a dreary day, bright though the sun might have been. A certain young Shell Lake man was kissing his wife good-bye. She like most of the women were [sic] crying. We kids ran around in circles having a swell time not knowing or realizing what it was all about."



"To Berlin or Bust" – the troops leave Spooner, Wisconsin (courtesy of Sharon Tarr)



Second Battalion, 107th Engineer Regiment (Wisconsin)
Arrive in Camp, Camp Douglas, Wisconsin, July 28, 1918



Arthur Cantwell Collection
Courtesy of Sally Basting

Left: The 107th Engineers at Camp Douglas, July 1918 (archives of the Milwaukee County Historical Society) – Right: At Camp Douglas

During their stay at Camp Douglas, some men – like Brisbin, Knight, Marino and Nolan – come home on furlough, like those four did in September 1917. Some received visitors at camp; the mothers of Frank Brisbin and Harry Edwards visit that September, as does Brisbin's sweetheart (and future wife) Nellie Jones, and Guy Paulson's sister, Helen Paulson Sayles. All the "boys"

from Camp Douglas, numbering sixteen, who had not had a furlough came home September 23 before they left for Camp MacArthur at Waco, Texas.

Togetherness was not to last. In the *Spooner Advocate* of October 26, 1917, Captain Holtz of the 2nd Provisional Regiment, 56th Depot Brigade, wrote: "Tonight, sitting in his tent soliloquizing, sits a Captain of Infantry trying to read the thoughts of mothers, sisters and sweethearts, in the peaceful security of their homes in Spooner, to whom were made promises without number by this Captain that never, as long as he bore life and this war was in progress, would he leave the boys intrusted [sic] into his care."

Not only was Captain Holtz leaving the boys of Company E, the company itself was going to be broken up and the men transferred to other regiments, leaving only three cooks with Captain Holtz. Their hopes of fighting "neighbor to neighbor" had been overruled following pleas to the War Department and President Wilson by Adjutant General Orlando Holway of Wisconsin. As of tomorrow, Captain Holtz writes, "Company E as a fighting unit will be no more."

Guy Paulson writes his sister Helen Paulson Sayles that he and twelve others left Company E for the Motor Truck Division – Truck Company No. 5, 107th Supply Train.

Company E men were transferred to one of eight groups: *the 107th Regiment Engineers; *Co. K, 128th Regiment, 64th Brigade; *the 121st Field Artillery; *the 2nd Provisional Regiment, 56th Depot Brigade; *Truck Company, No. 5, 107th Supply Train; *the 2nd Company Military Police; *Headquarters, 119th Machine Gun Company/Battalion; and *4th Truck Company, Ammunition Train No. 107.



Postcard from the Edward T. Lauer papers at the Milwaukee County Historical Society archives

Now the men of former Company E were sent to Camp MacArthur, outside Waco, Texas, from where they will be sent to New Jersey for departure to the battlefields of France. Ironically, due to a truck shortage, reports Guy Paulson's letter home in November 1917, the Motor Truck Company cannot do

any driving! Guy Paulson says the entire Spooner group had 30-minute physical examinations

and they all passed. "They are going to send us over the pond very soon." At Waco, the 32nd Division built its own trenches to train its members for what they would encounter in France.



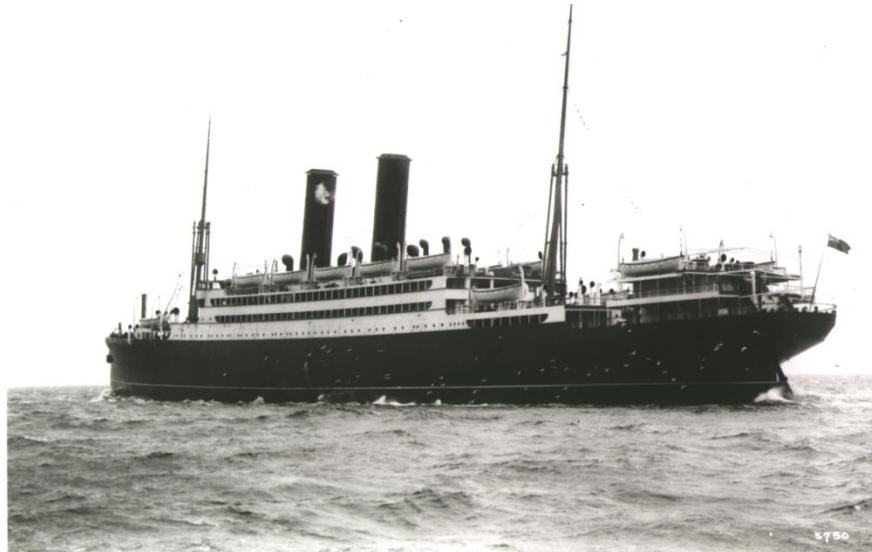
*Camp MacArthur, Waco,
Texas*

On April 12, 1918, Captain John Holtz, writing to his sister Anna and his brother-in-law Guy Benson - Guy Benson being now the new mayor of Spooner succeeding Frank Hammill - tells the folks at home that he met boys from his old company - "McCarthy" [Harry McCarty] of Shell Lake, and Earl Knight and Guy Paulson of Spooner. "They had experiences to tell concerning their trip on the boat that was sunk." That "boat" was the *Tuscania*.



*Camp Merritt, New Jersey - the
destination of the Camp MacArthur*

troops (<http://www.wyomingtalesandtrails.com/powell6.html>)

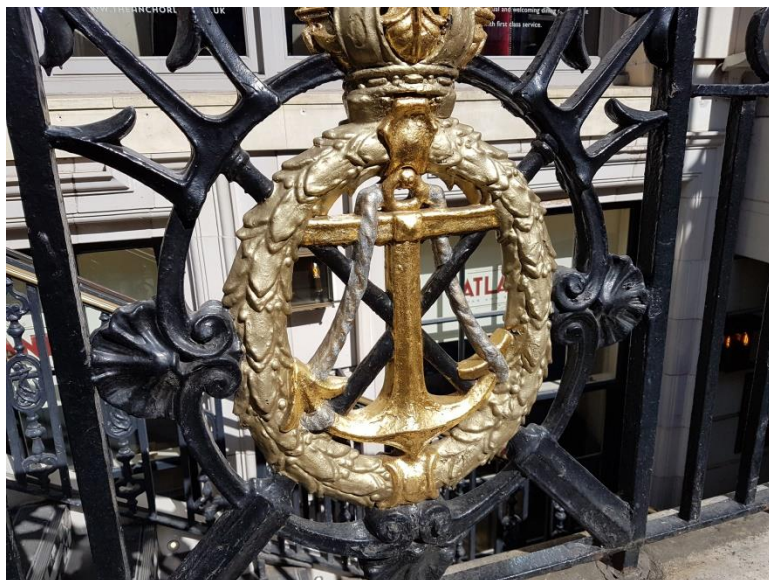


S.S. Tuscania - Courtesy University of Glasgow

Part 7: The S.S. Tuscania


Before the war, the 567-foot-long, 14,348-ton coal-burning S.S. *Tuscania* was a luxury liner owned by the famous Cunard line, but managed by its subsidiary Anchor Line, which operated under the business name of Henderson Brothers Ltd.

In 1912, the Anchor Line began to plan for a new luxury liner to be named *TSS Tuscania*, for a town in Italy, in the belief that a New York-to-Mediterranean line would prove profitable. Like all Anchor Line ships, its name ended in “-ia.”



The former Anchor Line office in Glasgow, Scotland, now a restaurant called (appropriately) "The Anchor Line," 12 St. Vincent Place – photograph by, and courtesy of, Les Wilson, of Islay, Scotland, 2017

063/13/4



Address for Telegrams,
"Anchor", Glasgow.
Telephones,
City 9809 (5 Lines)

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO THE COMPANY.

Anchor Line.
Transatlantic, Oriental & Mediterranean Steam Ships.
Box No 52.
Anchor Line Buildings.
St Vincent Place,
Glasgow. 1st November, 1912.

Recd. 2. 11. 12
Aired. _____

Messrs Alex. Stephen & Sons, Limited,
Linthouse,
G O V A N.

Dear Sirs,


We are in receipt of your letter of 30th ulto.
and confirm interview which we had the pleasure of having with
your Mr. Fred Stephen to-day, in which all the matters in your letter
were arranged between us.

The Contract for the steamer we were not able to
get signed to-day, as only one of our directors was present, but
we hope to have this signed to-morrow or Monday, and will then
send same on to you for your signature.

Regarding the engines, we hope to advise you
definitely about these early next week.

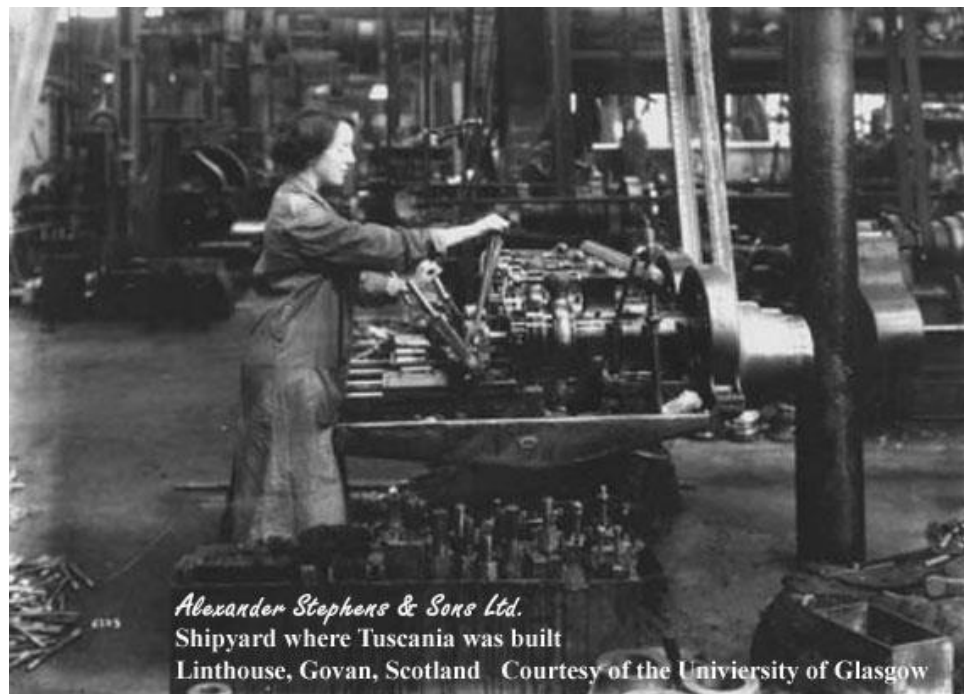
We are,
Yours faithfully,

ANCHOR LINE (HENDERSON BROTHERS) LIMITED


 Managing Director.

Anchor Line correspondence with Alexander Stephen & Sons, as both await signing of the contract to build Tuscania

Construction was done by Alexander Stephen and Sons Engineering Ltd. of Linthouse shipyard, Glasgow, Scotland, on the River Clyde – ship #459. The shipbuilder is often referred to as Alex Stephens or simply Stephens, although “Stephen” itself is singular, not plural. The company was in business from 1750 to 1982. The new Anchor Line ship, in keeping with its name and proposed sailing route, was designed with a Mediterranean theme, from its wallpaper to its art to the design on the dinnerware. Its official British ship number was designated 137785.



Women employees are common in this set of photographs illustrating the shipyards of Alexander Stephen & Sons Ltd. (Courtesy University of Glasgow)

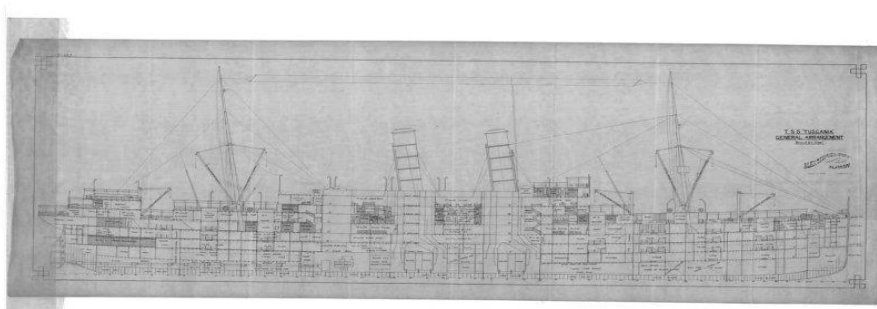
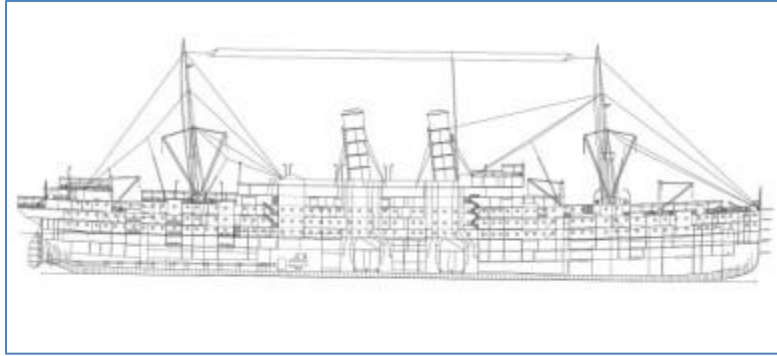


Alexander Stephen & Sons, Linthouse, Glasgow, 1915 (left)

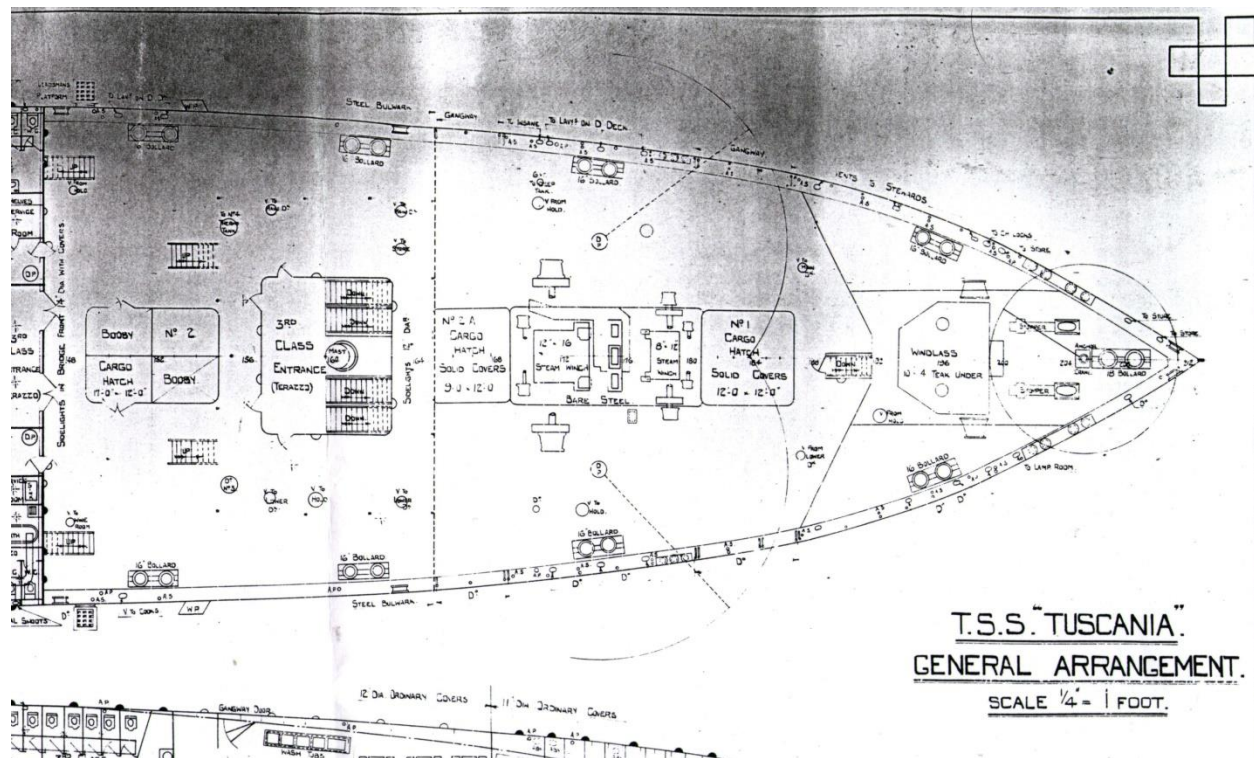
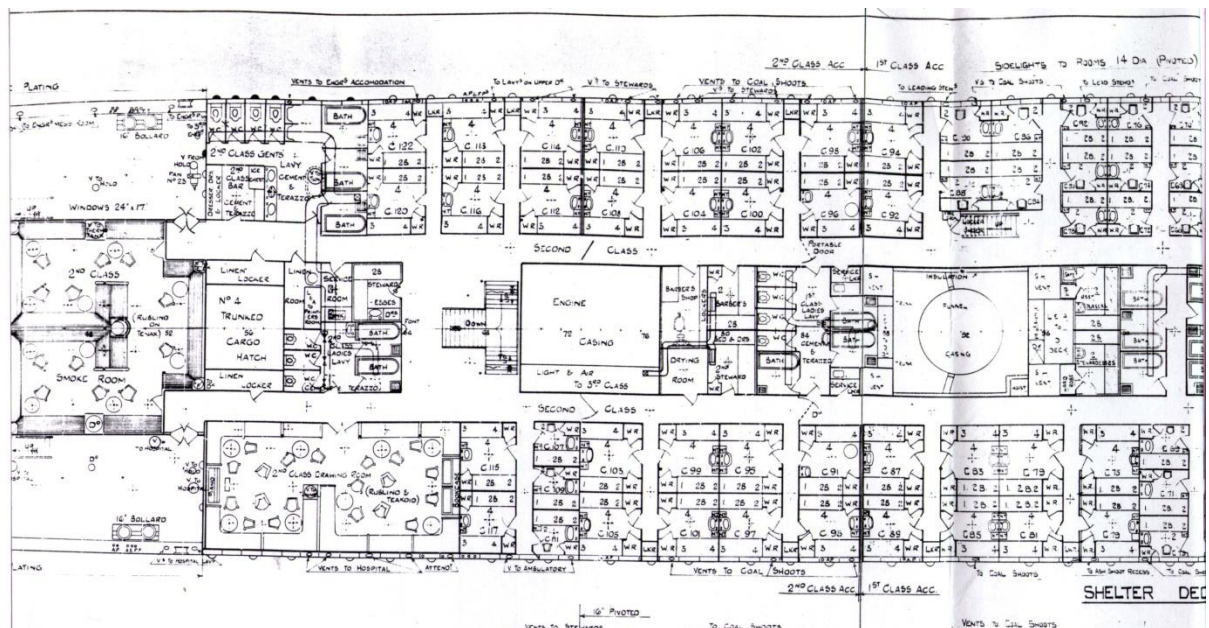
According to Rick Steves's guidebook Scotland (2016), the River Clyde shipyards were "the mightiest in the world." One-quarter of the world's ships were built here from 1889 to 1950. At its peak, the Glasgow shipyards produced two ships every day. "Clyde-built" meant reliability and quality."



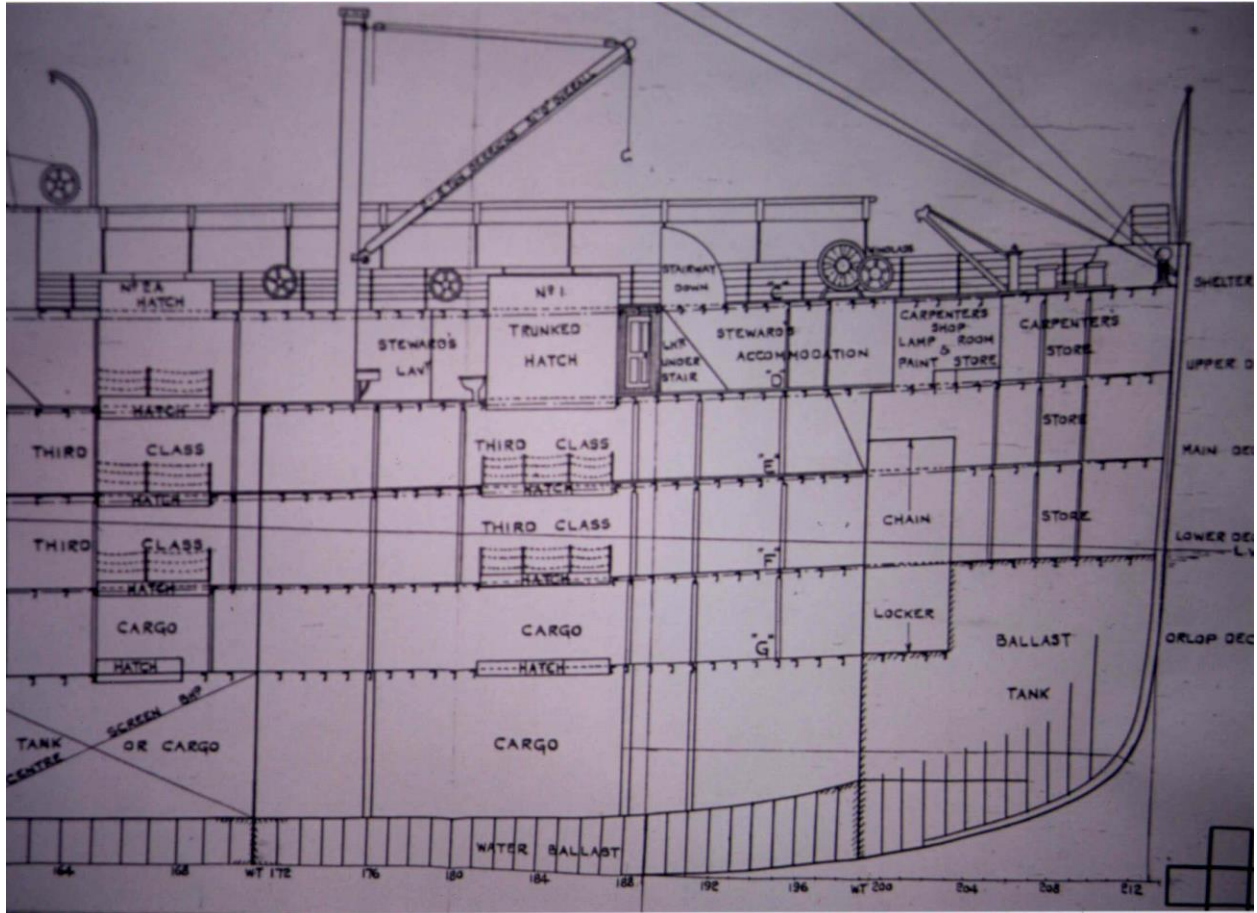
The offices of the now-defunct Alexander Stephen & Sons, Linthouse, Glasgow, December 2017. Photograph by, and courtesy of, Les Wilson of Islay, Scotland



Schematics for the Tuscania, from diver Mario Weidner's website
<https://www.facebook.com/SS-Tuscania-1914-160838727284477/>



A full set of schematics is available on pages 508-517 from a copy found in the personal collection of Tuscania's captain, Peter Alexander McLean.



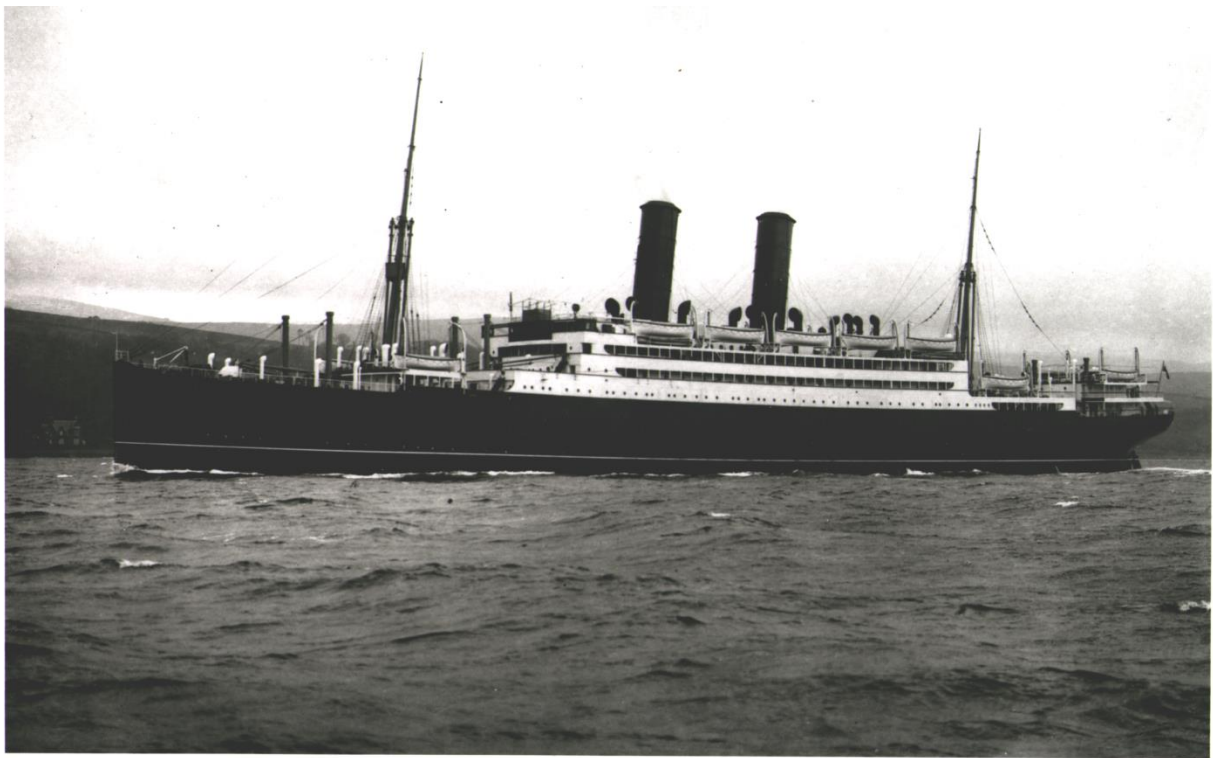
The ship *Tuscania*, the largest and finest of the Anchor Line, was launched September 3, 1914, and delivered to the Anchor Line in January 1915, where it was christened with the traditional bottle of Champagne broken over its bow. It drew a depth of 43 feet and was 66 feet at its beam. By the launch date, the United Kingdom had been at war since June 1914, and plans for a joint Cunard-Anchor service from the Mediterranean to New York were scrapped.



(left:) *The Tuscania's enamel launch pin - sold on ebay in 2007, viewable at*

<https://www.google.com/#q=mclean+tuscania+1915&start=50>

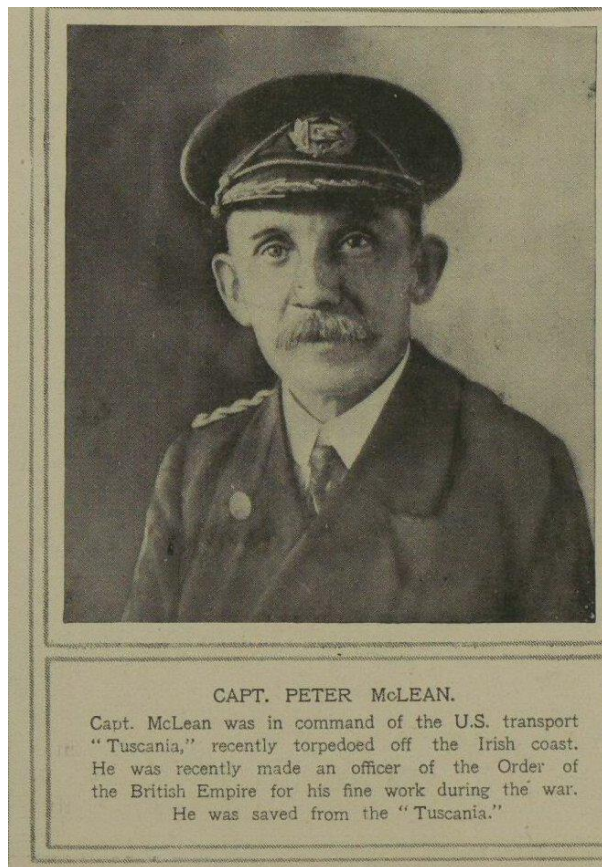
On its maiden voyage, captained by Peter Alexander McLean [pronounced *McLane*] of Glasgow, the *Tuscania* left Glasgow on February 6, 1915, en route to New York via Liverpool, England. The ship averaged 16.5 knots, and arrived in New York on Tuesday, February 16, 1915, carrying 393 passengers and 2,504 sacks of mail, reported the *New York Times* of February 17, 1915. The voyage had been marred by the suicide of a 30-year-old despondent Englishman, Thomas Williams, who had developed the delusion that he was being followed. Williams was placed in the ship's hospital on "Saturday," and jumped overboard "last Monday" (February 15). The *Times* headline read: "Tuscania's First Trip Here. Passenger Leaps Overboard on the Maiden Voyage of New Liner." On its return trip from New York, *Tuscania* arrived back in Scotland on February 20, 1915.



S.S. Tuscania

A new steamship for the New York-Mediterranean service of the Cunard-Anchor Line was launched September 3 from the yards of Alexander Stephen & Company, on the Clyde, and as the vessel left the ways she was christened the "Tuscania." She is of 14,000 tons burden, 548 ft. long, 66 ft. wide and has a depth of 45 ft. She will have accommodation for 200 cabin, 250 second cabin and 2,000 third-class passengers, and is a sister ship of the "Transylvania," which was launched in May. Both ships will have geared turbine machinery.

Coast Seamen's Journal (*published in San Francisco*)
October 7, 1914, p. 14



Captain Peter Alexander McLean (right: from www.illustratedworldwar.com)

At least one member of Captain McLean's family states his name should be spelled the Scottish way – MacLean. This alternative spelling can be found in a few Internet accounts, but Anchor Line documents use the McLean spelling. His name also appears as M'Lean, a common abbreviation for "Mc/Mac" names. His surname is pronounced "McLane."

Peter Alexander McLean was born November 27, 1858, at 8 a.m., in Perth, Scotland, son of Peter and Jessie (Gibbons) McLean who resided at 3 North Methven Street. His father was a draper. At age 16, he signed a four-year "Ordinary Apprentice's Indenture" on September 13, 1874. He served under master Alexander Kerr aboard the *Ardgowan*, and in 1878, Kerr wrote that he "conducted himself to my entire satisfaction during that period." On July 8, 1884, Peter was awarded his Certificate of Competency as the master of a ship by the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade. Peter died March 26, 1943, in Glasgow, Scotland, at age 86, of a cerebral hemorrhage. His newspaper obituary [source unlisted] noted McLean had retired about 20 years earlier (circa 1923). He died at 56 Crookston Drive, Glasgow. According to his great-niece Karen



Wierenga, Peter visited Karen's grandfather in Spokane, Washington, in 1924. A small number of his relatives still (2017) live in California, Oregon and Washington. Peter had married Jemima Scott, born 1909 in Blythswood, Glasgow; the couple divorced. His death was registered in Llandudne; probate of his estate was registered on August 19, 1943.

Relatives of Peter McLean's great-niece Dora Gill Shaw donated several documents from the captain's personal collection to the Museum of Islay Life in May 2018. To view these documents, refer to Part 32 of this document: "Captain Peter Alexander McLean."



Advertisement for passages to North America, in the "Hawick Express & Advertiser and Roxburghshire Gazette" on p.1. (Sarolea Collection 80, Coll-15).

The Cameronia will be sunk before the Tuscania – the Ausonia in May 1918.

From the University of Edinburgh Monthly Archives, July, 2015,

<http://libraryblogs.is.ed.ac.uk/untoldstories/2015/07/>

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1918

SOLDIERS FROM CHICAGO AND VICINITY ABOARD TUSCANIA WHEN IT WAS SUNK

SHIP CAPTAIN SAVED FROM TUSCANIA



Captain Peter A. McLean

Capt. McLean of the *Tuscania* was aboard the vessel and Washington reports were that he was actively commanding. *Tuscania* reports from London, however, were that Capt. Henderson commanded the boat.



CHICAGO BOYS AMONG THOSE ON TORPEDOED SHIP

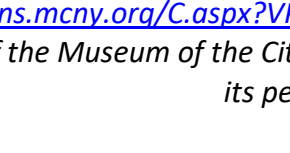
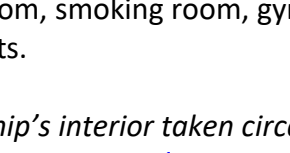
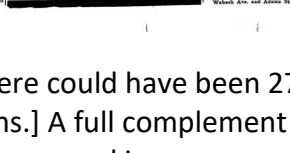
Some Send Word of Safety, but Fate of Others Is Not Reported.

Some have shown that a number of Chicago boys were aboard the *Tuscania* when it was torpedoed. Some of them have sent word of safety, but the fate of others is not reported.

Some of the boys who were aboard the *Tuscania* when it was torpedoed are listed below. Some of them have sent word of safety, but the fate of others is not reported.

Some of the boys who were aboard the *Tuscania* when it was torpedoed are listed below. Some of them have sent word of safety, but the fate of others is not reported.

Some of the boys who were aboard the *Tuscania* when it was torpedoed are listed below. Some of them have sent word of safety, but the fate of others is not reported.



Chicago Tribune February 8, 1918, page 2, showing Captain Peter A. McLean (center, top)

Of the 21 men pictured as aboard on the final voyage, only 12 actually were.

U-BOAT RAIDERS PUT AT THIRTY; CARRY 59 GUNS

New York, Feb. 7.—The number of U-boat raiders in the Atlantic has been estimated at thirty, and they are carrying 59 guns, according to a report from the United States Navy.

DECLARES QUIZ OF BAKER LED TO TUSCANIA'S LOSS

Washington, Feb. 7.—The loss of the *Tuscania* was the result of a quiz given by the U.S. Navy to the ship's crew, according to a report from the United States Navy.

REVELL & CO.

Large Room Size
Kiln-dried Rugs

THE EASIEST SHOE ON EARTH is what men who know call this *Manassas* Last. It is a soft, light, and comfortable shoe that takes the feet of men and women.

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on its capacity differ; there could have been 271 first class, 246 second class and 1,900 third class — or other variations.] A full complement of crew would have numbered 350. It offered a writing room, lounge room, smoking room, gymnasium, verandah café for first-class passengers — and carried 50 lifeboats.

Photographs of the ship's interior taken circa 1915 by the Byron Company of New York City.

<http://collections.mcny.org/C.aspx?VP3=SearchResult&VBID=24UAYW76Y5WF>

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Bunk beds in a bedroom

Credit line: Byron Company (New York, N.Y.) / Museum of the City of New York. 93.1.1.11176



Ladies' lounge

Credit line: Byron Company (New York, N.Y.) / Museum of the City of New York. 93.1.1.11183



Promenade deck

Credit line: Byron Company (New York, N.Y.) / Museum of the City of New York. 93.1.1.11178



Smoking room

Credit line: Byron Company (New York, N.Y.) / Museum of the City of New York. 93.1.1.11175



Verandah café

Credit line: Byron Company (New York, N.Y.) / Museum of the City of New York. 93.1.1.11185



Bedroom with bath facilities

Credit line: Byron Company (New York, N.Y.) / Museum of the City of New York. 93.1.1.11177



Upper class dining room

Credit line: Byron Company (New York, N.Y.) / Museum of the City of New York. 93.1.1.11181



Lounge & writing room

Credit line: Byron Company (New York, N.Y.) / Museum of the City of New York. 93.1.1.11184

Along with her sister ship, the *Transylvania*, the *Tuscania* offered the first installations of geared turbines to be fitted into transatlantic ships. The *Tuscania* was propelled by twin screws, each driven by turbines of the Parsons type. There were three independent electric generators, evaporators to produce 100 tons of fresh water daily, and a large amount of refrigerating machinery. Steam was supplied by six large double-ended Scotch boilers. It had two funnels, and should not be confused with the later ship bearing the same name, which had one funnel.



An order to ship one case of books to the State College of Washington aboard the *Tuscania*, dated January 5, 1918 – for sale on ebay.com as of August 2016
<http://www.ebay.com/itm/CUNARD-LINE-RMS-TUSCANIA-RARE-WW1-TICKET-FOR-PASSAGE-OF-BOOKS-5TH-JAN-1918-/232001140621?hash=item360458778d:g:i-oAAOSwgY9XeTt3>

CUNARD STEAMER TUSCANIA LEAVES LIVERPOOL FOR U. S.

NEW YORK May 10 —Announcement was made today at the Cunard offices that the Anchor liner *Tuscania* with 341 passengers, sailed from Glasgow on Saturday, and from Liverpool Sunday for New York. This is the first passenger steamer identified with the Cunard line to sail from the British Isles for the United States since the sinking of the *Lusitania*. The *Tuscania*'s passenger list was made up of thirty-six in the first class cabin 130 in the second and 175 in the steerage.

May 11, 1915 Indianapolis Star Newspaper; Page 2
 May 11, 1915 Indianapolis Star Newspaper; Page 2

The *Tuscania* carried passengers and supplies between New York City and Glasgow, Scotland, running this regular route even as the war intensified.

The *Sunday Star*, a Washington D.C. newspaper, noted on July 25, 1915, that the *Tuscania* had sailed on July 24, 1915, from New York to Glasgow, carrying 143 passengers, among them ten Americans. Captain McLean told the reporter that as soon as the outbound ship passed Sandy Hook, New Jersey, he planned to hold a lifeboat drill so that the passengers, "especially the women," would know how to get into the boats.



Next to the *Tuscania* bell (small portion of it pictured to the right) in the Museum of Islay Life is a bunk-side cabinet from the *Tuscania*. It was found washed up on shore near the Port Charlotte Lighthouse by pier master Duncan Fletcher, of Bruichladdich, Islay. Its door was missing; inside were papers indicating it had come from the ship. The cabinet was donated by Duncan Campbell of Port Ellen, Islay.

SERBS IN AMERICA BEING CALLED HOME

Call Issued Urging 200,000 or More
In This Country to Go
Back.

By Associated Press.

New York, Jan. 18.—The liner *Tuscania* arrived today with a large amount of bullion and American securities estimated by passengers to be worth several million dollars. Great precautions were taken to prevent the *Tuscania* being torpedoed. Miss Sibyl Eden, an English woman who has been serving with the Red Cross in Serbia, said she understood a call was soon to be issued urging the 200,000 or more Serbians in this country to join the new Serb army.

Wichita Daily Times
Texas
Tues. 18 June 1916



When the *Tuscania* arrived in the port of New York on June 18, 1916, it carried a large amount of bullion and American securities, supposedly worth several million dollars. *Our Paper*, published by the Massachusetts Reformatory (Concord, Massachusetts), said the *Tuscania* had carried passengers, mail and \$25 million in securities when it arrived in New York on July 10, 1916. Knowing that the German submarine, the U-cruiser *Deutschland* (which carried 725 tons of cargo!), had departed Bremen, Germany, before *Tuscania* sailed, the British Admiralty had naval officers provide an escort of patrol boats for the first 48 hours after *Tuscania* left Liverpool, and lookouts on the *Tuscania*'s foremast and forecastle deck watched for an attack. In case of attack, the cases of securities were to be thrown into the sea. In case you doubt the inmates, the *New York Times* also reported on the delivery of securities to J.P. Morgan, as did the *Wichita Daily Times*, pictured above.

On June 30, 1916, the *Tuscania* left Glasgow on a run to New York, via Liverpool. The ship also made at least one run from Bombay, India, to Liverpool.

A list of *Tuscania's* trips to New York appears below. [Note: some of this data does not agree with other reports noted above or other reports online; some discrepancies are noted below]

Data from: [http://www.cimorelli.com/cgi-](http://www.cimorelli.com/cgi-bin/safescripts/ship_date.asp?FMONTH=&FDAY=&FYEAR=&Beginwith=Tuscania&Sortname=&whichpage=5)

[bin/safescripts/ship_date.asp?FMONTH=&FDAY=&FYEAR=&Beginwith=Tuscania&Sortname=&whichpage=5](http://www.cimorelli.com/cgi-bin/safescripts/ship_date.asp?FMONTH=&FDAY=&FYEAR=&Beginwith=Tuscania&Sortname=&whichpage=5) [pages 1 through 5]

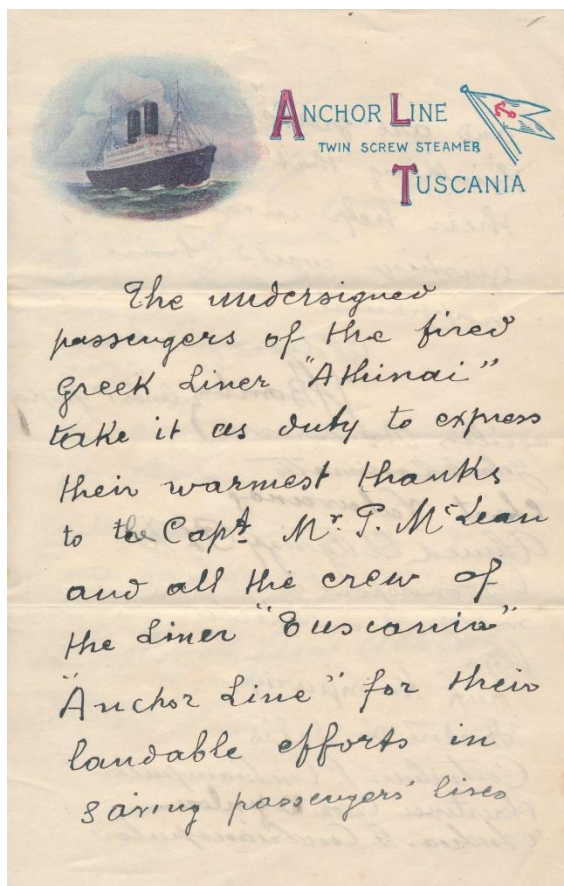
On August 1, 1917, sailed with troops from New York, on December 11, 1917, from Hoboken, New Jersey, to Liverpool.

Departing from Glasgow	Departing from Liverpool
February 16, 1915	February 16, 1915
March 22, 1915	March 22, 1915
April 20, 1915	April 20, 1915
May 18, 1915 (May 8, 1915 <i>Indianapolis Star</i>)	May 18, 1915 (May 9, 1915, <i>Indianapolis Star</i>)
	June 20, 1915
July 19 or 21, 1915	July 19, 1915
August 23, 1915	August 22, 1915
September 21, 1915	
October 26, 1915	October 26, 1915
January 17, 1916	January 17, 1916
February 23, 1916	February 23, 1916
March 28, 1916	March 28, 1916
May 3, 1916	May 2, 1916 last civilian passage
June 5, 1916	June 5, 1916
July 10, 1916	July 10, 1916
August 15, 1916	August 15, 1916
September 18, 1916	September 18, 1916
October 27, 1916	October 27, 1916
November 29, 1916	
January 3, 1917	January 2, 1917
February 7, 1917	
March 21, 1917	
April 28, 1917	
June 9, 1917	
July 24, 1917	
January 17, 1918	

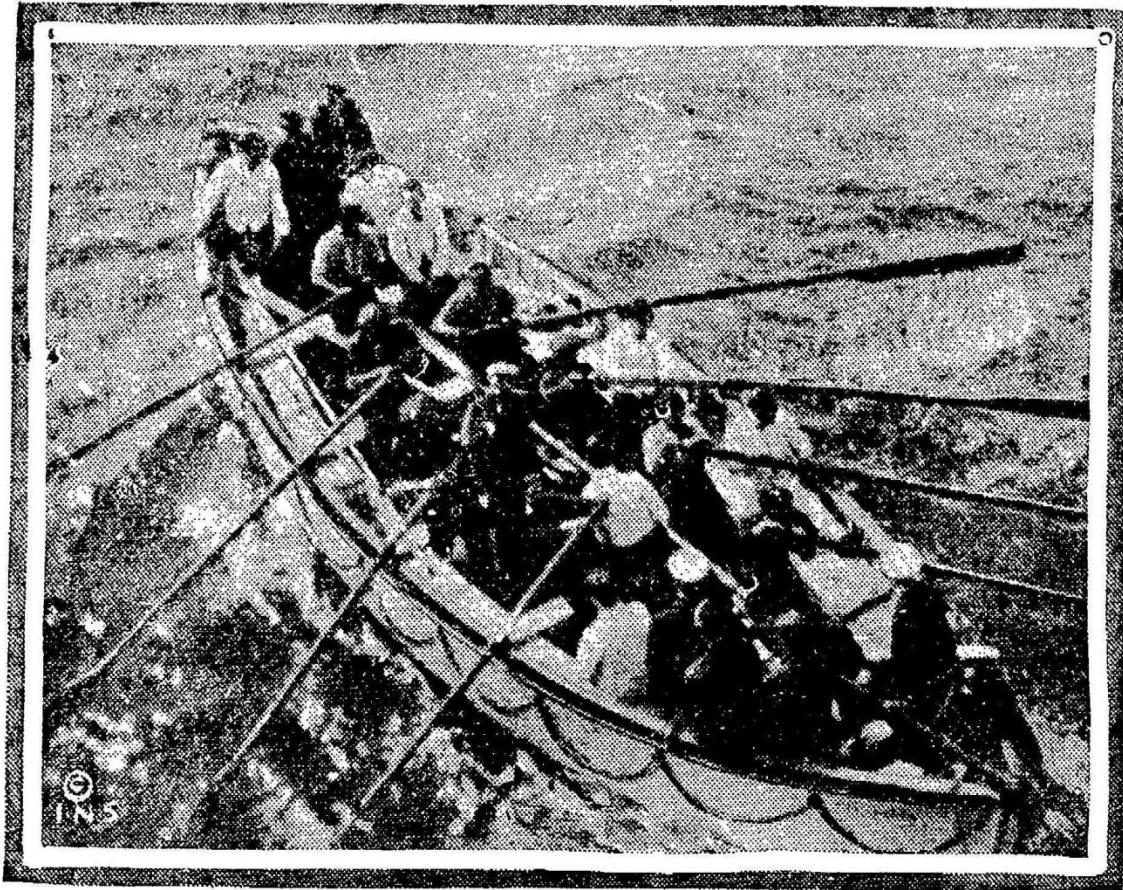
The 1915 diary of nurse Amy Elizabeth Holmes, recounted in *The Alumnae News* of the New York Training Hospital for Nurses, notes she sailed from New York on February 20, 1915, on *Tuscania*, captained by Peter McLean. On March 2, they were hailed by a British patrol boat and told the location of submarines. All portholes and windows were darkened with black paper, and officers were stationed on the bridge all night. On March 3, her voyage ended in Liverpool.

In 1915, *Tuscania* made international news for rescuing passengers and crew from the burning Greek steamer SS *Athinai*. The National Green Line's *Athinai* had left New York on September 16, 1915, on its way to Piraeus, Greece, in the Mediterranean Sea. On September 19, 1915, the *Athinai* sent an SOS message via wireless since a fire was burning in its cargo hold, likely due to arson or a bomb set by German sympathizers. The *Tuscania*, heading toward New York, diverted its course and, after arriving on the scene by noon, Captain McLean ordered a rescue party sent to the *Athinai*. The Anchor Line, worried about bombs and sabotage, had equipped the *Tuscania* with smoke helmets and fire extinguishers, and trained the *Tuscania*'s crew in fire drills. After assessing the scene, the *Tuscania*'s bosun sent a message via his helmet telephone that the bulkheads might give way at any moment, and the *Athinai* was in danger of sinking.

Tuscania lowered its lifeboats, and passengers began abandoning *Athinai* at around 4 p.m., with the *Tuscania* crew taking off women and children while holding the male passengers and *Athinai* crew at bay. A large number of United Presbyterian missionaries, men and women, were aboard the *Athinai*. Another rescue vessel, the *Roumanian Prince*, rescued 61 crew members, while *Tuscania* rescued 408 passengers and crew. Only one death resulted, that of Tomasco Sotanio, and that from a heart attack. The rescue was completed at 8:30 p.m., with the *Tuscania* leaving the area at 10:30 p.m., the *Athinai* still burning and about to sink.



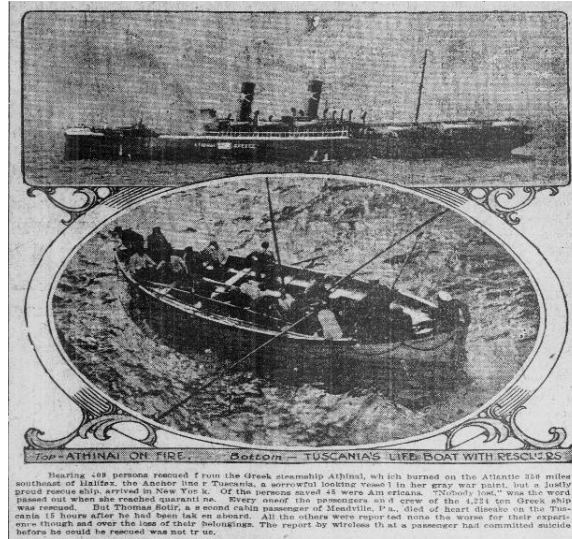
Written on *Tuscania* letterhead, signed by 29 *Athinai* passengers, to express "their warmest thanks" to Captain McLean and his crew (from his collection in the Museum of Islay Life, used with its permission)

SURVIVORS OF THE ATHINAI PULLING AWAY FROM DOOMED SHIP**SURVIVORS OF S.S.ATHINAI LEAVING SHIP IN LIFEBOAT**

The picture shows one of the life boats of the Greek liner Athinal, which was burned in mid-ocean, leaving the doomed ship with the last of the survivors who were taken aboard the steamship Tuscania and brought to New York. Of the 408 passengers and crew only one was lost, that one person having died from heart failure after being taken aboard the Tuscania. It is believed that the fire was caused by incendiary bombs placed by German sympathizers.

Friday 24th Sept. 1915 - Fort Wayne News Page 18

The Fort Wayne News reports that this is an Athinal lifeboat.



(above:) Tuscania's (or Athinai's) lifeboat in use to rescue passengers & crew from the SS Athinai; Tuscania is described as "a sorrowful looking vessel in her gray war paint but a justly proud rescue ship"



SS Athinai survivors aboard the Tuscania

<https://www.google.com/search?q=athinai+survivors+images&biw=1471&bih=734&tbm=isch&tbo=u&source=univ&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwiWkvSu5OvOAhVL6CYKHbxFDMkQsAQIGw#imgrc=90EINlam78IG2M%3A> AND

[tbo=u&source=univ&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwiWkvSu5OvOAhVL6CYKHbxFDMkQsAQIGw#imgrc=9C0b6EZGJ_mPeM%3A](https://www.google.com/search?q=athinai+survivors+images&biw=1471&bih=734&tbm=isch&tbo=u&source=univ&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwiWkvSu5OvOAhVL6CYKHbxFDMkQsAQIGw#imgrc=9C0b6EZGJ_mPeM%3A)



Rescued from the SS Athinai, aboard Tuscania

On May 20, 1915, Cunard announced that the Anchor Line's *Transylvania* had been requisitioned by the British government for use as a troopship, under the "Liner Requisition Scheme," and its scheduled trip from Glasgow to New York was cancelled. This left only the *Tuscania* and the *Orduna* as Cunard/Anchor passenger steamships. In 1916, the *Tuscania* was requisitioned by the British Admiralty for wartime use.

ENGLAND REQUISITIONS ANCHOR LINER TRANSYLVANIA

NEW YORK, May 20.—It was announced at the Cunard line offices today that the Anchor line steamship *Transylvania*, which arrived in Glasgow from New York on Sunday last, had been requisitioned by the British government. Its sailings have accordingly been canceled. It was due to leave Glasgow next Saturday for New York. The withdrawal of the *Transylvania* leaves in the transatlantic passenger service of the Cunard and Anchor lines only the steamships *Orduna* and *Tuscania*.

May 21, 1915 Indianapolis Star Newspaper; Page 5

Tuscania was refitted, armed with a rapid-fire 4-inch naval gun mounted on her stern, and pressed into service as a troop carrier. It allegedly carried a Royal Navy gun crew. Its luxurious first-class accoutrements – among them olivewood paneling in the main lounge – had been stripped. The ship made voyages from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, to Liverpool, England, or to Glasgow, Scotland, carrying Canadian troops, undertaking this task for the first time in September 1916.

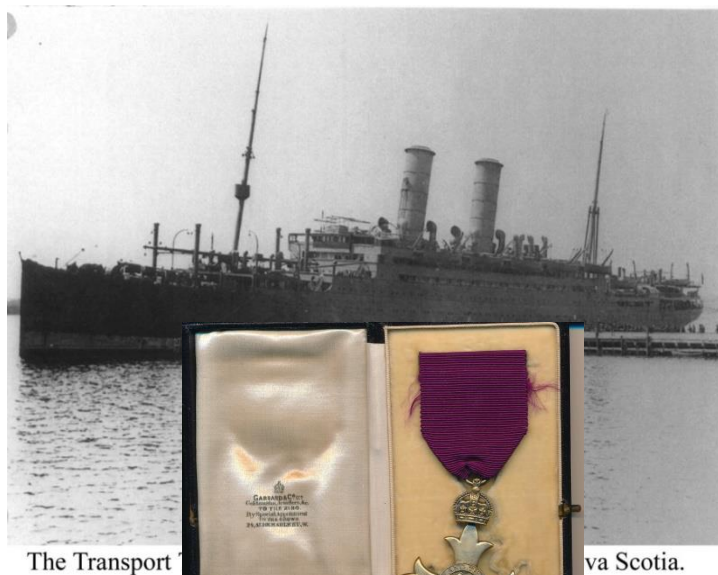
Tuscania was again in the news when the *New York Times* reported on March 22, 1917, that on the previous day the *Tuscania* had evaded a German submarine and a suspected German commerce raider east of Nantucket Island off the coast of Massachusetts.

Records remain about protective actions during *Tuscania*'s wartime voyages. Division 8, Destroyer Force of the U.S. Navy, under the command of Joseph Knefler Taussig, was sent to

Queenstown, Ireland, in May 1917, the first group of U.S. destroyers sent abroad in World War I, whose mission was to guard the “Western Approaches” to Britain. Taussig, who will achieve high rank and many awards for his naval service in several wars, published his journal about his Irish-based service under the title *The Queenstown Patrol*. The May 14, 1917, entry reads: “Received a wireless message from the Vice Admiral to meet and escort the *Tuscania* – at half past three sighted the *Tuscania*. The sloop *Gladiolus* was escorting her. At 4:00 p.m. I relieved the *Gladiolus*, and the *Tuscania* immediately increased speed from 12 to fifteen knots. The *Wadsworth* zigzagged ahead of her from bow to bow at 20 knots speed. Passed through considerable wreckage and saw one boat adrift. At 11:15 p.m. we were met by the British destroyer *Peyton*, to which ship I turned over my convoy and started back for my patrol station.”

(https://archive.org/stream/corsairinwarzone00painrich/corsairinwarzone00painrich_djvu.txt)

Another guard action was taken by the former yacht of J.P. Morgan, Jr., the *Corsair*, which patrolled off the French coast. In July 1917, Ralph D. Paine wrote in his *The Corsair in the War Zone* (1920), “We convoyed a big Cunarder, the *Tuscania*, carrying mail and supplies from America to Falmouth and dropped her at the end of our patrol area. Our Queenstown destroyers probably picked her up after we left her.”



On the last trip to Europe before its final voyage, *Tuscania* ferried troops, including those of the 107th Aero Squadron and 167th Regular Infantry, in early December 1917 from Hoboken, New Jersey, via St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada, arriving in Liverpool on Christmas Day, 1917.

McLean's OBE (Museum of Islay Life)

announced
February
after

thing, but the men they intend to decorate always seem to be torpedoed soon after.” There was some ominous history to back him up. In the two years previous to *Tuscania's* sinking, its four sister ships had been torpedoed – *Caledonia* (December 4, 1916), *California* (February 7, 1917), *Cameronia* (April 15, 1917) and *Transylvania* (May 14, 1917). The captain had only a short time before his premonition was fulfilled.

Captain McLean of the *Tuscania* had been awarded the Order of the British Empire (O.B.E) for service to his king and country on January 1, 1918,

in the *Shipbuilding and Shipping Record*, 1 1918, and other British newspapers. Two weeks receiving the award, he remarked: “It’s a funny

Leo V. Zimmermann recalled being roused out of bed at 4:30 a.m. the morning of the 23rd. The men first marched about two miles to Creski, New Jersey, where they entrained for Hoboken, New Jersey, “standing room only” on the train. They arrived at 6:30 a.m. on January 23. At 7:30 a.m., the men were ferried to the waiting *Tuscania* on the *Chautauqua*. Second Lieutenant Franklin Erton Folts, on the other hand, arrived at the dock in a Ford taxi.



*Ferrying to Tuscania (left) and marching aboard (right) –
From the archives of the Milwaukee County Historical Society*

Their names were checked off the list, and each was given a small pink card to board the *Tuscania*. At the pier, each man was given an allotment of Red Cross sweaters, helmets, socks, etc. which was placed on board ship as baggage and were not opened at the time – “in fact, were never opened.” A bad omen: one of the cargo nets full of soldiers’ bags and other equipment drops into the water.

New York (Brooklyn) private Joseph D. Oddo wrote a memoir, “My Story with the 213th Aero Squadron,” using his self-termed “pen name” of J. Frank Otto. Copies are housed at the Milwaukee County Historical Society and the Wisconsin Veterans Museum in Madison, Wisconsin. Oddo had enlisted in 1916, underage, to escape an abusive and miserly father, and was assigned to camp in Mineola, Long Island, New York, where he ended up with the sons of the rich and famous. One of his four tentmates was Quentin Roosevelt, son of the former U.S. President Theodore Roosevelt, fated to die in aerial combat on July 14, 1918, in France. Oddo related how he was ordered on January 23 to pack his khaki uniform, CD shirt, “shoes, 6,” underwear, toilet articles, overcoat and raincoat. All leaves were cancelled for the unit, no one could telephone home, and the men slept in full uniform on bare springs – the bedding having been stripped earlier – until aroused at 12:30 a.m. on the morning of January 24th. Lights flicked on, a light breakfast was served, final checks were made – and amid a blanket of snow, the men moved noiselessly to the Country Life Press Railroad station, a tough hike in knee-deep snow with their barracks bags.

Cornelius Harrington reported the trek from Camp American University, Washington D.C., in five inches of snow to the Penn Railroad station at 9:15 p.m. January 22, when Major Benjamin Wade ordered “forward, march.” Fred Braem’s unit marched along high fences with guards stationed along their route.

The 100th, 158th and 213th Aero Squadrons boarded the train for the Long Island Railroad terminal in Long Island City, where they detrained and went by ferry around the lower end of Manhattan and up the Hudson River to the Cunard Line pier at 58th Street. Here they marched up the gangplank, pink berth cards in hand, first the 213th, then the 158th, and finally the 100th. The Aero squadrons were assigned to the starboard side, while the 32nd Division occupied the port side.

The men who board that day bear surnames that are a cross-section of America – of Armenian, Chinese, Dutch, English, Finnish, French, German, Greek, Hispanic, Irish, Italian, Native American, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Scandinavian, Scottish origin. Every one of the 48 U.S. states at the time is represented on board, plus the District of Columbia and the then-territory of Hawaii. Some men, not yet citizens, will list “homes” of Canada, Denmark, England, Ireland, Italy, Norway, Poland, Russia, Scotland, Sweden, Switzerland – even the Azores.

While some have graduated from, or attended, Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Princeton, Stanford, Texas A&M, Johns Hopkins University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Notre Dame, the universities of Michigan, Minnesota, Tennessee, Washington and of other states, others had only a few years of education. Many signed only “their mark” – an “X” – to their draft registration, being illiterate and unable to write their names. African-American soldiers, not yet integrated into the Army, fight in separate units and are not aboard. Some soldiers are teenagers; and then there is 56-year-old private Walter Toy.



Walter Toy (*left*), born in Cornwall, England, in 1862 [or so], had immigrated to the United States via an informal process, as his granddaughter Meredith Geroldine Toy recalled. "Walter walked away from a British Merchant Marine ship tied up in Astoria, Oregon" Toy was past draft age, but he shaved his head and facial hair to look younger and convince military officials he was fit for service. He left his wife behind in Washington state to care for their nine children.

From A to Z – from Olaf Sverre Aamodt of Minnesota, who will survive, attain a doctorate and teach university-level agriculture courses, to Arthur Rudolph Zybach of Texas, who will die in France seven days before the Armistice - the men board the *Tuscania* on its final voyage.

Many of those marching aboard were farmers, reflecting the large number of U.S. residents

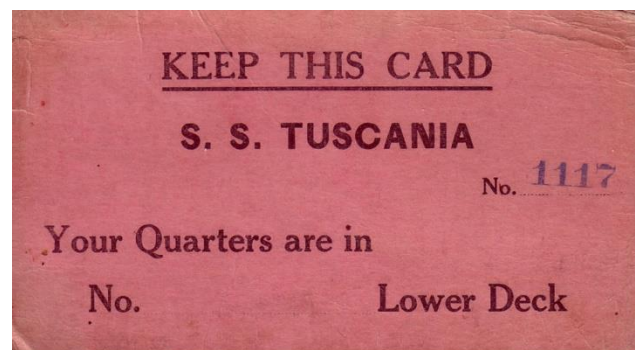
employed in farming. In 1910, 31% of the U.S. labor force was engaged in farming; in post-war 1920, the percentage was 27%. Currently, less than 2% of the U.S. population is engaged in farming.

But there were also lawyers, doctors, dentists, druggists, civil engineers - lumbermen, laborers, miners, ranchhands, cattlemen, grain inspectors, forest rangers - clerks, salesmen, merchants, bookkeepers, mail carriers - carpenters, plumbers, electricians, machinists, bricklayers, painters, steamfitters, roofers – teachers, students (high school, college, theological) - chauffeurs, mechanics, delivery men, teamsters, taxicab drivers – railwaymen, shipbuilders, oilfield workers, steelworkers, bridge builders – barbers, tailors, shoe repairers, bartenders – and an undertaker's assistant, circus roustabout, shepherd, wallpaper hanger, biologist, cook, baker, actor, photographer, chemist, commercial fisherman, debt collector, hotel steward, Japanese interpreter, school principal, highway worker, judge's clerk, telephone lineman, waiter, dishwasher, watchmaker, golf course caretaker, garment maker, box maker, munitions worker, attendant at an "insane asylum," the boss of a turpentine works and an Armenian rug weaver. One soldier aboard could not have guessed that one day composer Meredith Willson would write "The Wells Fargo Wagon" for his 1957 musical, *The Music Man* - a paean to his driving job! James Joseph Tucker was employed as the caretaker for the Conrad Memorial Cemetery in Kalispell, Montana; surviving the sinking by 41 years, he will be buried there.

In 1917, one-third of the U.S. population was either immigrants themselves or first-generation Americans, reported the second episode of the three-episode Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) series, "The Great War," which aired April 11, 2017. The 19 men associated with Spooner reflect this melting pot – except their percentage of immigrants/first-generation is one-half, not

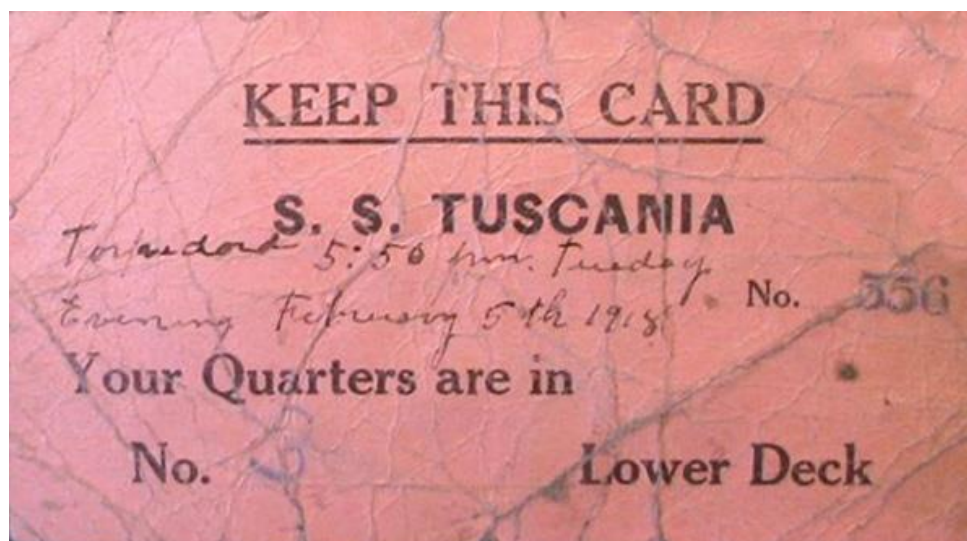
one-third. Nelson is a native of Sweden, and not yet a citizen. Eight men were first-generation. Both parents of Marino (Italy), Nolan (Ireland), Frank Peterson (Sweden), Oscar Peterson (Norway) and Rauchstadt (Germany) were born abroad. The fathers of McCarty (Ireland), Paulson (Denmark) and Voyer (French Canadian) were immigrants. In addition, Voyer's mother was half-Ojibwe Native American. Emil Rauchstadt, like many other German-Americans, was heading to war to fight against the citizens of his parents' birth country.

Cornelius Harrington recalled the ferry ride at Hoboken. "Here, after a perishing wait in a large shed, we passed onto the S.S. Tuscania, and made the best of what to us at the time seemed to be very disagreeable quarters, but which we subsequently found were not bad at all."



Courtesy of Daniel Malloy

When one Tuscania survivor lost his pink card years later, he grieved over its loss.



A handwritten note records history on the pink card of Oscar Godfrey Hanson, assigned to No. 3 in the Lower Deck: "Torpedoed 5:50 hrs. Tuesday Evening February 5th 1918"

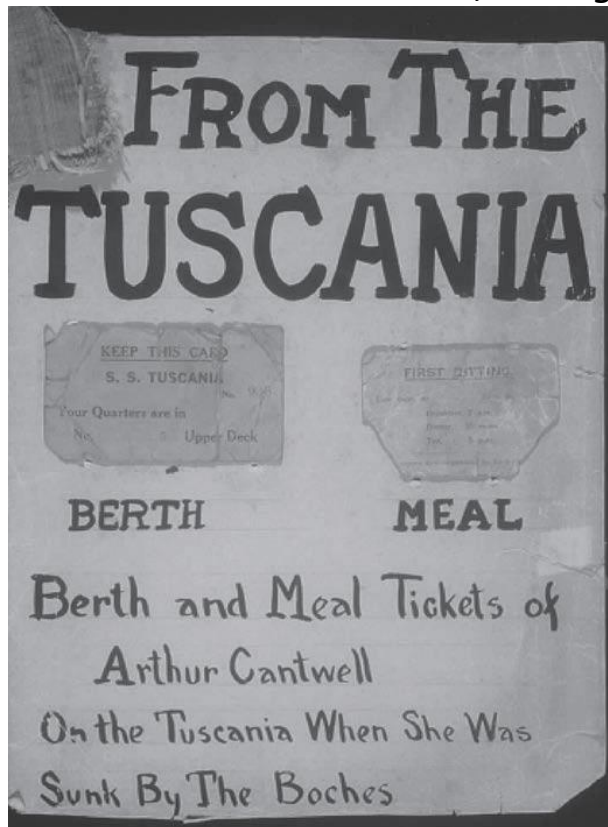
Pink pass No. 935 admitted Sergeant Arthur Joseph Hantschel to No. 5 upper deck. It could be purchased, along with his wartime diary as of January 2017 for \$2,855.99. http://www.mbenjaminkatzfinebooksraremanuscripts.com/?page=shop/browse&offset=380&fb=1&category_id=&featured=&keyword=World%27s&searchby=keyword



Theatre announcement of film of the Tuscania's departure, shown at a Wisconsin theater called The Empress

There wasn't anything very romantic about the embarkation at Hoboken on January 23, 1918, of some two thousand two hundred American soldiers on the Anchor liner Tuscania. We got aboard, nearly all strangers to each other, and we sailed sometime after noon.

~1st Lt. Donald Abram Smith, Michigan [who sailed January 24]



Arthur Cantwell and his berth (pink) ticket and meal ticket

Arthur was in berth number 5, upper deck, and in the first meal seating at 7 a.m., noon and 5 p.m. He was at dinner when the ship was torpedoed.

http://www.baylorhealth.edu/Documents/BUMC%20Proceedings/2017_Vol_30/No_1/30_1_Cantwell.pdf

As Richard Outcault, Jr., the son of a famous and successful cartoonist, boarded, a member of the British crew approached him, possibly because Outcault was wearing a custom-tailored uniform, not the regular issue, thereby indicating he was well-off. The crewman said he believed the ship would be torpedoed during the crossing, and asked if he and Outcault could come to an agreement that the crewman would do everything to help him if that occurred. The crew member showed Outcault the location of his crew cabin, and assured him if anything happened, the crew member would be waiting in his cabin. No mention of a monetary reward for any service was included in this story.

Lieutenant Asbury H. Vale is handed a two-by-four-inch piece of cardboard, inscribed: "Anchor Line / S.S. 'Tuscania' / Lieutenant A.H. Vale, Room B. 27, Berth No. 1." He tucks his stateroom ticket in his pocket, and it will be his only souvenir of the voyage, later donated to the Kenosha (Wisconsin) Elks Lodge.



Left: Cunard Pier 54 on the Hudson River, on the western end of 24th Street in Manhattan, New York (photograph by Theodore W. Scull, New York Ship Society)

Tugboats gathered at the pier, while the last of the snow flurries fell and a beautiful blue sky appeared, with “plenty of ice floating about in the murky water,” recalled Oddo. On her final voyage, the *Tuscania* left through the port of embarkation - Hoboken, New Jersey - out of

Cunard Pier 54 in New York harbor, at 8:30 a.m., sailing past the Statue of Liberty on Thursday, January 24, 1918, with a British crew of 384 and approximately 2,000 American troops. The American forces were under the command of Major Benjamin Franklin Wade.

The British crew was composed of merchant marines.

The troops had been ordered below deck at departure until at sea, to prevent any spy from estimating troop size and to facilitate the loading of cargo. “So the only ones who got a chance to say good bye to the Goddess of Liberty were the officers and non-commissioned officers who had staterooms on the starboard side, and they only saw her through the port holes of their staterooms,” wrote Captain Oakley Parkhill. The troops were not told their ultimate destination, which was Le Havre, France. There the men would be readying the 10th Divisional Training Area for the arrival of the 63rd and 64th Infantry brigades. Instead, because of the *Tuscania*’s sinking, “the advance elements became the last to arrive in the Training Area.” General Pershing’s forces in France were also eagerly awaiting the arrival of the aviation personnel abroad.



The men were allowed back on deck for one last sight of land through the mist. And immediately, the first cases of seasickness developed. Captain Cloyd Koppes said although he did not get seasick, “I am safe in saying that 95% of all on board were sick at some time or another since we left ‘the States.’” Verne Hoyer too did not get seasick, “but saw some of them donating a livelihood to the fishes.”

Fred Braem recalled the men's first assignment: "we were then told to write post cards announcing our safe arrival in France, they were then collected and were to be mailed after we arrived in France, as events will show they were never destined to be mailed."



Tuscania crew (undated photograph), many of them teenagers - and some of them not Caucasian. In the inset, Captain McLean is pictured holding a child. From Derek Tait's Glasgow in the Great War [https://](https://books.google.com/books?id=JV8gDQAAQBAJ&pg=PT118&lpq=PT118&dq=derek+tait+tuscania+mclean&source=bl&ots=LXomLfcX5v&sig=CB9_bhC5LOqNStQpFV3pn9z1o_E&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjor_vxvbrRAhWm6oMKHYSQDM0Q6AEIITAB#v=onepage&q=derek%20tait%20tuscania%20mclean&f=false)

books.google.com/books?id=JV8gDQAAQBAJ&pg=PT118&lpq=PT118&dq=derek+tait+tuscania+mclean&source=bl&ots=LXomLfcX5v&sig=CB9_bhC5LOqNStQpFV3pn9z1o_E&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjor_vxvbrRAhWm6oMKHYSQDM0Q6AEIITAB#v=onepage&q=derek%20tait%20tuscania%20mclean&f=false



Peter Alexander McLean

Form 684

REPORT OF CHANGES IN CREW OF VESSEL WHILE IN UNITED STATES PORT 143

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
IMMIGRATION SERVICE

Date, January 24th, 1918

To the Immigration Officer in Charge
Port of New York

You are hereby notified of the following changes in the crew of this vessel while in this port, as required by section 36 of the Immigration Act of February 5, 1917, which is printed on the reverse side hereof and has been noted by me.

NAMES OF ALIEN EMPLOYEES NOT EMPLOYED AT TIME OF ARRIVAL BUT WHO WILL LEAVE PORT ON THIS VESSEL AT THE TIME OF DEPARTURE.

<u>M.A. Lohez</u>	<u>Henry W. Brown</u>
<u>Chas. McKinnon</u>	<u>Thomas Wilkinson</u>
<u>James Croal</u>	
<u>Wm. McLaughlin</u>	

NAMES OF ALIEN EMPLOYEES ON THIS VESSEL WHO HAVE BEEN PAID OFF AND DISCHARGED WHILE AT THIS PORT.

NAMES OF ALIEN EMPLOYEES WHO HAVE DESERTED OR LANDED FROM THIS VESSEL WHILE AT THIS PORT.

<u>Chas. McPhee</u>	<u>Pedro Morales</u>
<u>John Cunningham</u>	<u>Pat Sharkey</u>
<u>Einar Jacobson</u>	<u>Joas Quaresma</u>
<u>Johannes Hansen</u>	

(Owner, agent, consignee, or master.)

Notz.—Use additional sheets if more space is required for additional names. 16-1254

The list of Anchor Line employees (at top) traveling back to Europe aboard Tuscania, and crew (bottom list) who landed or deserted in the port of New York City as of January 24, 1918.

Deserters Hansen and Morales, whose names do not appear on the crew manifest, saved themselves from the torpedo and possibly death.

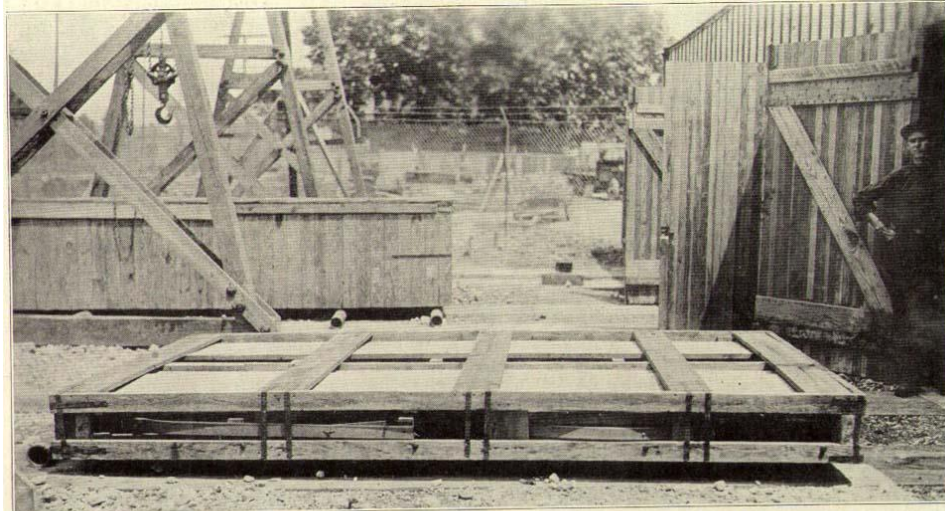
Employees: M.A. Lohez, Charles McKinnon, James Croal, William McLaughlin, Henry W. Brown, Thomas Wilkinson. Visitors to port: Charles McPhee, John Cunningham, Einar Jacobson, Patrick Sharkey, Joas Quaresma. Deserters (not part of crew on voyage): Johannes Hansen & Pedro Morales.



Soldiers assigned to stateroom 99

On board *Tuscania* were airplanes, sawmills, logging and sawmill equipment, 30 mules, supply wagons, trucks, spare aircraft supplies, boxes of bacon, and six months of supplies for the 6th Battalion. Soldier Oliver Francis Crump watched the supplies arrive. "I counted the trains they unloaded. There were 14 complete trains; one whole train of nothing but bacon, and another of just airplane parts." Leonard Edward Read of the 158th Aero Squadron, who survives to become a well-known political/economics writer, wrote in his *Journal* of August 1956 from the Foundation for Economic Education, the organization he founded: "in the hold were foodstuffs desperately needed by England" due to the blockade of German U-boats. The American troops took with them their short .30-caliber rifles.

The first troopship had taken American soldiers across the Atlantic in May 1917. "In the intervening eight months, not a single troopship had been lost on the voyage to Europe," reported Les Wilson in his 2018 book, *The Drowned and the Saved*.



Rather a prosaic looking picture, you may say, but it illustrates an important detail of army transportation. The plain board crate contains the parts of a three-ton truck, dissembled for shipment overseas. The packing was done by men long trained in this work. The scene is Camp Holabird, Baltimore.

How a three-ton truck traveled to war, from A Photographic History: Why America Won the War (edited by Roy Oscar Randall & John Sydney Baxter) -

https://books.google.com/books/about/A_photographic_history_why_America_won_t.html?id=Z7AQAQAAMAAJ

The troops aboard were, as the survivors called themselves later, the “Advance Elements” – those with tasks to perform in France before the bulk of the troops arrived. These included “forestry troops” – the “foresters, lumberjacks and sawmill operators” described by Clark Ricks - who would supply expertise, lumber and labor for constructing dugouts, trenches, barracks, prisoner camps and other military facilities in France. Also on board was supposedly a great quantity of gold. In whatever form of money, gold or not, the ship carried troop payrolls. On March 31, 1987, the Treasury Solicitor of the United Kingdom confirmed to Tim Epps, the current holder of rights to the wreck’s hull and machinery, that the *Tuscania* carried approximately two million pounds of steel bullets for the Ministry of Munitions, also oil, wax and general cargo.

Joseph D. Oddo recalled the first call was to assemble on deck for assignment to lifeboat stations. He wrote that lines (ropes) were attached to stanchions at the bulkhead and hung over *Tuscania*’s side – a means of escape in case of submarine attack. He recalled “our first boat drill, such as it is” as occurring on January 26 at 1:30 p.m. This would have been after docking at Halifax, and many others do not recall such an exercise. Oddo said davits (lifeboat support frames) were swung over the sides and some of the men told to get in and lower themselves to the water and bring up the boat, for the next group to try the exercise. Upon dismissal, “There is a mad scramble for the ladder (stairway) leading to the deck below to get back to our bunks and card games and dice on a smoothed-out blanket on the bunk for a nice smooth roll of the dice. And, on the floor in the head (lavatory) there is a game of dice with dice hitting against the bulkhead. The smell did not seem to bother anyone.”

Leonard E. Read wrote in 1956: "As soon as we were at sea, my own outfit, the 158th Aero Service Squadron, joined with the engineering and other units in daily lifeboat drill and emergency practice."



Sailing along the New England coast, the ship arrived in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, on the morning of January 26, 1918, around 9:30 a.m., where snow had fallen over a scene that looked like a war zone. Cornelius Harrington had enjoyed the trip. "The journey to Halifax was not a dreary one to any of us as everything was new and we were anxious to get established on the boat and to arrange the multitude of mental impressions that we experienced every hour of the day." Upon arrival, "The remains of the city

following the terrific explosion of a few weeks previous were a great curiosity to us as we passed." Less than two months earlier, on December 6, 1917, an incoming French munitions ship, the *SS Mont-Blanc*, had collided with an outgoing Norwegian ship, the *Imo*. The resulting explosion and fire killed 2,000 people; injured 9,000; obliterated everything in a 2,600-foot radius (325 acres); generated a tsunami that destroyed a Native American village – and set off the largest explosion prior to the detonation of the atomic bomb in World War II. *Tuscania* survivor Worth L. Bushey recorded in his diary: "Saw the ruins of that monstrous explosion. The damage is almost beyond realization." Spoonerite Guy Paulson later writes to his sister Helen Paulson Sayles that "I saw all that was left after the big explosion." Leonard Read called the view "a foretaste of what an explosion at sea could be like ... All things, as far as the eye could see – big trees included – were flat on the ground." Leo (Leonard) Zimmermann was surprised to find himself in Halifax, thinking the ship was heading across the Atlantic when it left New York.



The destruction of Halifax occurred in December 1917

The *Tuscania* left Halifax Sunday, January 27, 1918, around 2 p.m. in a temperature of 20 below zero. The winter of 1917-1918 had been viciously cold, and "there were fears that she might be

frozen in," wrote William Stevens Prince, whose uncle Percy Arthur Stevens did not survive the *Tuscania*'s sinking. In his narrative, Oddo noted that due to the extreme cold and blustery nor'easter conditions, men wore their overcoats while below decks, and used overcoats as

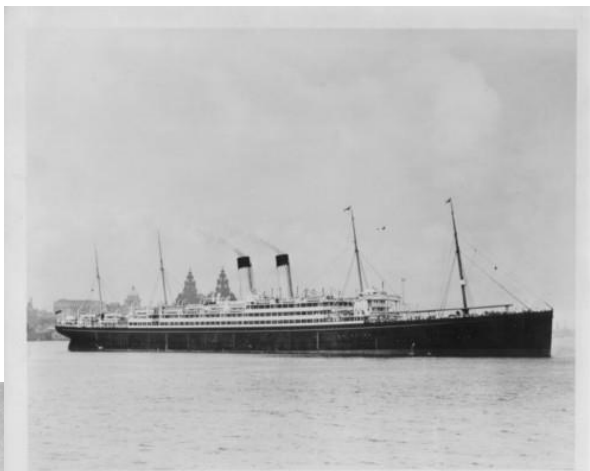
blankets on their bunks. The wind produced a weird “howling” in the rigging, Oddo wrote, and as the icing on the cake, rain began to fall – “A blinding rain that keeps pelting you in the face if you are foolish enough to venture out on deck.” Added to the bitter cold were huge, windswept waves that whip across the decks “like a scimitar in our face.” Cornelius Harrington said although the snow and bitter cold had ceased, “the wind continued to blow all during the voyage.”

Left behind in Halifax were 21 men considered too ill to travel. These 21 men will be counted among the casualties in post-sinking reports until the War Department announced on February 13, 1918, that the men had been taken off the ship in Canada.

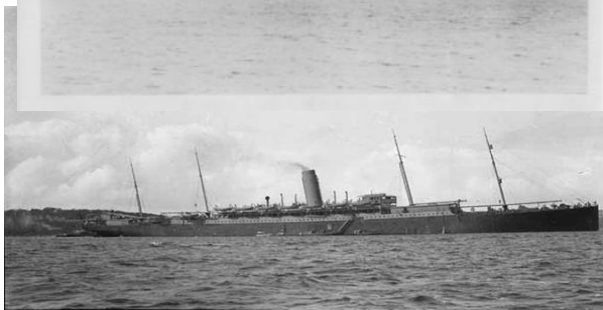
Outside the harbor, around 4 p.m., the *Tuscania* and eleven other ships formed into a convoy - trans-Atlantic convoy HX20 - led by the point ship, the British heavy cruiser HMS *Cochrane*. Eleven ships followed *Cochrane*, in rows: three troopships, an oil tanker, cargo ships, merchant ships and cattle boats. Upon exiting Halifax, Leo Zimmermann “wondered from where the rest had come so silently and unannounced.” The larger and more important ships, like the *Tuscania*, traveled in the convoy’s center.

Tuscania historian Leo V. Zimmermann explained: “In convoy all ships are placed in parallel lines. Ours two, three and four in a line. Six cable lengths apart and three cable lengths between ships in a line. Of course, this would vary from time to time according to the capabilities of the slower vessels to keep up and hold a formation. The larger and more important ships are placed in the center lanes.”

The 12 ships in convoy HX-20:

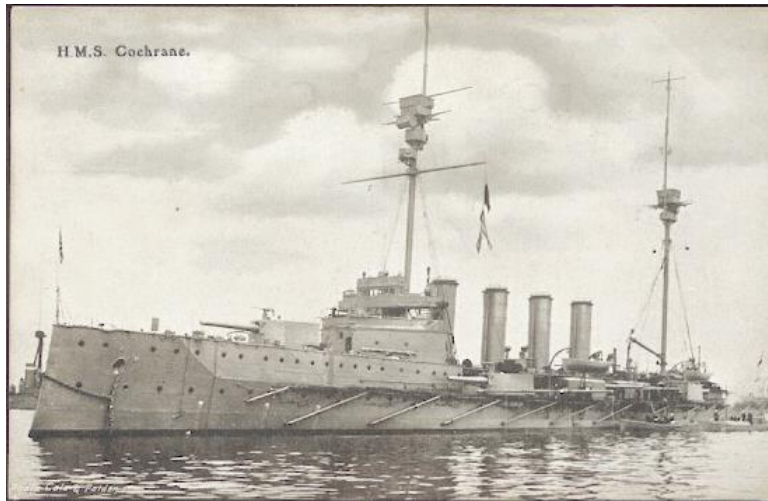


SS Baltic, 1904-1933 (scrapped)

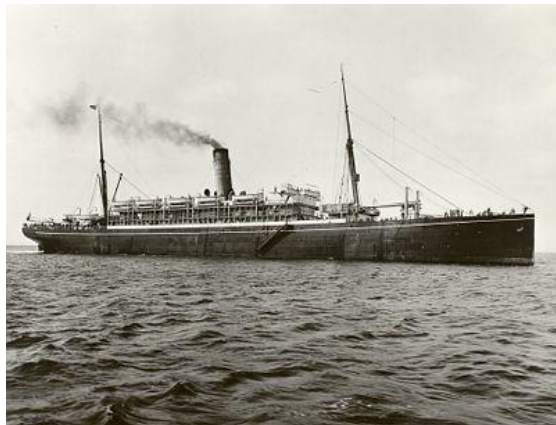


SS Ceramic

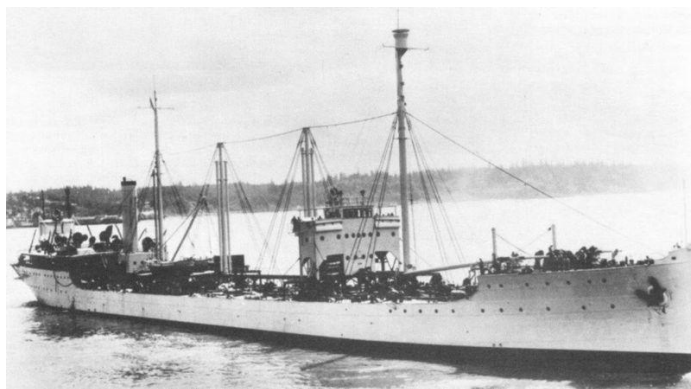
SS Ceramic (1913) – torpedoed & sunk off the Azores December 7, 1942, in World War II, while transporting Australian troops, with the loss of 565 and only one survivor



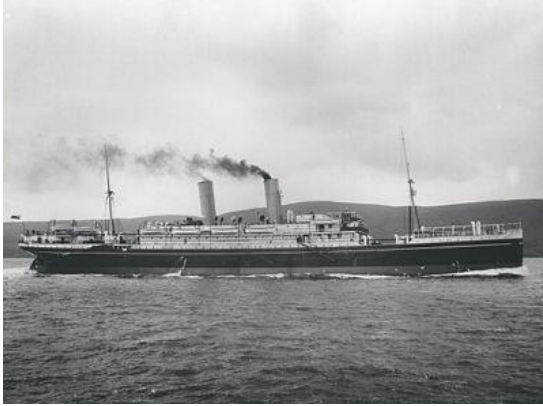
HMS Cochrane – *convoy leader – launched 1905, wrecked November 1918. “Leading the formation and seemingly defying everything less than the German High Seas Fleet was a British cruiser” – 1st Lt. Donald A. Smith*



SS Dwinsk, 8173 tons (*from 1897-1906 called Rotterdam III – from 1906-1913 named C.F. Tietgen – from 1913-1918 named Dwinsk under Russian America Line and Cunard lines*). *Torpedoed and sunk west of Bermuda on June 18, 1918, en route to Newport News, Virginia, to pick up American troops*



USS Kanawha, *sunk by a Japanese dive bomber in the Battle of Guadalcanal, April 7, 1943*

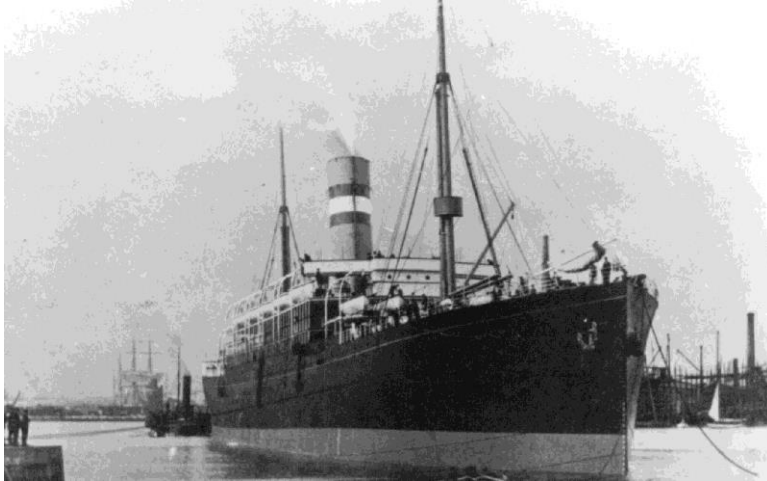


SS Kursk (1910-1939, when scrapped). Renamed Polonia in 1921.

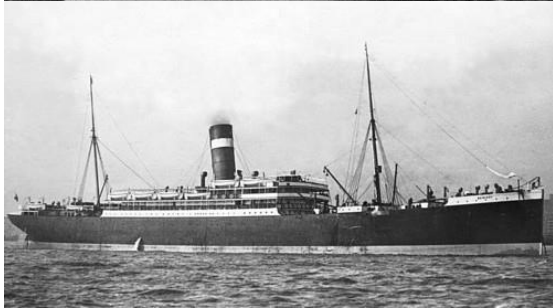


(left) **SS Oanfa II** (1903-1931, when scrapped)
(below) **SS Orita** (1903-1927, when scrapped)





(left); **SS Scotian** (1911-1927,
renamed Marglen in 1922)

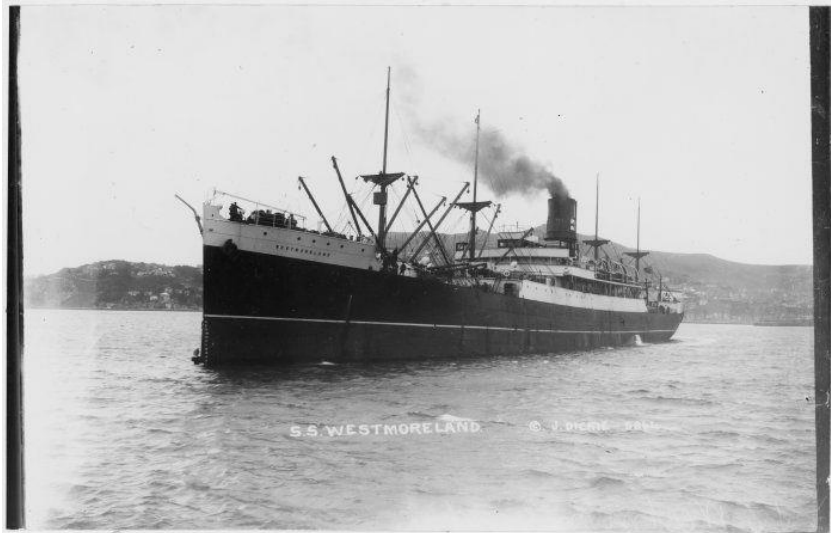


SS Tunisian (1900-1928 when scrapped), renamed Marburn in 1922



National Archives
S.S. Tuscania HX-20 Feb. 1918

Camouflaged SS Tuscania



SS Westmoreland (1917-1942), torpedoed off Ireland in World War I on February 7, 1918 – and torpedoed again north of Bermuda in World War II on June 1, 1942, when it sunk – both times hit by a German U-boat.

The *Tuscania* was still under the command of Captain Peter Alexander McLean, who had sailed it on its maiden voyage in 1915, and for years after, and now was destined to captain it on its final voyage. McLean, age 59, of Scotch descent, then a resident of Glasgow, Scotland, stood 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighed 160 pounds. First mate Robert W. Smart, age 30, was a fellow Scot, standing 5 feet 10 and weighing 145 pounds. Smart will later serve as captain of the *SS Transylvania II* as of 1939. This ship, like the first one of its name, will be sunk by a German U-boat, on August 10, 1940, in a different war. The second mate, G.K. Lynes (also found spelled “Lynas”), was only 5 feet 3 inches, and 140 pounds. Many members of the crew are teenagers; most of the crew of approximately 235 is from Glasgow.

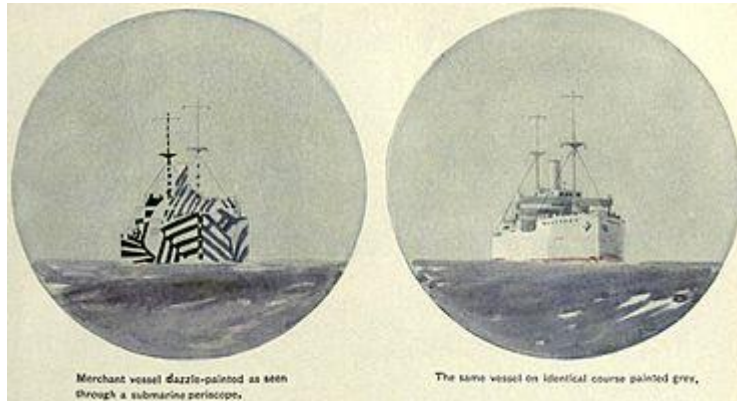
The *Tuscania* had been painted in dazzle (or razzle-dazzle) camouflage, which consisted of large, jagged, lightning-bolt-like white and olive-drab patches. The hull and smokestacks had first been painted white, with the olive drab added on, mostly on the hull. Survivor Edward Theodore Lauer described the camouflage as a combination of “wide black and gray angled lines.”

This was a new version of camouflage being tried by the British, introduced in summer 1917. In *The German Submarine War 1914-1918*, authors R.H. Gibson and Maurice Prendergast wrote: “The whole idea was to falsify perspective.” But then they continued: “It is doubtful whether these dazzle-painted shapes caused many submarine commanders at the periscope to mis-estimate the target’s course and speed.”

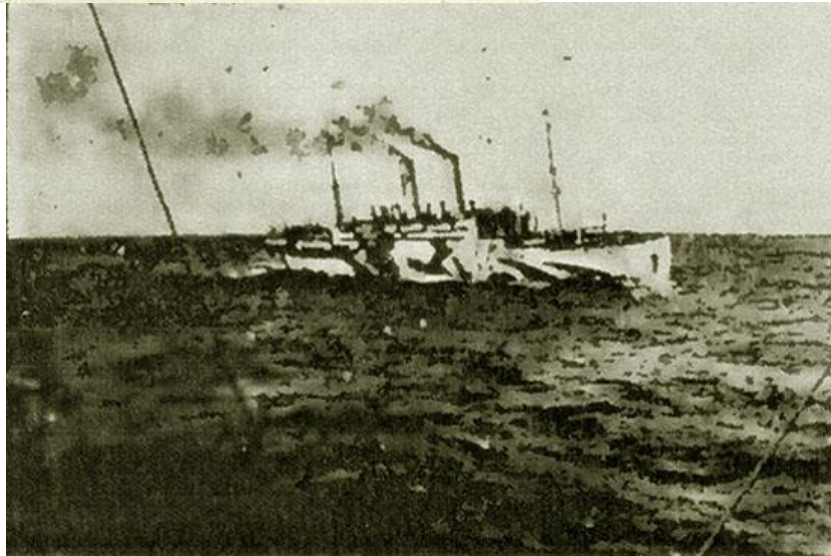
The Company C, Wyoming National Guard website, found at www.wyomingtalesandtrails.com/powell6.html, offered this definition: “Razzle-dazzle was a method of camouflage designed to disguise the size and lines of a ship making use of a submarine range finder difficult.” It was thought this would confuse submarines about the direction a ship was moving (confusing bow/stern) and its distance.

By the end of the war, the use of white paint, originally thought the best color, was discontinued; postwar the whole dazzle idea was discounted. It did not help hide a ship

silhouetted against the horizon as a submarine sees a vessel. The *Tuscania* appeared to be the only ship in its convoy that was camouflaged. In contrast, the *Baltic* was painted gray. The color choice will prove fatal to the *Tuscania*.



From the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* 1922 – an artist's conception of dazzle camouflage as seen through a U-boat periscope
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/U-boat_Campaign_\(World_War_I\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/U-boat_Campaign_(World_War_I))



Above: the camouflaged Tuscania, as it appeared two days before it was torpedoed, taken by a crew member on the Baltic in its convoy.

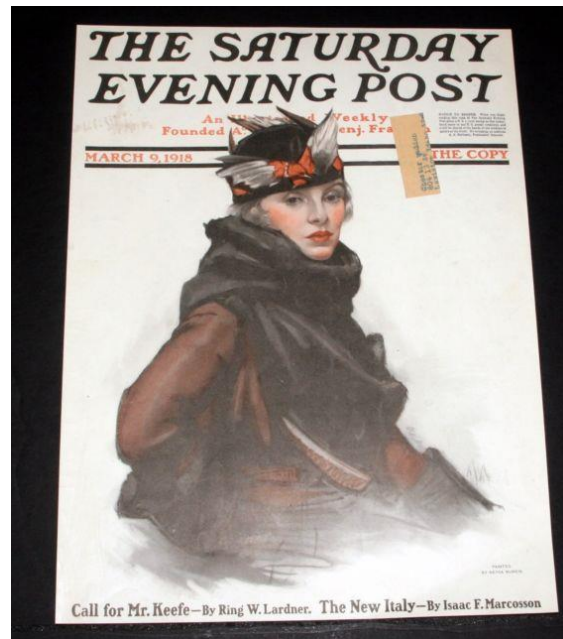
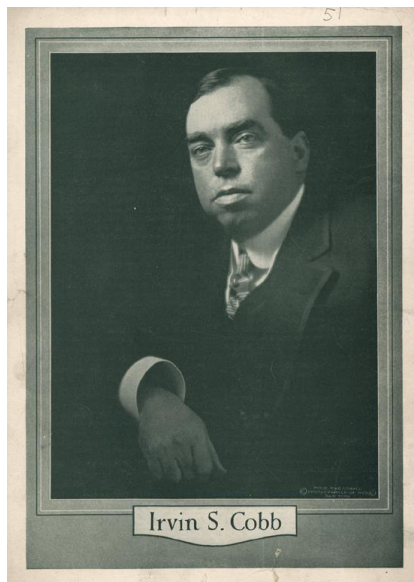
Below, an artist's rendition of the camouflage, from the collection of Edward T. Lauer, Sr.

<http://camoumedia.blogspot.com/2015/05/irvin-cobb-and-camouflage-ss-tuscania.html>



The convoy followed the instruction manual *War Instructions for British Merchant Ships*, with its set of 200 rules. Les Wilson writes the rules could be “boiled down to four main principles: sailing in carefully coordinated zig-zags; maintaining silence and a night-time blackout; posting alert lookouts; and the strict closure of watertight doors.” And another rule: not to stop to rescue survivors from any torpedoed ships, thereby putting themselves at risk.

The speed of the convoy was determined by the speed of its slowest ship, and the *Tuscania* had much difficulty in maintaining its position in the convoy, plagued by a series of minor engine problems, resulting in its reduced speed during much of the voyage. Journalist Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb was traveling ahead of the *Tuscania* on the *Baltic*. In his article “A First Hand Account,” *Saturday Evening Post*, March 9, 1918, Cobb wrote: “Because she was camouflaged with streaky marks and mottlings into the likeness of a painted Jezebel of the seas, because she rode high out of the water, and wallowed as she rode, because during all those days of our crossing she hugged up close to our ship, splashing through the foam of our wake as though craving the comfort of our company, we called her things no self-respecting ship should have to bear.”



Irvin S. Cobb, journalist and humorist - the March 9, 1918, issue of the Saturday Evening Post

Cobb continued, “We knew by hearsay that the *Tuscania* was a troopship bearing some of our soldiers over to do their share of the job of again making this world a fit place for human beings to live in. There was something pathetic in the fashion after which she so persistently and constantly strove to stick as closely under our stern as safety and the big waves would permit ... Therefore, we of our little group watched her from the afterdecks, with her sharp nose forever half or wholly buried in the creaming white smother we kicked up behind us.”

Because the *Tuscania* could not hold its position in the convoy, the *Kanawha*, which was following it, was pushed back about 600 or 800 cable-lengths, reported C.W. Nice in 1929.

Several of the ships, including the *Tuscania*, were equipped with an M-V set, a set of microphones placed along the hulls to pick up the underwater sounds of submarines, an early form of hydrophone which had an effective range of about two miles. The microphones were wired to an M-V radio in the wireless operating room.

The *Tuscania* also had paravanes over each side of the bow to protect against mines. This invention, only a few years old, was a “glider” towed underwater. A paravane was intended to snag the cable anchoring a mine, cut it and let the mine float to the surface to be destroyed by gunfire. If the cable was not cut, the mine would explode harmlessly against the paravane.

It was a tough trip across the Atlantic - “rough, a few squalls, very cold,” “stormy voyage all the way, with a rough sea during this time of winter” – traveling at an average speed of 12 knots. Scotland’s Islay Island [pronounced EYE-lah] website describes the conditions as the usual “deplorable” ones aboard troopships. Wyoming National Guard’s Company C website records:

“Conditions on board for the enlisted men were miserable. Of course, the North Atlantic in winter is automatically miserable. ... Stabilizers had not yet been invented.” One day it hailed.

Leonard Read in 1956 commented: “As we plowed eastward through the cold and rough sea, a blanket of anxiety wrapped itself about *The Tuscania* and her load of landlubbers – the possibility of sudden destruction by a submarine.”

Conditions included bad food, like “tiny portions of steam-cooked unsalted potatoes” - fish, described by Ferdinand (Ferdie) Denner as “caught at least a month too soon” - and cheese. Joseph D. Oddo of the 213th was not impressed with the culinary choices, either. “The food was not so good unless you liked Finan [sic/Finnan] Haddie or perhaps some nice wormy rabbit stew. I didn’t care for either of them.”

Or how about a mug of “slum,” anyone? Slum, apparently shortened from “slumgullion,” was a watery “stew” appearing to be bay leaves soaked in hot water, served in tin mugs. Denner said the food “caused an unfavorable reaction in our stomachs.” The enlisted men complained about their food, “but the officers and non-coms occupying the staterooms were very well fed,” reported Captain Parkhill.

Oddo made his own culinary arrangements. He managed to finagle decent food from a new friend, one of the ship’s stewards. Others in his company of the 213th Aero Squadron also made new “friends.” But those who did not find personal food sources were not out of luck. Oddo confessed his generous behind-the-scenes dealings; “some of the men in my company were lucky and they too shared in my good luck when the Steward was not around.”

January 27th and 28th, reported Oddo, saw no break in the miserable weather and rain. “The monotony of the sickening roll of the ship on its beam would make a man swear he’d never want to see water again, not even to wash or bath in.”

There was the risk of disease due to overcrowding, with light calisthenics and lifeboat drills as the only exercise. Many men spent the voyage in bed with illness or seasickness – or in the latrine. That was due to the vomiting.

Oh, yes, lots of vomiting. Leo V. Zimmermann noted that the other “recreation” besides exercise and drills was that practice common to seasick landlubbers – “individual leaning over the rail.” Oddo wrote: “There are some pretty sick boys below deck who have no ambition to even wash themselves. They just lay there in the bunk and messing the deck with their breakfast.” The officer who was notified about conditions asked the men who were well to clean up the mess and take the ill to sick bay.

The ship’s lower-level compartments, once used to transport livestock, had been converted to accommodations for the troops. Company C of the Wyoming National Guard reported: “Officers were housed in Second Class cabins. To the extent that Third Class cabins were available they were utilized by non-commissioned officers.”

The Wyoming unit summarized its complaint about the travel conditions of the rest of the troops. "The enlisted men bunked in the hold. Ventilation in the hold was provided by a canvass [sic] tube leading down from the Deck. There were no bathing facilities. On board the *Tuscania* the men were bunked in pens previously used for cattle or horses. Seasickness was prevalent [sic]. The smell was awful." The thirty mules aboard probably contributed to the ambience.

Ralph L. Sanderson said "we were packed like cattle" – just like the livestock the men replaced. "Sleeping accommodations were not as on a pleasure trip."

The bunks in the former cattle stalls, stacked above each other, were shaped like coffins and filled with straw.

Black paper was placed on windows and portholes, and there was no smoking on deck or use of matches; "blackout" conditions prevailed. Oddo's history records: "With no lights aboard ship and the vast blackness all about made it appear as though we were in a constant day of darkness. Twenty-four hours of night that seemed endless."

Imbibing alcohol was forbidden. As with all rules, sometimes that rule got bent.

Leo Zimmermann remembered, "We were on the ocean a long time. It was very interesting at first but became monotonous after awhile."

In his letter home of February 18, Spooner resident Frank Marino writes: "Tell father that one night when we were at sea, I was sitting on deck thinking of home, and how Pa [George Marino] would laugh if he could see me, and every night I would dream about home. And believe me, it is some consolation just to dream about home, but it would be a thousand times better to be at home." Someday he will return home, he tells the home folks – and nothing will drive him away. Frank cannot foresee that he will enlist as he is due to be drafted into World War II.

Leo Zimmermann wrote: "In the evening the ships faded away in the enveloping gloom, like phantoms on the horizon. The blue stern light of the *Baltic* alone discernible at night beckoned us on. Above deck it was quiet, except for the whistle of the wind through the rigging and the incessant pounding and lashing of the salt-sea waves along the sides of the liner."

Part of the ship, likely the bottom deck, although varying accounts place it at the top, the middle or the bottom, had become a hospital section for the men suffering from mumps, measles (Warren Tison had those), influenza or chickenpox. At least two men had scarlet fever, two had typhoid and two had pneumonia. One of those with scarlet fever was James Brian Gurney of Oregon. His brother Stephen Melville Gurney was also aboard, and visited frequently with his ill brother.

Other brothers who sailed together were Nels and Rudolph Anderson (Minnesota); Anton and Ruben Chindgren (Oregon); Clyde and Glenn Diggles (Wisconsin); Frank and George Dolen

(Minnesota); Charles and William Hall (Washington); Carl and Gordon Herreid (Wisconsin); Karl and Rudolph Hultenius (Wisconsin); John and Joseph Inda (Wisconsin); three brothers Charles, John and William Jacobson (Wisconsin); Charles and Clarence Johnston (Oregon); Edward and John Mahoney (Montana); Edward (survivor) and William Moore (casualty) (San Francisco, California); Conrad and Gordon Simmons (Oregon); Henry and John Stinson, who entered the service from Oklahoma; and Fensky Conroe and Leo Frank Terzia (Louisiana).

Two corporals from the 107th Supply Train – Thomas Ellis Evans and Frank Sharpe – were boyhood friends from the same town of Trevor in North Wales, United Kingdom.

Even Dr. Shannon Van Valzah of the 107th Mobile Laboratory was ill with grippe (which we now call stomach flu) and a very sore throat. “A great deal of sickness was discovered among the men of the Casuals and 20th Engineers, owing to the haste in which they were sent out,” wrote Captain Oakley L. Parkhill. Edward T. Fitzgerald, a 31-year-old civilian, spent the entire voyage ill with influenza. The 100th Aero Squadron had vacated its quarters to form the hospital, and was quartered on the bottom deck.

Harry A. Kelley later recalled the bad-smelling disinfectant sprayed by the *Tuscania* crew. Captain William Page McIntosh, Army doctor, spent the afternoon of February 5th treating patients and supervising the regularly scheduled disinfection of the former third-class smoking room, which served as the ship’s isolation ward.

First Lieutenant Donald Abram Smith wrote in the *London Times* of December 29, 1924: “It was a routine voyage, full of gossip and the usual wonderings as to whither bound, with the bar closed to us but leaking at times, with a make-believe boat drill, with the company clerks typing directories, with the landlubbers of the 20th Engineers getting seasick, with the old ivories [dice] working surreptitiously below into the small hours of the morning.”

For entertainment, men played cards, checkers or chess – or the dice game “craps” as Spooner soldier Guy Paulson did. Guy Paulson later told his family that he had won a lot of money at craps and put it in the ship’s safe. He always regretted never getting his money back – but presumably it has remained very safe in the intervening years. It was, his family remembers, one of the few things he ever mentioned about his experiences on the ship. Cloyd Koppes complained to his family: “I have played cards, checkers, chess and everything that I could think of until I am so sick of cards; I do not think I will ever want to play cards any more.”

On January 29, recorded Joseph D. Oddo, the four days of rain had ended. The storm had begun to soften and the sea was fairly calm, although the atmosphere below decks he described as “stagnant ozone below.” He wrote that several merchant ships were traveling along with the convoy.

As soon as the weather warmed a bit, men preferred to stay on deck if possible. Twice a day, they were serenaded by the Regimental Band.

On January 30, weary Oddo notes that after being at sea for a week, everybody was “getting edgy for want of something more exciting to do than just walking around on the deck, or going below to play dice or cards.” It was a humdrum existence. Oddo described January 31 through February 2 as pretty much more of the same.

The convoy zigzagged its way across the Atlantic, taking great precautions, especially at night. Cobb of the *Saturday Evening Post* noted that the *Baltic* “kept going, zigzagging as we went, and that old copy cat of a *Tuscania* came zigzagging behind us.” The oil tanker *Kanawha* at *Tuscania*’s stern was not successful with zigzagging as it tried to keep up with the convoy.

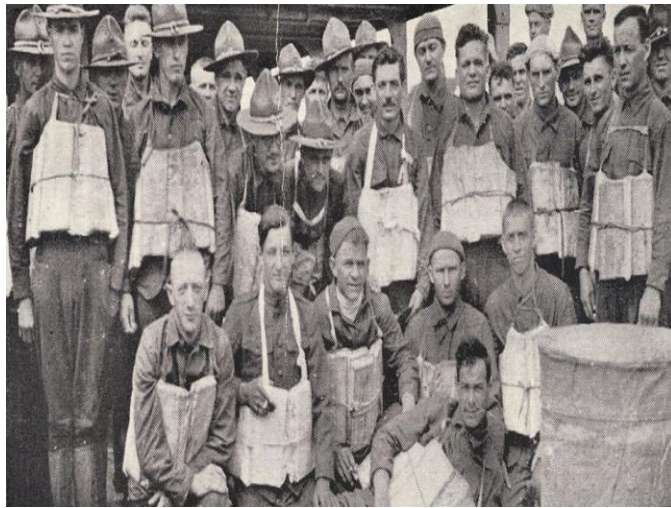
Some survivors said they were assigned to certain lifeboats; others disagreed. One source reported boat drills were performed daily at 2 p.m. Detroit businessman Abner Larned wrote about daily lifeboat drills - while Lt. Arnold Joerns, who was traveling detached from the troops, wrote that he had no boat drill during the voyage. The 20th Engineers website reported: “Our boat drills have been perfunctory at the best, merely locating the lifeboats assigned and taking our places quickly, but in an orderly manner.” Men were assured that a ship’s officer and six of the crew, trained in emergency evacuation, would be at each lifeboat station to lower the boats if necessary.

Leo Zimmermann noted that scenes during the voyage included a frigate on fire seen on the horizon, a blackened banana stalk floating by – but after a rainstorm, a huge rainbow appeared.

On February 1, a ship seen to starboard was a friendly tanker on its way back to the United States. On February 2, having entered the “danger zone” around noon, men were told to carry or wear their lifebelts (life preservers) at all times; at night, the lifebelts were hung by their beds. They were also told to spend as much time on deck as possible.

Civilian Abner Larned said the men called their lifebelts “our dogs” and should anyone come to dinner, for example, without a lifebelt, many voices would be raised: “Hey, you’ve lost your dog.” The lifebelt could be tied up into a compact bundle with its strings for easy toting. George Ray Stephenson of Darlington, Wisconsin, wrote on June 3, 1918, that he had to return to his room to get his life preserver. “We were cautioned never to appear at mess without one. There was no order enforced though, and naturally the fellows got careless and would go around without them, unless at boat drill where it was compulsory.”

First Lieutenant Ezekiel Denman McNear decided “be prepared” was a good motto. “I took all precautions and followed all the rules” since it was only for a few days, and he got up at 5 a.m. daily near the end of the voyage to don his heavy underwear. “I wore it for many longer than I expected to and was glad I had it.”



Troops of Company A, 16th Engineers, onboard the Tuscania on its August 1917 voyage, wearing lifebelts.

Photographs from the National WWI Museum and Memorial <https://www.theworldwar.org/>

Zigzagging continued, with the convoy ships changing their direction every 15 minutes, with no two traveling in the same direction, which caused the convoy ships to separate somewhat from each other. Guards were doubled, and extra guards placed on deck to watch for submarines.

Eight torpedo boats - HMS *Badger*, *Beagle*, *Grasshopper*, *Harpy*, *Minos*, *Mosquito*, *Pigeon* and *Savage* – now sail from Lough Swilly, in northern Ireland, at 7 a.m. (6 a.m.) on February 2. Lough Swilly, a narrow bay approximately twelve miles from Londonderry, was a British Royal Navy base. These small destroyers from the Fourth Flotilla preceded along the ordered route “spread in scouting formation during daylight hours,” wrote the Captain of the 2nd Destroyer Flotilla aboard HMS *Harpy* on February 7, 1918. They sailed through occasional rain squalls in a “fresh” south wind.

Leonard Read wrote: “I recall the great relief that swept over all of us – our first feeling of security – when, shortly after daylight on February 2nd, eight British ‘torpedo destroyers’ hove into sight, the escort for our convoy! And how active these speedy little ships were – darting here and there, rising on the crest of high waves, diving into the deep troughs around us. No submarine could ever penetrate that screen!”

Lauer reported that at 1 a.m. on February 3, there had been “an awful crash” and men rushed onto the deck wearing lifebelts. Some water poured down a stairway into their quarters. He speculated they had passed over a wreck or experienced a tidal wave. Read recalled: “The night

before rounding the northern coast of Ireland the sea was unusually rough, our main deck awash for hours.”

Since it was a clear morning, Read “ventured alone toward the bow of the rolling *Tuscania* to feel the sea spray and inhale the cold fresh air. Without warning, the ship lurched sharply. My hobnail shoes on the slippery deck behaved like roller skates. I skidded helplessly through the railing and off the deck, barely grasping a rail, hanging there over threatening waters with my back to the ship, in a position from which I could not rescue myself.” Read knew that if he fell, the convoy would not stop “to pick up one hapless Yank – not in these submarine-infested waters.” And then, from he knew not where, an unseen hand hauled him back on deck – a “provident rescue by some unknown shipmate.” Oddo recalled that on February 3 the men were called on deck for another (as he termed it) “so-called” boat drill. A boxing show was followed by a return to their bunks for more dice and cards. Oddo was lucky and he turned over “a fistful of green stuff” – his winnings - to his 1st Lieutenant, Francis Vine.

The convoy of twelve expected to meet its guardian destroyers Sunday, February 3, around noon, but weather intervened. Contact was made with the convoy at 9:30 p.m. (8:30 p.m.). Conditions at first made delivery of the convoy’s sailing instructions impossible.

On the morning of February 4, the weather was deteriorating off the coast of Great Britain, with occasional rain squalls and a southwesterly wind which increased to a Force 10. Ferdinand Denner said this violent storm made most of the passengers seasick. That morning, around 7 a.m., the eight British destroyers joined the convoy to escort it through the “danger zone.”

During the nights of the 4th and 5th, the convoy and escort speed was 10 knots, which increased to 12 to 12.5 knots as the wind and sea went down.

Captain Cloyd Koppes, in a letter written on board the *Tuscania* which he carried off the ship to mail once on land to his family in Mansfield, Ohio, wrote that conditions had grown quite rough “in the past two days.” Koppes had been jolted awake when the ship listed (tilted) so hard he rolled up the side of the wall by his bed. He described cutlery, trunks, shoes and stools in motion “so you can imagine how much the boat rocked.” David Young of Pennsylvania recalled the “great wave” that struck the evening of the 4th. “The vessel had been bumped by a gigantic ‘double wave’ and all on board thought Fritz [the Germans] had landed a shot.”



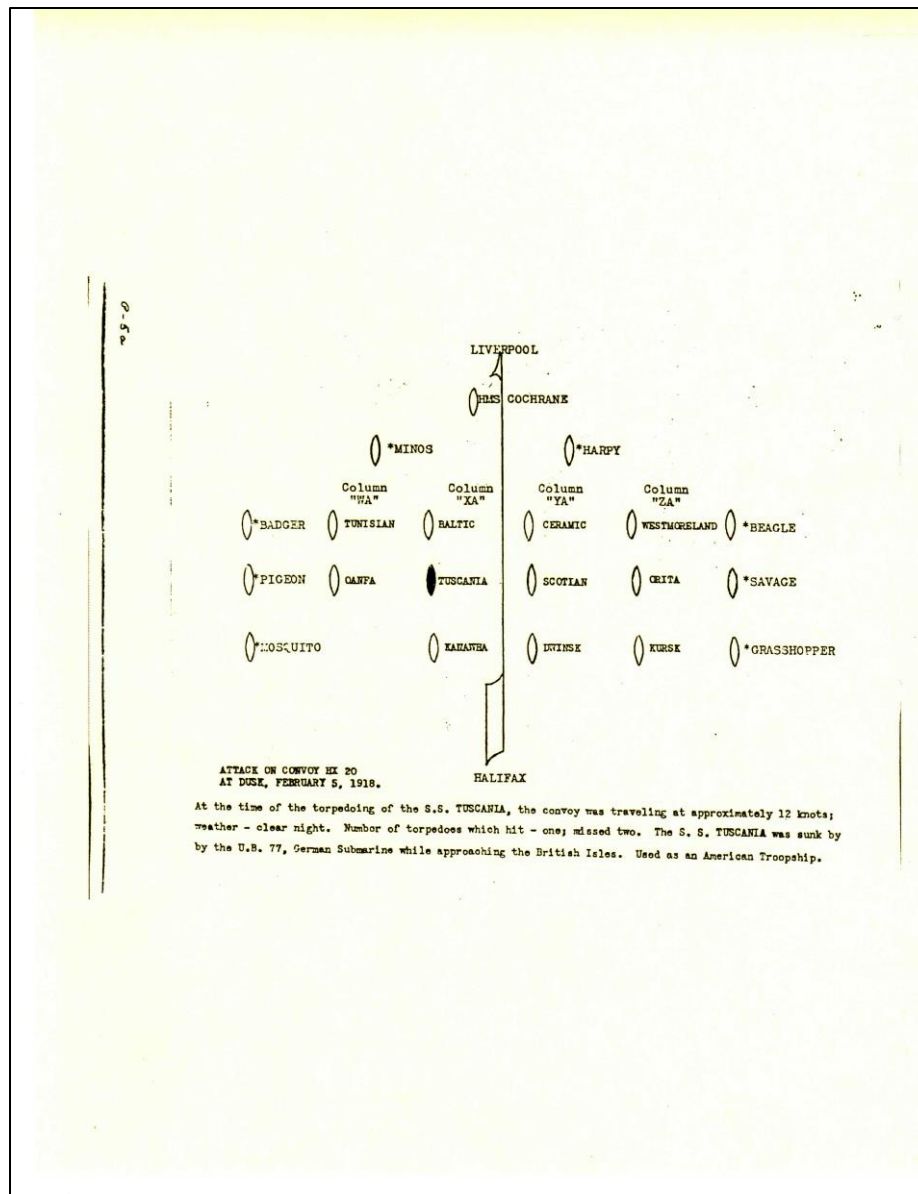
Ferdinand Denner
Contributed by Richard Murrow

Ferdinand Denner of Oklahoma wrote they were awakened when the ship dropped "into a trough of the sea. Excitement prevailed until we were assured that we had not been hit by a torpedo."

Fred Braem wrote that the first ten days or so aboard were uneventful. "About the 12th day a storm came up and old timers on the ship said that it was one of the worst in years, (they usually are) the ship rolled so much that night that it was hard work to stay in the berths, the next morning the waves were so high that at times it seemed as if we were going to hit the bottom of the ocean and the next minute we were trying to see how close to the sky we could get."



The "danger zone" – the shaded areas indicating the unrestricted submarine warfare zone announced by Germany on 1 February 1917 ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/U-boat_Campaign_\(World_War_I\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/U-boat_Campaign_(World_War_I)))

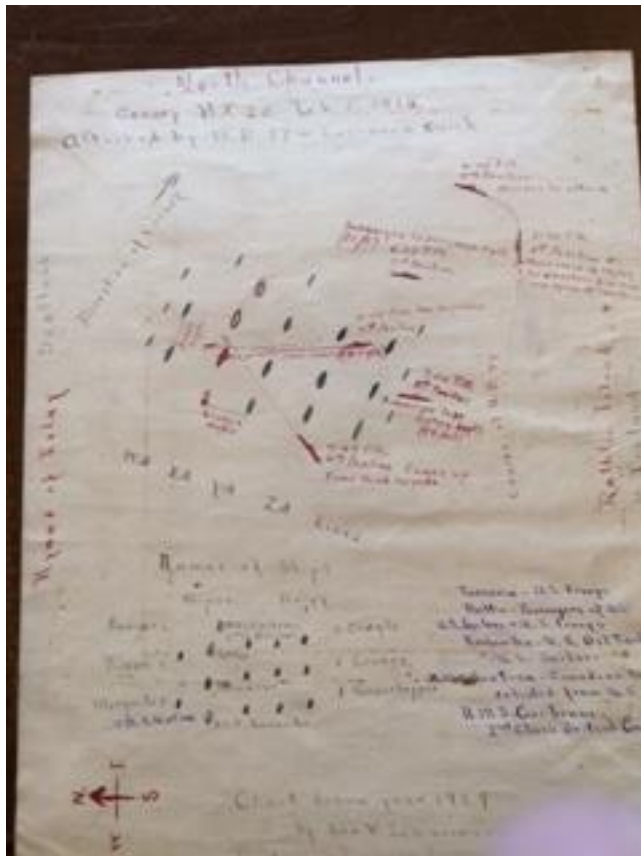


Convoy formation as determined by the National Tuscania Survivors Association - Tuscania position blackened - with the top of this diagram headed toward Liverpool and the bottom the convoy's origin in Halifax

Wisconsin Veterans Museum files. (see next page for a typed version)

The Convoy (heading south to Liverpool):

	Cochrane				
	Minos		Harpy		
Destroyers	WA	XA	YA	ZA	Destroyers
Badger	Tunisian	Baltic	Ceramic	Westmoreland	Beagle
Pigeon	Oanfa II	Tuscania	Scotian	Orita	Savage
Mosquito		Kanawha	Dwinsk	Kursk	Grasshopper



Left: A 1929 attempt by Leo V. Zimmermann to determine ship positions and the events of the evening of 5 February 1918, later edited by German UB-77 captain Wilhelm Meyer. From the Milwaukee County Historical Society archives.

On the morning of the 4th, two destroyers – HMS *Minos* and HMS *Harpy* – moved in behind the lead ship HMS *Cochrane* which had led the way across the Atlantic. Three destroyers – HMS *Beagle*, HMS *Savage*, HMS *Grasshopper* – moved to starboard (right) and three – HMS *Badger*, HMS *Pigeon*, HMS *Mosquito* - to port (left).

The convoy formed into six columns, which was, according to Gibson and Prendergast, “the usual formation for large convoys.”

In column WA (to the starboard of the *Badger/Pigeon/Mosquito* column) sailed the

Tunisian and *Oanfa*, both cargo ships. To their starboard in the XA column were the *Baltic* (which carried mostly Canadian troops and a few Americans), *Tuscania* (troopship) and USS *Kanawha*, a U.S. naval supply ship/oil tanker known as a “collier” which had sailed behind the *Tuscania* from Halifax, “bristling with guns” and carrying some U.S. Navy recruits headed to the British naval headquarters at the Scapa Flow. The Scapa Flow, a deep-water harbor, is in the middle of the Orkney Islands, on the northeast tip of Scotland.

To their starboard in column YA: *Ceramic* (carrying troops), plus *Scotian* and *Dwinsk*, both being cattle boats. The final column - ZA - before the starboard row of destroyers consisted of three

merchant ships: *Westmoreland*, *Orita* and *Kursk*. [Note: there is a difference of opinion on the ship positions. This placement is the one determined by the National Tuscania Survivors Association.]

The *Scotian*, according to her soldier passenger Alonzo Hutchinson, was carrying Canadian troops from Ontario and Alberta, with half or more of them being Americans who had joined the Canadian military, and many of the Americans being former soldiers of the regular U.S. Army. Aboard the *Baltic* were 3,000 Canadian troops. The *Westmoreland* carried tons of TNT explosive, while the *Kanawha* was loaded with millions of gallons of crude oil and gasoline, plus troops headed to the Scapa Flow. The *Dwinsk* and *Kursk* had been Russian steamers.

The eight Royal Navy destroyers which joined the convoy:

HMS *Badger*, Acheron-class destroyer, 1911-1921 (scrapped)



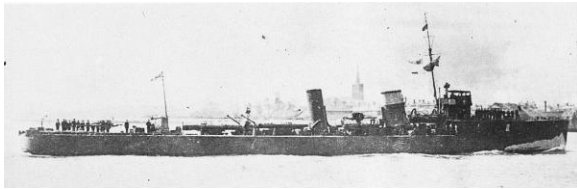
HMS *Beagle*, Beagle G Class destroyer, No. 387, 1909-1921 (scrapped)



HMS *Grasshopper* (Beagle G class destroyer, No. 464, built 1909, scrapped 1921) – model at the Royal Museums, Greenwich <http://collections.rmq.co.uk/collections/objects/67350.html>



HMS Harpy, starboard convoy leader, behind HMS Cochrane, Beagle G class destroyer, launched 1909 – sold for scrap 1921



HMS Minos, launched Aug. 1914, scrapped 1920, portside convoy leader behind HMS Cochrane



HMS Mosquito, Beagle G class destroyer, No. 465, launched 1910, scrapped 1920



HMS Pigeon, Admiralty Moon M Class destroyer, built 1916, scrapped 1921



HMS *Savage*, Beagle G class destroyer, launched 1910, sold for scrap 1921

Lieutenant Arnold Joerns recalled, “All of us were a bit nervous, for we knew we were entering the danger zone. Sunday and Monday nights [February 3 and 4] we slept in our clothes and carried the life belts that had been issued to us. Many of us wore extra wool clothing.”

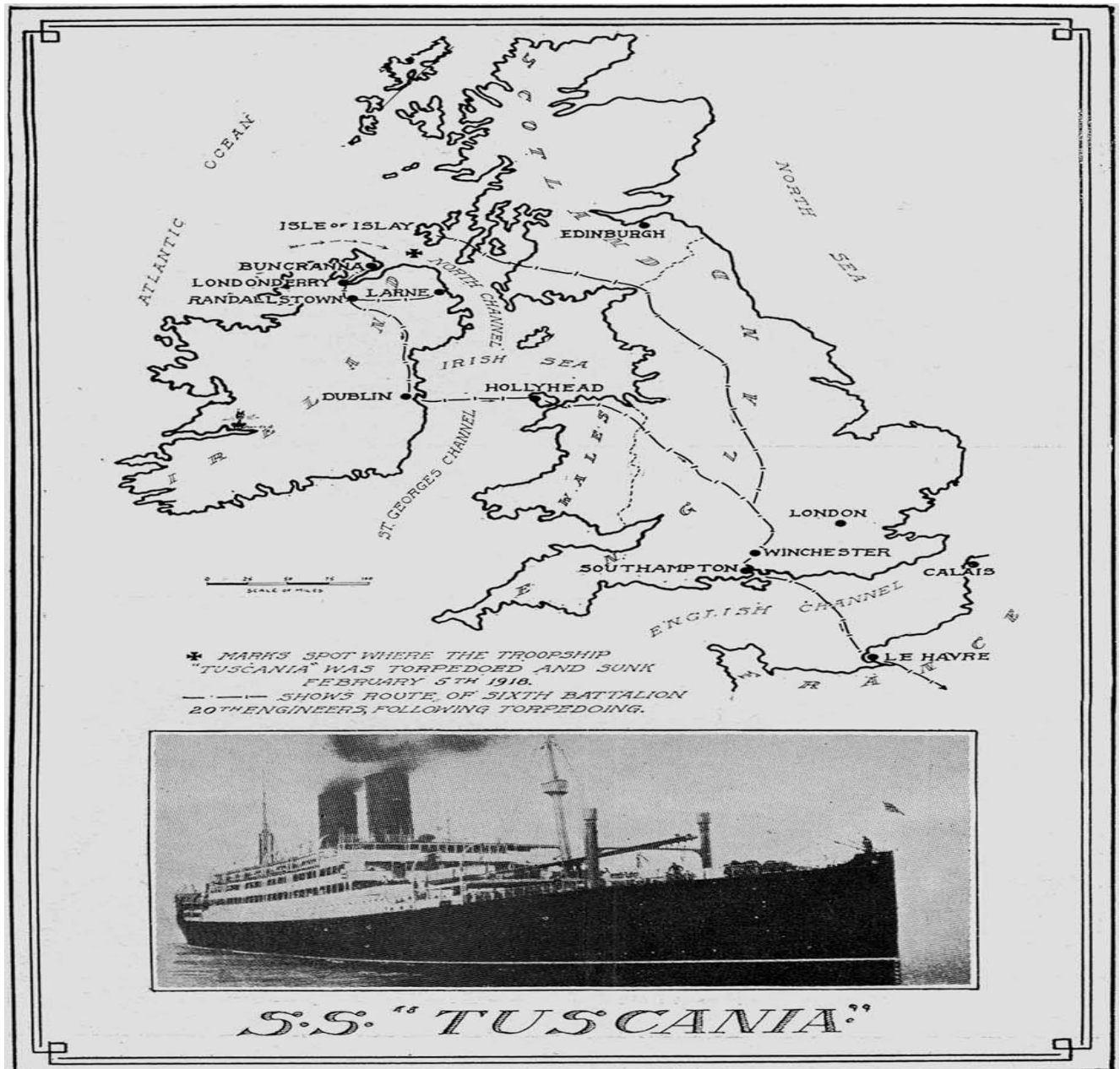
Lauer “felt a little better and safer” when he got on deck the morning of the 4th and saw the eight destroyers around the *Tuscania*. Oddo wrote of the beauty of the Irish Sea that day – the “greenest” and “cleanest” water he had ever seen.



That night, the soldiers put on a concert. Sergeant Anton Benjamin Chindgren (*left*) sang “Asleep in the Deep” in his bass voice. A prophetic choice of tune – with its lines: “Danger is near thee. Beware! Beware! Beware! Beware!”

By the morning of Tuesday, February 5, visibility had improved to eight to ten miles – “still choppy but not so rough” – and the convoy speed increased from ten to twelve knots, as the convoy followed the sailing orders that had now been transferred by the destroyers.





The cross on the map above - southwest of the Isle of Islay at the north end of the North Channel - marks the spot where the *Tuscania* sank.

http://www.foresthistory.org/research/WWI_ForestryEngineers.htm



The red arrow indicates the isle of Islay, Scotland, which was at Tuscania's port side when the ship was torpedoed

That morning of February 5, the ships turned south for the North Channel en route to Liverpool.

"The convoy of troopships, black ships upon a black sea," wrote George Buchanan Fife, had swung into the entrance of the 25-mile-wide North Channel and turned southward. The expectation: "The morning would find them all safe at Liverpool." There was a strong breeze from the south, and the waves were a bit choppy. Visibility had increased to 8 to 10 miles. The voyage of almost two weeks was nearing its end.

Leo Zimmermann wrote: "We are safe now, we thought, and the next morning expected to arrive in the harbor of Liverpool." Captain Harry Pike Letton, Sr., reflected in hindsight that the feeling of safety arose because the *Tuscania* – surrounded by destroyers, positioned behind the *Baltic* and with a tanker to the rear - had the "worst possible" chance to be attacked by a submarine.

Donald Smith remembered: "The sole topic of conversation was whether we were headed for Liverpool or Glasgow – but at least we were safe. Lifebelts which had been ten-day companions were quietly forgotten."

Spooner resident Frank Marino, age 20, reported the troops were feeling “fine and dandy” that day.

Read remembered the final drill on the morning of February 5. His group of 40 men was assigned to lifeboat number 10, located midships on the starboard side. “The afternoon turned beautifully clear,” he wrote in 1956. “Another boat drill,” wrote Oddo, then games on the after-deck.

Survivor Lawrence Cleveland Bell recalled that most men had been on deck the afternoon of February 5th watching a major entertainment of the trip, four or five boxing matches. Fight spectators were perched on rigging and on lifeboats, standing and sitting on deck, “whatever they could find,” wrote Bell. Read noted: “Everyone felt so relaxed that a boxing match was scheduled. All the khaki-clad troops were there to watch it, officers and enlisted men alike – on the lifeboats, up the masts, anywhere for a vantage point.” Read noticed the “eight little ‘torpedo destroyers’ dashing about like happy elves.”

Detroit, Michigan, civilian businessman Abner E. Larned, traveling with Edward Fitzgerald, who was employed as the secretary of the mayor of Detroit and was nicknamed “Efficiency Fitz,” reported the boxing athletes were neglected by all when the coast of Scotland appeared. There was a lot of yelling when land was sighted to port around 2:30/3:30 p.m. – the peaks of the islands of Islay and Jura, in Scotland, islands that are part of the Inner Hebrides. “Such yelling you never heard for it certainly looked good to us, although we were many miles from either shore. We had been at sea for thirteen days.”

Shortly after, around 4 p.m., the men on deck glimpsed the dim outline of Ireland to starboard as “a dark grey line lengthened itself on the horizon and formed the shore of Ireland,” recalled Zimmermann. Northern Ireland’s Rathlin Island was some miles to the south, starboard. As dusk came on, the men could see the lighthouse on the Mull of Cantyre (now termed Kintyre), in Scotland. Birds common to the coasts were sighted

Most of those aboard – seeing the Irish coast to starboard and the Scottish coast to port – probably believed the worst of the trip was over. After three or four days in the danger zone without a threat, “always prepared for the torpedo of destruction,” and now with the approach of darkness promising security from an attack, all seemed well on the *Tuscania*.

Read wrote: “By 4:00 P.M. we were only fourteen hours away from safety!”



Two civilians aboard – (left) Detroit businessman Abner Elisha Larned (1871-1947) and (right) Edward Thomas Fitzgerald (1886-1964), before the war serving as secretary to the mayor of Detroit, later executive public relations director for the Detroit Tigers baseball team and occasional sportscaster

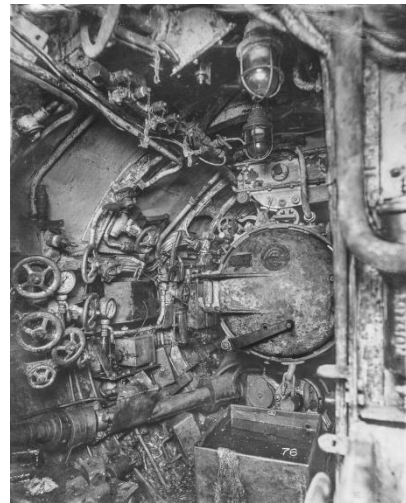
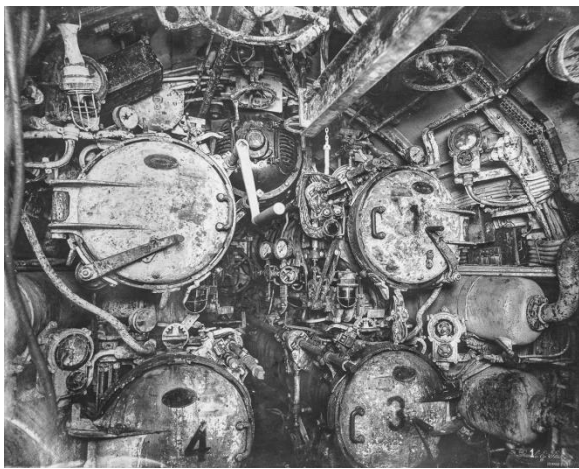
A new course was set at 4:45 p.m., wrote the captain of the 2nd Destroyer Flotilla, whose report uses German time (an hour later), and zigzagging ceased as the ships began their approach to Liverpool. Then again, there is an opposite opinion. According to Captain Oakley L. Parkhill's history of the 107th Supply Train, zigzagging intensified, with "larger angles and shorter intervals between changes of course and the ships increased the distance between them to about three or four times as much as it had been. The destroyers, of which there were eight British, kept up a close watch on all sides and made wide detours every few minutes."

The wind lessened as nightfall neared. While walking around the deck for about two hours, Abner Larned met the commander of the American forces, Major Wade. Larned asked Wade when they would end their voyage, and Wade assured him by noon tomorrow.

Larned also met the "restlessly pacing" ship's library steward on the deck, a contrast to the optimistic Wade. The steward's response to Larned's inquiry if they were safe was: "No, sir, this is the playground for submarines." The steward explained dusk and dawn were the most dangerous times for a submarine attack because a sub could be more hidden. Another man disagreed, saying it was now too dark for an attack. Larned replied that he had just been walking on the starboard side and there was still a glow in the western sky. The sun set that night on the isle of Islay at 5:06 p.m. Greenwich Mean Time and at Rathlin, Ireland, at 5:08 p.m.

Edward T. Fitzgerald (September 19, 1886-November 4, 1964), the secretary of Mayor Oscar Marx of Detroit, on his way to the French battlefields with Detroit businessman Abner Larned, was reassured by a young Scotsman familiar with these waters that they and the *Tuscania* were only 45 minutes from safety, between Scotland and Ireland as they were positioned. The Scot had barely finished speaking when the torpedo that would kill the *Tuscania* - and many of its passengers - struck.

At 5 p.m. Marcus Barrett Cook of Montana had taken his post as a submarine guard on deck, and his fellow Sigma Nu fraternity brother from Idaho, Oscar Charles Munson, chatted to him before heading to mess (dinner) at 5:45 p.m. Munson had just reached the mess hall “when BANG! All lights went out,” Munson wrote his fraternity brothers.



Left: The forward torpedo room of UB-110, sunk 19 July 1918 and salvaged later that year, with numbered torpedo tubes 1-4. Right: Its aft torpedo room. From: <http://mashable.com/2015/09/18/german-u-boat/#gh5Ame9ouqX>

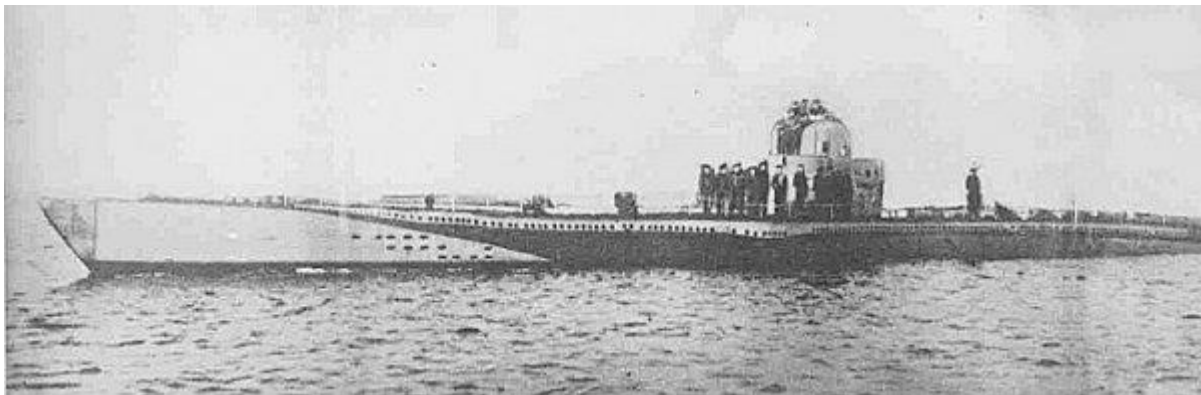
Part 9: The Submarine and Its Torpedo



U-Boat U-77, which sank the Tuscania, along with its Captain, Commander Wilhelm Meyer

Left: UB-77 “Eintauchen in die Schleuse” = “diving into the lock,” likely soon after its commissioning

Right: Captain Meyer, shown with his wife Elisabeth, in the 1940s



U-boat 77 (<http://blog.islayinfo.com/article.php/islay-and-u-boats-1914-1918-war>)

The twenty-nine-year-old commander of German submarine *UB-77* [*U-Boat 77*], Kapitän-Leutnant Wilhelm Meyer, of Saarbrücken, Germany, had unsuccessfully – for him - spent several weeks along the British coast. The sub had left Bremerhaven, Germany, on January 28, 1918, and arrived at Borkum, Germany, late that day. *UB-77* left Borkum the next day - January 29, 1918 - with seven officers and 28 crew. Captain Meyer said in 1933, “We had been cruising off the north Irish coast for several weeks without once having to dive to save ourselves from British cruisers, which were supposed to be as thick as fish in that region.”

German Imperial Navy SM *UB-77* was a Type UB III submarine, commonly called a U-boat [the shortened version of “unterseeboot,” or “under-the-sea boat” in English]. The term “SM” (“Seiner Majestät”) translates into English as “His Majesty’s.”

The original U-boat series were larger submarines than the UB type; the first one (*U 1*) was commissioned into the Imperial Germany Navy in 1906. At the start of the war in August 1914, Germany had about 28 U-boats; an additional 344 were commissioned during the war. On September 5, 1914, *U-21* sank the British light cruiser HMS *Pathfinder* with the first live torpedo fired by a submarine in wartime. On October 20, *U-17* sank the first merchant vessel in the conflict.

The UB I type submarines were small coastal submarines, more easily maneuverable, with a shallower draft for coastal waters. The first fifteen UB I submarines - Unterseeboote für Küstengewasser - were ordered in October 1914, with the first in service on March 29, 1915; a total of 20 were built. They were succeeded by the “new and improved” UB II type (UB 18-47), designed to overcome the problems of the UB I type; these were ordered built in the spring of 1915. There were 30 commissioned into the Imperial Navy. They were followed by the UB III design, which went into service in November 1915. Sixteen improved boats, numbered UB 72-87, which included *UB-77*, were ordered in September 1916. There were 89 UB III submarines commissioned into the Imperial Navy. Another group of submarines – UC class – were mine-laying submarines.

UB-77 – yard number 306 - was built by Blohm & Voss of Hamburg, Germany. It was ordered by the German Imperial Navy on September 23, 1916. Launched at Hamburg on May 5, 1917, it was commissioned into the German Navy on October 2, 1917. Its first captain was Wilhelm Meyer, who served on it from its day of commission until June 14, 1918.

As a typical Type UB III submarine, *UB-77* had five torpedo tubes, four at the bow and one at the stern, plus a 10.5-centimeter (or 8.8-centimeter) deck gun and saw-backed net cutter. It carried ten 50-centimeter-in-diameter torpedoes. The submarine displaced 516 tons (or 520 tons) when surfaced and 648 (or 650) tons submerged; statistics vary. Measuring 55.3 meters (181 feet, 5 inches) in length, it had a beam of 5.8 meters (19 feet) and a draft of 3.68 meters (12 feet, 1 inch).

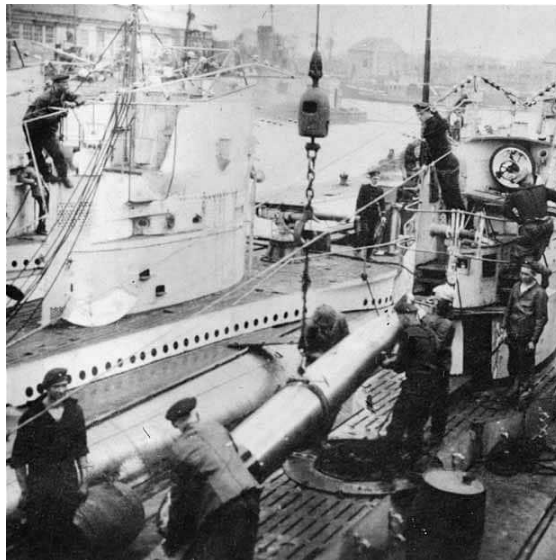
UB-77’s maximum speed on the surface was 13.4 (or 13.6) knots, and 7.7-7.8 knots when submerged. The U-boat, with its distinctive “shark’s head” bow, had a range of 8,680 nautical miles, if traveling surfaced at 8 knots; 4,000 miles on the surface at 6 knots; 50 miles at 4 knots submerged.

Driving it were two propeller shafts with two M.A.N. Co. (Maschinenfabrik Augsburg Nürnberg) four-stroke six-cylinder 550-horsepower Diesel engines. The submarine served as part of the V Flotilla through April 17, 1918, and then as part of the I Flotilla until the Armistice.

An improved UB submarine could travel 70 miles at three knots submerged, if its batteries were fully charged. A submarine had to remain in motion if submerged, unless it could rest on the bottom, a situation requiring a suitable sea bottom at a suitable depth.



The German crew, officers and Captain Meyer of UB-77 during World War I – photograph allegedly supplied by Meyer to the National Tuscania Survivors Association in advance of its 1933 meeting



Loading a torpedo onto a German submarine in World War I

After rounding the northern part of Scotland through the Pentland Firth, Kapitän-Leutnant Meyer decided to enter the Irish Sea from the north. *UB-77* had met submarine *UB-86*, and traveled in tandem with it on January 31, most of the time on the surface. The sub had passed Fair Island on February 1, the Fiannan Islands on February 2 and St. Kilda on February 3. On February 4, *UB-77* headed to the north coast of Ireland.

Now moving southward on February 5, Meyer dove once at 7:07 a.m. (German Naval Time which is one hour later than U.S. Naval Time) to avoid being seen by destroyers. Hearing the throb of the screw of what turned out to be a 2,000-ton ship, *UB-77* dove again, at 9:20 a.m., but the sub was unable to position itself for a shot, because the submarine was breaking the water surface due to the swell of waves, and because of the threatening presence of destroyers. Thwarted, the submarine resurfaced around 10:30 a.m. to recharge its batteries. It submerged again, rapidly, at 11:30 a.m. due to patrol boats.

Surfacing at 3:18 p.m., the U-boat headed into the North Channel. At 4:30 p.m. German time, Meyer rendezvoused with *U-Boat 97*, which left the area after the two submarines exchanged remarks, and once again *UB-77* sank below the waves to watch for prey.

In *UB-77*'s logbook, Meyer wrote that he caught sight of a "large white-painted steamer" at 5:50 p.m. German time. When he wrote his reminiscences in 1933, Meyer indicated the events happened nine minutes later than he wrote in the logbook. "At 5:59 p.m. [German naval time] on Feb. 5, 1918, I decided to scan the horizon for one last look at the Atlantic. With surprise and trembling I spotted an enormous cloud of black smoke on the western horizon, heading directly toward us." So Meyer pointed his sub at the smoke he had seen in his periscope, proceeding on a southeasterly heading. He described getting a view of the convoy as "sheer good luck." This chance encounter disproved the suspicion that the sinking was due to the actions of spies.



A "manufactured" photograph purporting to show the Tuscania in the periscope of UB-77. According to Tuscania expert Steven Schwartz, the technology did not exist to take such a photograph – the submarine crew was a bit preoccupied at the time! – it was dark (the sub captain could barely see the ship) – there should be at least some images of the other convoy ships – there is no camouflage.

(from the archives of the Milwaukee County Historical Society – and found online)

After running up to view the convoy, Meyer backed off, cruising his submarine back and forth on the surface ahead of the convoy for a long time to determine its course and its speed – and "in order to work out a suitable method of attack," he wrote in 1929. At 6:05 p.m. German time, he decided to attack and turned northeasterly, close to Rathlin Island, northern Ireland.

Meyer recalled in 1929 that *UB-77* was now positioned somewhere between the “ZA” line of merchant ships and the starboard line of destroyers (*Beagle, Savage, Grasshopper*), about 1,200 meters from the “XA” line in which the *Tuscania* was the middle vessel. “We awaited the convoy in attack position holding a northeasterly course, close to Rathlin Island,” Meyer wrote on April 5, 1929.

With twilight setting in and visibility fading, Captain Meyer hoped to attack from the surface on the starboard side of the convoy, but found this was going to be difficult due to the presence of the outside protective line of destroyers and since the ships were traveling in columns. Sitting directly in front of the convoy, he knew he was too visible – “there was still a great deal of light” - and the forward destroyer had pulled up along the line, abreast of the leading transport - so the sub submerged. “I had taken a good look at the largest transport [what he believed to be the largest transport, *Tuscania*] before submerging. My hands trembled as I moved the sighting apparatus.”

Now Meyer had to worry both about locating a suitable target and avoiding being run down, as he was only about three-quarters mile away from ships bearing down on him at a speed of 12 knots. The convoy “would be on top of him in less than three and a half minutes,” wrote William Stevens Prince.

As darkness fell, in a night he recalled as “bitterly cold,” German U-boat Captain Meyer again viewed the scene through his periscope from his position in the conning tower, but was only able to focus in on the larger vessels if he used maximum magnification “and after searching for a long time.” Since the sub had been forced to dive, he noted “our visibility was greatly made more difficult and I could perceive things only through the periscope,” not visually from the surface. Meyer operated the main periscope while his navigating warrant officer used the foremost periscope to monitor vessels approaching the sub on the port side.

Through his periscope, Meyer saw what he called “an indistinct befogged shadow,” and next the indistinct image of a smokestack. It was only when the light shadow of the *Tuscania* was replaced by an image of its forward funnel that Meyer could make out a ship. He had found his target. It is 5:25 p.m. American time.

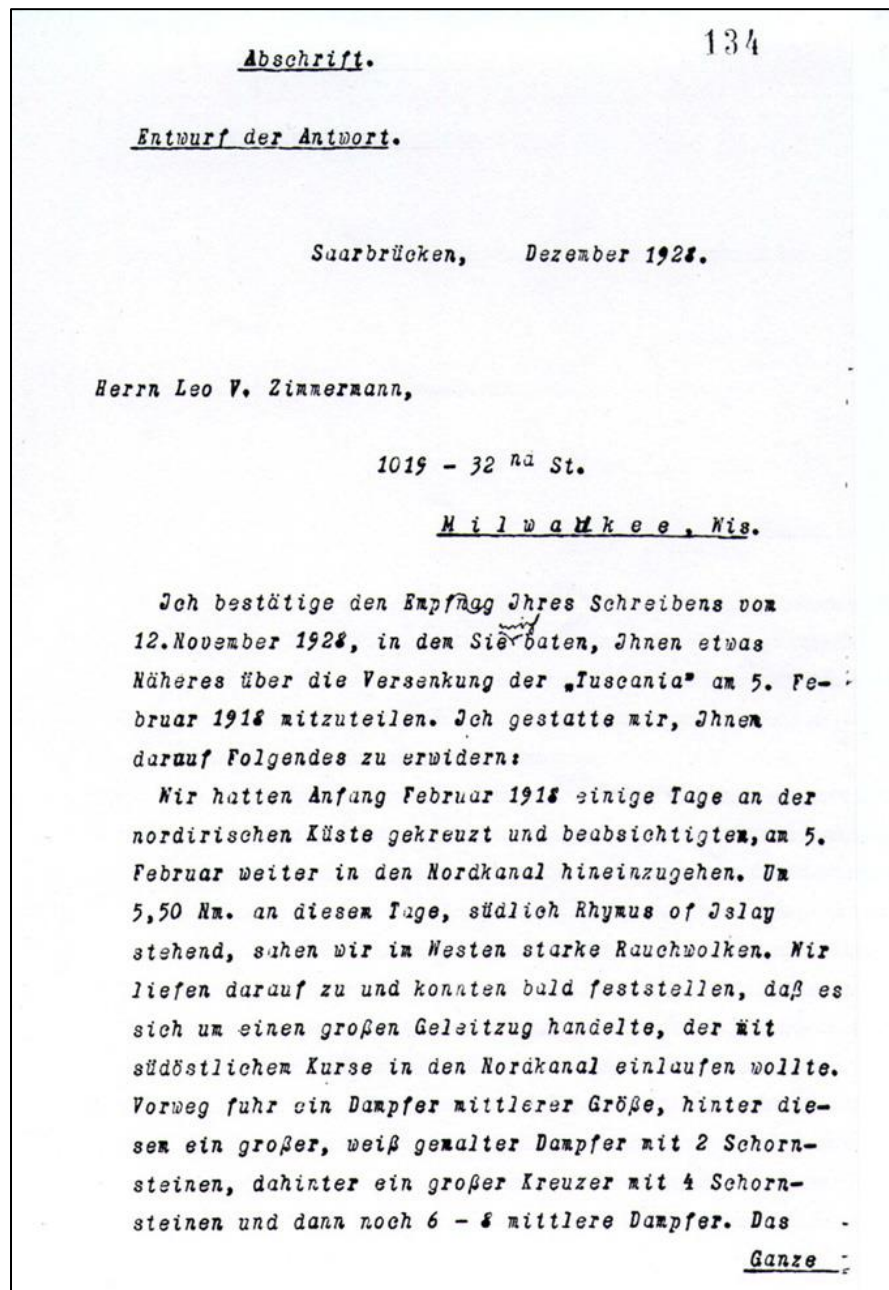


The Baltic

Meyer got a little testy in January 1929 at the suggestion he had fired at the smaller ship of two choices – *Baltic* and *Tuscania*. The *Baltic*, at 20,904 gross tons, was indeed larger than the *Tuscania*. Until 1905, it had been the largest ship in the world. In June 1917, *Baltic* had carried General John J. Pershing and his staff of the American Expeditionary Forces to England.

“To me,” wrote Meyer on April 5, 1929, “the greater size of the ship at the time was not

apparent ... Naturally had this steamer appeared larger to me than the 'Tuscania' I would have torpedoed it."



The beginning of Wilhelm Meyer's letter to Leo Zimmermann of the National Tuscania Survivors Association, December 1928, describing the torpedoing

But the gray *Baltic* appeared to be medium-sized, likely a "barrage breaker or mine sweeper" Meyer estimated, while the *Tuscania*'s white-painted smokestacks, silhouetted against the setting sun, made it appear larger than the *Baltic*. Meyer wrote, "From afar the white painted 'Tuscania' was revealed so much more distinct than the camouflaged gray of the 'Baltic'." Also affecting Meyer's calculations would have been the distortion caused by the periscope's lens.



Two G-7 Type II torpedoes, each weighing 2,000 pounds, the first fired at 6:40 p.m. German naval time (5:40 p.m. American) and the second immediately after, sped toward the *Tuscania* from about 4,000 feet (1,200 meters) away at a speed of about 28 knots. These torpedoes were gasoline-generated steam torpedoes, each 7.02 meters in length (about 23 feet) and 50 centimeters (21 inches) in diameter, each carrying a 195-kilogram warhead, launched through the use of compressed air. The standard warhead was composed of TNT, hexanitrophenylamine and aluminum.

The torpedoes were launched from bow tubes Numbers I and II, the first torpedo from Number I and the second torpedo from Number II tube. Since 6:40 p.m. is German naval time, the American and British reports will designate the firing time as 5:40 p.m. Torpedo No. 1 was aimed just aft of the second funnel, with the second torpedo “right beside the first,” Meyer noted in his logbook.

Meyer had estimated the convoy speed at 15 knots, which was, as the captain admitted in 1929, inaccurate as the ships were traveling more slowly, at 12 knots. Since the U-boat had drifted away a bit, and its speed estimate inaccurate, the torpedo would hit the *Tuscania* in the middle (“amidships”).

Now seeing a destroyer 163 yards away and heading for his submarine, Meyer ordered a dive to 98 feet. “The crew and I are listening in suspense. One minute and ten seconds later a very violent explosion is felt and told us that we had hit the target. That would make the range 1,200 meters (1,312 yards). I consider that both torpedoes must have detonated.” The sub now waited for its enemy’s “evil” depth bombs – but nothing happened. The sub is now two tons lighter after firing its torpedoes.

“It was then that Fritz walked right into the middle of that big convoy, past the submarine destroyers and freight craft and picked us off.”
 --- Franklin Erton Folts, 2nd lieutenant from Oregon

Datum und Uhrzeit	Angabe des Ortes, Wind, Wetter, Segang, Beleuchtung, Sichtigkeit der Luft, Mondschein usw.	Vorkommnisse.
4.2.18. 8h VZ	Atlantio SEg 5-6, Seeg. 6, klar 145 beta 4	Kurs 90°, Beabsichtige am nächsten Morgen vor dem Nord Kanal zu stehen.
5.2.18. 7h	Atlantio S 4-5, Seeg. 5-6 045 gamma 4	gez: Wilhelm Meyer
9h20		Alarmtauchen vor aus der Dunkelheit auf - stehenden Zerstörer. Von den Schraubenge- räuschen abgelaufen. Es sind auch Schrauben- geräusche eines Dampfers zu hören. Bei regel- mäßigem Heraussehen nur Zerstörer zu sehen. Dampfer in Sicht, ca. 2000 m, Kurs etwa 145° Lagewinkel 100° von St.B. Entfernung 3000 m Versuch fortzusetzen mißlingt. Da das Boot durch die Übung darauf herangeworfen wird und in der Nähe des Dampfers Zerstör- er sichtbar werden, Angriff aufgegeben. Alarmtauchen vor Bewacher.
11h30 VZ 7h18 4h5 Hz		Aufgetauchte, In Nordkanal eingelenkter. Außer 2 Bewachern in nordwestlicher Rich- tung, am Horizont keine Beobachtung. Begegnung mit U 97.
4h30 Hz 5h50 Hz		Einkommen der Konvoi in Sicht. Vorweg gro- ßer Dampfer mit 2 Schornsteinen, dann kommt vor diesem noch ein kleinerer Dampfer, ver- mutlich als Sperrbrecher. Hinter dem großen Dampfer ein Kreuzer mit 4 Schornsteinen ähnlich der Drake Klasse. Dahinter 6-8 mitt- lere Dampfer ein Kreuzer XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX in Kiellinie. Der ganze Konvoi ist stark ge- schützt durch Zerstörer. Mit A.L. vorgesetzt Konvoi steuert 140° Fahrt 12 kn. Auf An- griffskurs 60°. + + + + + Zustand wird auf 1000m geschätzt. Ich beabsichtige erst einen Über- wasserangriff von St.B. Inzwischen haben die hintere Dampfer und die Zerstörer eine Darslinie an St.B. von dem großen Dampfer gebildet, + + sodass ich nunmehr direkt vor diesem stehe. Da es schon ziemlich hell ist, und das Boot von den in Darslinie stehenden Dampfern und Zerstörern leicht gesehen werden kann, unter Wasser gegangen. Der Steuermann muß mit dem vorderen Sch- rohr nach BB. auf die heranannahenden Dampfer aufpassen, während ich den großen Dampfer mit dem Hauptrohr zu fassen suche. Dieser ist nur durch Vergrößerung und nach län- gerem Suchen zu finden. Er wandert in das Schrohr als ganz undeutlicher, verschwonne- ner, heller Schatten ein. Erst als über dem Schatten ein Schornstein undeutlich sichtbar wird, merke ich überhaupt, daß es der Dampfer ist.
7h5 Hz	+ 	Darauf erstes und zweites Rohr los. 1. Rohr gleich hinter dem 2. Schornstein II. Rohr unmittelbar danach los. 3. Torpedos. In diesem Moment ist ein Zerstörer nur 150 m herangekommen und liegt auf das Boot zu. Auf 30 m gegangen. Nach 1 Minute 10 Sek. starke Detonation. Danach Entfernung 1200 m. Aus der Stärke der Detonation
7h25 Hz	 ↑ ro- 1422.	
7h40 Hz	X X	
nach M. S. (L.) Karte 80: bsp. engl. N. "Tuscania" 14348 t. Gefühlsw. Halbf. 44 Ml.		

From UB-77's logbook ("Kriegstagebuch") for 5 February 1918

None of the lookouts on any ship raised an alarm; none of the 15 lookouts on the *Tuscania* noticed the attack; no one saw a wake of foam from the torpedoes. The M-V set had not registered a submarine approach. The attack was a complete surprise.

One of the torpedoes struck the *Tuscania* and one missed; there is lack of agreement on whether the first or second torpedo hit the ship. The torpedoes detonated almost simultaneously, with the German sub crew hearing only one detonation. One of these torpedoes passed in front of *Tuscania*.

HMS *Pigeon*'s Petty Officer John Newton Jones wrote in 1934 that it was the first torpedo that passed below *Pigeon* and a few seconds later, the second struck *Tuscania*. Jones wrote: "A torpedo going under our ship could be heard in our lower mess deck plainly. Fortunately for us the torpedo was set at a greater depth than our maximum draft and so passed clear under us." Some of the *Pigeon* crew, at dinner on the lower deck, also reported hearing the rumble of a torpedo pass below them. Those on board *Pigeon* thought the attack had come from its side of the convoy – port - but noticed immediately that *Tuscania* had been hit on the starboard side. This caused *Pigeon* to wonder if there were two submarines; *Pigeon*'s Captain Eddis had begun to alter course to port in order to drop depth charges, when he realized where the submarine had actually been positioned.

Cobb, the *Saturday Evening Post* writer, indicated in his article a month later that while he and others were playing cards in the lower decks of the *Baltic*, they heard a "knocking sound rapidly repeated" outside the ship, and one of the card-players said he supposed it was a torpedo knocking for admission. Cobb writes that the *Baltic* captain had seen the torpedo from his bridge and had swung his ship over, so the torpedo missed them by inches but grazed the ship's plates. The group may have heard a torpedo – the possibility exists - but U-boat captain Meyer was not aiming for the *Baltic*. This story is repeated in several 1918 newspapers, including that of Wisconsin's *Washburn County Register and Shell Lake Watchman* of February 16, 1918. According to Cobb, the *Baltic* passengers were told the next morning that the *Baltic* was the intended target – which Captain Meyer indicated was not the case.

Cobb wrote: "So quiet were we that I jumped when right at my elbow a low, steady voice spoke. Turning my head I could make out the speaker was one of the younger American officers.

"If what I heard before we sailed is true,' he said, 'my brother is in the outfit on that boat yonder. Well, if they get him it will only add a little more interest to the debt I already owe those damned Germans.' "

Lieutenant Robert Potter, who was aboard the *Baltic*, did comment to Cobb that he (Robert) thought his brother, Edward Thomas Potter, was on the *Tuscania*, according to Edward's daughter Betty J. Thompson. It is likely that this conversation was the one reported by Cobb in his article, as Robert's brother Edward was indeed on the *Tuscania*. Edward leaves the sinking

ship with only three things: the suit of long underwear he was wearing, his lifebelt – and the Bible his aunt Lydia had given him on his farewell visit to her.

Further details added in 1918 newspapers seem a bit implausible. The *Baltic* supposedly sends a message to the *Tuscania* – “Torpedo Coming! Dodge!” - and in response the *Tuscania* altered course, causing it to be struck amidships. Recall Captain Meyer said the torpedo hit amidships because he had miscalculated the speed of the *Tuscania*.

Only a few minutes (one minute, according to Captain Meyer) passed between the firing of the two torpedoes and the hit, which makes it seem impossible that someone on the *Baltic* would have recognized the torpedoes, then ordered someone in its wireless room to contact the *Tuscania*, then the radio operator on the *Tuscania* to receive the message and convey it to his captain, and then for the *Tuscania* to change course.

Whichever torpedo went whatever way, one of the two torpedoes struck the *Tuscania* amidships, between the engine room and the stoke hole on the starboard side, at 5:41 or 5:42 or 5:45 p.m., tearing a hole in the hull. The most-cited time is 5:45 p.m. The superstructure directly above this hit collapsed as wreckage. Almost at once, the stricken compartments filled with both water and escaping steam from the boilers. Upon being struck, the ship immediately listed (tilted/tipped) to starboard. Within minutes, as 29-year-old Spoonerite Earl Knight and Leo Zimmermann remembered, the ship took on an eight- to ten-degree list to starboard.

The force of the explosion threw steam, and a spout of water filled with debris, such as steel and wood, high into the air on the starboard side, reaching as far as the lifeboats hanging in their davits (crane-like supports), damaging several of the lifeboats badly enough to render them useless. Archie Meredith described the “ruined lifeboats, blown to pieces by the explosion.” Shell Lake soldier Emil Rauchstadt, who had gone up on deck after eating dinner, was caught in this waterspout and steam, and found himself flung upwards four feet by the shock. Also thrown upward, according to some accounts, were flames.

T.S. Peters, on the engine room crew and about to become a survivor of his fifth torpedoed ship, was quoted in the *New York Times* of February 9, 1918, that he did not think casualties caused by the initial explosion were great among the passengers, although “only a few stokers got clear.” Peters’s name is not on Schwartz’s crew list, but he is quoted often in newspapers.

In a February 5, 1937, article in the *Rhineland Daily News* (Rhineland, Wisconsin), Spooner “boy” Earl W. Knight, then living outside Rhineland, said he still remembered vividly what occurred nineteen years earlier. “My buddy [possibly another “Spooner boy”?] and I were sitting on deck, watching a lighthouse on the coast of Scotland, on the afternoon of Feb. 5, 1918. The captain of the boat [Captain Peter A. McLean] came up on the deck and paused to talk to us on his way to the bridge.”

“Shortly after he left us and mounted the steps to the bridge there was a terrific explosion, the boat stopped, shivered and tipped over on the starboard side.”

Leo V. Zimmermann, later the historian of the National Tuscania Survivors' Association, recalled: "It felt like running into a sandbar, in addition to the roar of the explosion and the crash of steel and timbers as also the racket of scattered breakables." The 20th Engineers told of a "decided shock which rocked the big ship from end to end."

Civilian Abner Larned reported: "It was as though a thousand tons of dynamite had suddenly blown up directly below me."

Sergeant Richard R. ("Dick") Vineyard of Grangeville, Idaho, of the 100th Aero Squadron, wrote his father: "Everything went black with the whole ship trembling and when you make a ship 650 feet long weighing 16,000 tons tremble it takes some bump." [Neither of Dick's ship statistics is accurate.] His sergeant major and he were both thrown up from the deck about one foot, and the explosion "fairly made your teeth rattle." Dick's father, Judge Lycurgus Vineyard, was also a veteran; he had served as a private in the Confederate States of America army during the Civil War.

Men looking over the starboard side saw a whirlpool, probably denoting where water was flooding in through the torpedoed side. Lloyd Carlton Garthwaite of Wisconsin wrote home on February 13, 1918: "I had a chance to look around and on looking down saw where the hole was in the ship about a lifeboat's length from where we were and below the water line, for the water formed a big funnel where it was going in." He and his companions, "Fat" and "Red" (Glen Gustin), told no one about the whirlpool. "It wouldn't have helped any." A *Tuscania* crewman would report that one of the lowered lifeboats was sucked into the hole, plugging it and helping to slow the intake of water.

Now Captain McLean had no time to stop for a chat with a 29-year-old soldier from Spooner. He directed that the watertight doors be closed, and ordered his radio operator to send a wireless SOS message to all stations, asking for assistance. His "boy" (cabin boy) told the Associated Press that "after the torpedoing, Captain McLean looked to be the coolest man on board, giving orders as if nothing had happened to interfere with the ship's routine." The closing of the watertight doors may have led to the deaths of some crew members. The Glasgow lad said he had reported to the bridge when the torpedo struck. McLean sent him to fetch the ship's carpenter, then sent the carpenter to fetch lights and rockets, according to a report in the *Evening Mail* of February 9, 1918. The captain gave these rockets to the ship's bosun, who began to fire them from the bridge.

Nearby trawlers such as the *Elf King*, *Cardiff Castle*, *Gloria*, *Corrie Roy* (from Ireland) and *Walpole* (from Scotland) responded to the SOS call, as did fishing boats. These boats were manned by ex-fishermen captains and crew, but under the command of the Royal Navy, and were used as minesweepers. David Young and his 46 lifeboat companions were picked up after three hours by the patrol boat *Cardiff Castle*, which landed them at Larne, Ireland. Herbert F. Gustafson of the 20th Forestry Engineers and his comrades lashed their lifeboat to a trawler, which towed them into Larne.

The lifeboat of Richard Jones Poteet, Alpha L. Rice and Charles Leo Wayne of Company F had capsized only a few yards from the *Tuscania*, tossing them into the water. Rice's body was never found. Poteet and Wayne clung onto the overturned boat. Although unconscious, Poteet was still holding on when rescued by the *Cardiff Castle* three hours later. Wayne had vanished. His body, too, was never located. The *Cardiff Castle* was also the salvation of Lieutenant Herbert Bartholf and about 12 others, aboard their second choice – a liferaft – on which they had floated for two hours. Their assigned lifeboat could not be launched.

Also hauled on board the *Cardiff Castle* was Captain William Page McIntosh, the Army physician. He found himself among 120 survivors aboard the trawler, and was instantly appointed the ship's doctor until it reached port at Larne, Ireland, around 5 a.m. Some of his trawler patients were "nearly gone" and some "beyond help."

The *Corrie Roy* takes on board damp Lieutenant Joseph C. Kimball, whose flop into the water – showing his men (but not very well) how to slide down a rope - had not deterred his 60 followers from joining him on the lifeboat he had pulled to the side of the *Tuscania*. He asks his rescuers the current time, as his watch had stopped at 6:30 p.m. when it hit the water. It is now 11:35 p.m.



<The Elf King. Cornelius Harrington was picked up by the Elf King after four hours in a lifeboat, after first falling into the sea during a botched lifeboat launching attempt. He reported Elf King was 40 miles away when it received the *Tuscania*'s SOS signals. Donald A. Smith described the approach of the trawler *Corrie Roy* to his lifeboat: "A trawler has a nest of lights which made its mast look like a Christmas tree in the night. And no

Christmas tree was ever more joyfully hailed than was that sign of approaching rescue."

Since the dining rooms on the ship were not capable of accommodating all diners at the same time, men had been assigned to varied seatings. Read recalled: "Come 5:00 P.M., time for the evening meal to begin its three shifts. I was in the mess room with the first shift, seated at long board tables. The service was hurried, efficient; the food unappetizing, not too good stuff – 'slum gullion', we called it." By 5:30 p.m. Read was back in his "stateroom" – "the middle of a triple-decked bunk in the bowels of The *Tuscania*, feeling a little queasy in the stomach. Oh, well! We would be in Liverpool come dawn!"

Hundreds of the troops had been eating supper (at “mess”) when the torpedo hit, while hundreds others were waiting at the top of the stairs for their turn at dinner. Private Howard Money remembered two mess calls on February 5, one at 5 p.m. and one at 6 p.m. Joseph D. Oddo said he and his pals had gone to their bunks to get their knives, forks and spoons - to



lodge them in their puttees (leggings/wrappings) - in time to march to mess call for the second seating at 5:45 p.m. One of those comrades was “Buster Brown” Outcault – Richard F. Outcault, Jr., the son of the creator of the cartoon character Buster Brown. The torpedo will hit just below Oddo’s 213th Aero Squadron’s lifeboat station.

Dining card of Harry Kelley, who survives and names the San Francisco '49ers football team

A dull thud sounded according to some, while most others said the noise was loud. David Young said he and others thought the “muffled sound” was due to the same “double wave” effect that had occurred on the previous evening. Lt. Joerns described it as “a loud bang.” Glass broke; metal crashed.

Ferdinand Denner reported the noise was extremely loud. “The noise of crashing steel and wooden beams, and the wreckage and debris hailing down on the steel deck above, made it impossible to hear even a shout.” Read recalled: “It was as if the whole world had blown up. There are no words to describe the sensation of TNT exploding against and inside a steel hull. Then, too, men driven senseless by sound and fright lose their describing powers.”

The lights went out, although in some spots the electrical system was said to be still functioning and some dim light was available. “Simultaneously all lights went out,” wrote the 20th Engineers, “and a deafening crash echoed and re-echoed through the ship.”

Fifteen minutes before the torpedo hit, Donald Smith, on deck, asked the British second officer for the name of the flashing light he saw a few miles ahead. Upon being told it was Rathlin Island – and that submarines were often present in this area, because they lay on the bottom and surfaced when they heard a ship - Smith went into the smoking room to use its large atlas to locate the island. He was now directly above the spot where the torpedo hit.

Smith remembered: “What’s the use of trying to describe what happened then. ‘There was a loud report’ would be perfectly good English, but it wouldn’t convey any description of the sound. The ship seemed to lift and shake; the lights went out; men pushed by in the dark hunting for their discarded life preserver and overcoats – something must have happened, but no one was sure what it was.”

Captain William Page McIntosh, the chief surgeon, was just falling asleep on his bunk after a busy day of treating patients when he was thrown off onto the floor. His cabin's porthole had imploded in the torpedo strike; ice-cold water was flooding into his cabin; he was in the dark. Grabbing his lifebelt, McIntosh went back on medical duty, first checking on the second lieutenant who had been sick in his bunk across the corridor ever since the ship left Halifax. "The explosion had done wonders for the patient, who had now recovered sufficiently to have fled his sickbed for a lifeboat," writes Islay author Les Wilson. On sped Dr. McIntosh past the main salon stairway to the forward hold, to provide light for the 94 patients there suffering from mumps. Then he went to room 98 to check out his two cases of scarletina. After calling on a group of men to help with one of the cases, he finally left for his own lifeboat.

Lieutenant Joerns, a few minutes before the torpedoing, had stopped in the stateroom of his friend Abner Larned, and they kidded that this was "the hour of day when submarines usually did their stuff. Little did either of us suspect that the package was already on the way addressed to us."

Leonard Read wrote that the men had been told that twelve blasts of the ship's whistle meant "emergency, don the life belts, crowd in the hatchways as near to the deck as possible, but never on deck until disaster." Below decks, he now heard at 5:55 p.m. the twelve whistle blasts. "My God, this is it! Into the life preserver! Run! As near to the deck as possible! And, scared stiff!"

Sergeant Archie G. Meredith tells his story from a different perspective from many other narratives, since he was below decks in the turbine room. Finding the deck crowded with boxing fans, he had gone below to visit with his friends, "Chief Howith" (1st Engineer John Howith) and Alex Cunningham, of the British merchant marines. About 4:30 p.m. the chief invited Meredith to accompany him on his usual daily inspection of the turbines and machinery.

After about an hour, while in the turbine room, Meredith said he felt a strong impression that he should head to dinner. "I had just mounted the steps after telling the Chief that I would see him later, when suddenly there was a terrific explosion, followed by the sound of a million dishes breaking to bits, falling down a long stairway." The ship lurched; the lights went out.

Meredith had barely recovered his balance "when the emergency lights came on and looking over my shoulder, I saw where the dynamos had been and a great rent in the hull of the ship." He heard Chief Howith call to his men. "They got us." Then Howith told Meredith to go up. "I seemed glued to the stairway, for already the water was rushing across the engine room floor, and splashing on steam pipes and the sizzling sputtering noises seem to mark time with the tiny tongued waves that raced across the room in quest of everything – even life itself."

As Meredith began to adjust his lifebelt, the chief came out from behind the stairs and told him to take his time. "We will float for hours, laddies," the chief said, and "Tie a hard knot in your lifebelt and go up and tell the others to be cool.' His words had a magical effect on me," said Meredith, who climbed the stairs until he reached the main hall below the exit to the deck. "As

I stepped through the doors, they closed with a clank and the crew worked feverishly to tighten the locks so as to make everything in the bulkhead waterproof.”

The bodies of most of the casualties among the mercantile marines of the British crew were never located. The crew died either in the areas that flooded when the ship was torpedoed, or were locked behind watertight doors. The second engineer, knocked off his feet by the explosion, headed for the ladder but was in waist-deep water before reaching it.

Below decks, Edward T. Lauer “was just going to supper when an awful crash took place and I was almost knocked to my feet, at the same moment all the lights went out and I grabbed my lifebelt, which I always had so handy at my cot.”

The *Tuscania*’s steam whistle began shrieking without pause, “as if to give voice to its pain,” wrote Zimmermann – “a huge wounded water fowl calling out continually with its shrill scream.” Distress rockets, recalled by Shell Lake’s 23-year-old Rauchstadt in a letter home, were fired by the ship’s boatswain, the three red ones streaking into the sky signaling the presence of a submarine. Cobb of the *Saturday Evening Post* described how each of the three rockets hung afloat for a moment, “then burst into a score of red balls. Never again will a red rocket fired at night be to me anything except a reminder of the most pitiable, the most heart-racking thing I have ever seen – that poor appeal for help from the sinking *Tuscania* flaming against that foreign sky.” Lt. McNear described the launching of these “enormous rockets” as “quite thrilling as well as pathetic.” Read recalled: “Comforting were the giant distress flares being shot into the heavens from the Captain’s deck.” Zimmermann said they looked like “spurts of blood.”

The captain of the 2nd Destroyer Flotilla aboard HMS *Harpy* observes that the *Tuscania*, at 55 degrees/25 minutes north and 16 degrees/13 minutes west, switches on all lights, fires one red rocket, quickly follows with two more rockets and the ship “immediately commenced to drop astern of remainder of Convoy.”

As one survivor reminded his audience, there were thousands of people on board. Some ended up on one side of the ship’s upper deck, some on the other. People came up onto the deck from various decks below and various locations around the ship. They had all been engaged in a variety of activities when the torpedo hit – and had different experiences afterwards. Some were in the dark, or operating in dim light. There are therefore varying - and conflicting - reports about what actually happened. Edward T. Lauer, writing on March 21, 1980, to Herbert W. Morrow, explained: “Every survivor who got off that ship had a different story.”

Wayland Kier remembered that his sergeant was working on service records when the ship was torpedoed, and saved them all – the only unit to do so. One man was cleaning his rifle; he carried it along. This may have been Private Clarence Bradshaw of the 20th Engineers, from Massachusetts, who had asked his commanding officer if he could return below deck to retrieve his rifle. It was reported that Bradshaw became the only survivor who left the ship with his rifle. “Another really large soldier” was taking a bath. He jumped out, put his outside clothing on first and then his two-piece set of underwear on top. Upon reaching shore, this soldier got drunk,

and stayed intoxicated for three days, never taking off his clothes – so that his underwear mistake remained rather obvious.

First Lieutenant George Newton Thall had been preparing for war in France, reading a book about trenches and “no-man’s land.”

Private First Class Werner Pfaender probably always regretted having to confess where he was at the moment of the torpedoing – in the latrine (toilet), just below the main deck – and with the door to the passageway to the top deck jammed by the explosion, he had to hustle to find an alternative route to the top.



DOUGHBOY Pfaender as he looked in 1917 as a member of the AEF.

Corporal Allen Edward Schmidt of the 107th Supply Train likely never forgot his 26th birthday; he had been born February 5, 1892. Also “celebrating” their 26th birthdays were Harvey Philipp Holland and Joseph Thompson Nelson. It is Otis Hartsell Nichols’s 24th birthday, while Arthur G. Evenson, Adolph Lemka and John Burton Norman, Jr., turned 23; Fred W. Loken turned 22; and Henry Lafayette Scarber 29 the day of the sinking.

Corporal Otto F. Bates, Co. E, 107th Supply Train, managed to grab his overcoat, blouse and cap, but many others had not. “One fellow was in pajamas and another barefooted,” recounted Bates.

At the moment the torpedo hit, William Henry Venable, in sick bay with the mumps, was playing cards with a man who was a Baptist minister.

His card-playing acquaintance did not survive. Also ill with mumps was William Douglas Pine of Co. D, 20th Engineers. “He was shaving when the torpedo hit and didn’t even have time to finish or even get the shaving cream off,” recalled his granddaughter Linda.

Earnest Young of Scottsbluff, Nebraska, found the torpedo strike allowed him a victory in checkers. The game was almost over in the saloon; Earnest had only one “king” while his opponent, fellow officer Otto Hodge, had three. His opponent must have been distracted by events, as suddenly Earnest’s “king jumped all three of his opponents and the game was over.”

Leonard Meshke’s checkers game ended abruptly when his opponent/buddy flipped the edge of the board, presumably sending the checkers flying, and announced: “We’ve been torpedoed!”

Crewman John McCanee (McCance), the engine room storekeeper, rushed to his cabin to retrieve his money (16 British pounds, 16 shillings) – and six sticks of tobacco.

William Stoveken of Pembine, Wisconsin, was writing a letter to his mother telling her he had arrived safely – anticipating his arrival on shore the next morning when he would not have time to write but could mail his letter – when his “safe and sound” remarks proved rapidly untrue

and he was slammed against the door jamb. “She [*Tuscania*] stopped dead in her wallow, pitched and plunged violently and then slowly but surely began her death list.”

John C. Hopper of Beloit, Wisconsin, said he and several others were going to play pinochle that night under the hatch. “We had removed our shoes, leggings, and blouses, and were spreading a blanket on the floor for the cards, when the crash came.”

George Ray Stephenson of Darlington, Wisconsin, had been chatting – about the dangers of submarines and mines in the area - with fellow members of Company B on a lower deck, waiting for supper call, when they heard the noise, saw the lights extinguish and water shooting everywhere from broken pipes. In the mad rush for the steps, “Ray” ran into “big iron posts and steel bars” and cracked his head against a post. “I carried the cut and bump, as a reminder, for a couple of weeks,” he wrote home on June 3, 1918, “but I found out there was no need of anything to remind me, for I could dream constantly, night after night, and imagine I was still on the water.” Ray headed to his assigned stateroom to grab a flashlight and life preserver, which he had left behind “due to carelessness.”

After finishing dinner, Verne B. Hoyer, after going to his quarters for a few minutes, had come to the top deck, on the port side. “There was an explosion like a very large fire-cracker and the ship bucked like a bronhco [sic/bronco], and immediately took a great list to the starboard side.” Hoyer noted: “The shock bounced me into the air a few inches and I lit in motion toward my [lifeboat] station.”

Stanley F. Wellman of Michigan and his roommate, the color sergeant, had just visited the ship’s store and he was busy packing away his toothpaste, soap and other items when the torpedo hit. “It seemed as if I had been hit in the head with a board. The explosion was terrible. It knocked my roommate out of bed where he had been lying down reading and threw me to the floor. To make things more weird and ghastly, the lights went out.”

Joseph A. Capodice of Waukesha, Wisconsin, was on K.P. (kitchen) duty in the mess below decks. He was just serving a tray of prunes when the torpedo hit. He described the scene as bedlam; it took him 90 minutes to reach the deck.

Samuel Whitney (“Whit”) Pincock of Idaho recalled his unit’s orders. “We had been instructed that if anything happened, the bugler would sound off so we could get on deck in a hurry. The bugler forgot his horn, but we made it on deck anyway. Some of the guys were singing, some praying, and some crying.” (<http://www.keepapitchinin.org/2010/09/27/guest-post-samuel-whitney-pincock-torpedoed/>)

After standing around on deck for a while, seeing a number of lifeboats lowered, Captain Cloyd K. Koppes regretted having come on deck without his pipe and tobacco. He had remembered to pick up several letters he had written and put them in his pocket to mail when he had the opportunity. Going below, the optimistic Koppes also decided to pack his “grip” with a heavy

shirt, pajamas and several pairs of wool socks. He apologized later in a letter to his family that he “could not get the sweater you gave me at Christmas.”

After ordering the release of the torpedoes, Meyer ordered his sub to dive to one hundred feet, where he felt the shock waves of a “very violent explosion.” He then removed *UB-77* from the starboard side of the *Tuscania* a few nautical miles, surfacing about twenty minutes later, which Meyer reported as 7:57 p.m. German Naval Time (6:57 p.m. U.S.), to see the liner they had torpedoed, now with two mast “top lanterns” lit, heeling over to starboard and its stern settling into the water. “The doomed ship was visible to us only because of the search lights of the destroyers.” He said it was like watching a silent movie, not being able to see any people, due to their distance and because he was on the starboard side. The listing *Tuscania* looked, according to Meyer, “like the specter of a horse rearing its hind legs.”

“Even stranger,” noted Meyer later, “we did not know the identity of our victim.” The U-boat had risen to the surface, swung its periscope around, and rose up even higher, its conning tower now slightly above the water. Meyer recalled: “The minutes seemed like days before we found out, when the *Tuscania* gave out a frantic S.O.S. wireless signals [sic], its name, gross tonnage, and owners, Anchor Line, Glasgow. We suddenly realized that we had hit a much bigger vessel than we had first surmised.” He said the inaccurate position given by the *Tuscania*’s radio operator differed from German calculations, but credited this to the fact that the *Tuscania*’s officers “were greatly excited.” Meyer said wireless messages from the *Tuscania* ceased within 30 minutes of being struck. Again *UB-77* dove, at 6:15 p.m. American time, trying to near the “wounded” ship, but hearing the propeller noise from the destroyers, Meyer remained submerged for about thirty minutes. His mission is not yet completed.

Part 10: At First

“The corridors, passage ways and stairways were a seething mass of olive drab streaming for the decks,” notes the history of the 20th Engineers. “The rush was devoid of all hysterical excitement.” Most recalled no panic as men reported to the lifeboat stations, standing in virtual silence as they counted off their names. The men were urged several times to “take your time” – “don’t rush” – “don’t crowd” – “don’t get excited” – “be cool” – “keep your wits.” Although there was confusion, yelling and running around, “there was a fair discipline, and no panic.” First Lieutenant Donald A. Smith wrote later that February: “Confusion, of course, but no panic; the men were heroes. They stood at their stations and all they wanted were orders.”

E. Denman McNear recalled: “Where can you find greater courage than those fine men showed – who, knowing that their life boats would never come – stood there in rank, in order, on that sinking ship.”

Everett Babbitt of Washington said “Some of them were pretty crazy, ranting around. Others were pretty calm about it all. There was a good deal of cussing Kaiser Bill, though.” Babbitt, with only three months of Army service, decided to try rolling a cigarette. He gave up.

Wayland Kier of Baraboo, Wisconsin, lying on his bunk four decks below in a group of about ten men, while waiting for the second supper call, was close to the torpedo site. "I thought when we were hit we would never get out of that because we were down four decks from where the life boats were. The minute we were hit the water came rushing in where we were and glass was flying around and then besides that the lights went out the minute we were hit."

He remembered "Immediately there was panic; men were rushing for the stairways, struggling with their lifebelts when they had one, and those without were frantically claiming the other fellow's."

Because the steps to the promenade deck were crowded and the line of men moving slowly, some men climbed up dangling ropes.



Baraboo, Wisconsin's Wayland Kier, who left behind onboard "that swell pair of socks" his mother and Marjorie had made for him, and "that helmet that Shirley sent me"

Lieutenant Joerns wrote in 1966: "That night I learned something about human nature I had not known before. In a great emergency, most men become super-men. Brains perform more methodically, carefully, and precisely. Legs and arms assume Herculean strength and perform feats that ordinarily would be impossible. Most men have no fear, no silly thoughts. There is work to do, and your brain leads you in great calm, clearness, and efficiency to do it." Abner Larned remarked: "There was a noticeable lack of fools and cowards."

Fitzgerald recalled: "Among the officers and, in the case of many of the men, the composure was remarkable. While the boats were being lowered emergency power relit the lights and statements by members of the ship's crew that the boat might float for some time helped to allay fears."

The 20th Engineers reported that from the lowest deck to the cabins in first-class, as the troops occupied five decks, “a steady stream of men – and profanity – issued.” Leo V. Zimmermann wrote “Hatchways were filled with soldiers adjusting lifebelts ... no panic was apparent ... there in the dark we stood on the slanting deck, counting off as we awaited the launching of the lifeboats.” Soldiers were trying to fasten their lifebelts while wearing overcoats. “It made quite a difficult task and some of us fell down on the slanting concrete floor.”

Second Lt. Franklin E. Folts wrote in March 1918: “When I got on deck and to my boat my men were already coming up from below and falling in at their assigned stations without the slightest evidence of confusion or excitement. I want to tell you right here that America wants to be proud of her soldiers. I never saw better, finer men in all my life than they were. They were men, honest-to-goodness men, first to last. All they asked was to be told what to do, and then they went and did it as if there wasn’t any such ship as the *Tuscania*, sinking out there in the middle of the Irish channel. “

Folts added: “Through it all those hundreds of men on the deck of the *Tuscania* were almost without exception as calm and cool as if they were only on parade. When we would tell them that they were all right and that the ship would stay up for hours they just believed it without question. Their faith and trust in the officers was absolute, and just as great as their trust was our helplessness to do anything for them. That was the hard part of it all, the awful part.”

In contrast, Archie Meredith reported “the survival of the fittest” when he reached the exit to the deck from his location in the engine room with Chief Howith. “In the hall I found myself in a cursing, praying, fighting, pleading mob, where order was unknown and the mightiest made his way most easily. In the flare of pocket flashlights I saw hundreds of pale faces distorted with fear, and men with glaring eyes savagely pushing their way to the fore, heeding only the first law of nature – self preservation.”

Recalling Chief Howith’s reassurance that the ship would float for hours, and Howith’s instructions to secure his lifebelt and remain cool, Meredith continued: “I called as loud as I could, repeating the orders I had received and never again in my life, do I hope to see anything have such a magical effect. I had heard of men about to drown, grasping at a straw – they do without a doubt. Here was the straw of hope, not my word, but the word of one who knew.

“Order came out of nothing; the word was passed on and on to the deck of the ship, and men walked and assisted each other. Bunkies [those sharing accommodations] called to each other, and guided each other in the dark to the proper doorways. Cheers replaced the curses and pleadings of the moments before, and hearts were filled with hope as I came on deck in my turn.”

First Lt. Donald A. Smith had never gone anywhere without his lifebelt – until now. “My lifebelt, which I had carried to meals and to bed and to everyplace, was at that moment below, so I had to go down to my cabin and get overcoat and life preserver.”

Spoonerite Frank Marino wrote home that “it was a hard time getting to our life boats” but he reached the top deck safely. “For a while I sure wished I was on land.”

Baraboo resident Randall Herfort, on his bunk far below on Deck E, was thrown off his bunk by the “thunderous explosion.” Now he made his way on deck; the men were “all orderly and no fighting ... though jammed together very tight ... and I was in the jam.”

Events were still clear in the mind of 97-year-old Lester Piot seventy-seven years later (1995). He had been waiting for his pals in what he called the ship’s “parlor” to deal cards in a game, and now began to move through darkened rooms, where he came across three of his buddies “who were standing still right in one place.” He painted the picture. One had removed all his clothes and was lying on the floor naked. One was reading his Bible. The other was swinging his arms but not moving. He moved on past them and the darkened barber shop, and made his way to the deck.

Edward Ueek of Wisconsin was milling around on B-deck with about 40 others near the stern mast when the torpedo hit. “All he remembered was the funnel-shaped blaze and the blast before blacking out.” Unconscious, he was flung against a stack of ten-man cork rafts. He ricocheted off the stack and returned to consciousness with his body aching. Wreckage was still falling near him as he sprawled on the deck near the starboard railing. No other person was in sight. Thinking everyone had left him behind, Ueek began to rush toward his lifeboat, when he stumbled over the body of his classmate from home, Glenn Diggles, so Ueek picked him up and hauled him to their lifeboat station.

Spooner soldier Charles F. Brisbin, age 20, wrote home that the men had marched out to the deck “in a grand style” and – although some lost their heads, some even jumping overboard to be crushed – “the majority took it rather cool” and the Spooner boys waited calmly “until our boats came down.”

Chauncey Irvin DeLong of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, remembered: “The ship had by this time listed, so we could hardly stand upright, but we did, and every minute expecting to go under, we sang ‘America,’ and ‘Nearer My God to Thee.’ It was fine, wonderful. We were drawn up there in perfect order and as calm as if preparing for an ordinary drill.”

Oklahoma soldier Gilbert Graham found an instant cure for the seasickness that had plagued him on his ocean voyage. “I got over my sick spell when we got torpedoed.” Another survivor claimed the shock of the explosion cured his pneumonia.

“Up toward the deck crowded the human cargo, panicky as dogs in an earthquake, trying to appear brave, as men!” recalled Leonard Read, who was with his closest friend, Walter Crellin. The two “sweated out those anxious moments together, in the hatchway.” They tried to talk “nonchalantly” about the destructiveness of a mine versus a torpedo, and decided perhaps a mine would be more damaging. But if the ship had seen or hit a mine, why had those “twelve fear-inspiring blasts” sounded from the ship’s whistle? Read’s account is the only one located

that indicates the explosion hit at 6:05 p.m., ten minutes after the warning blasts. Read and Crellin parted ways as Read headed to his lifeboat station #10. "I was never to see Walter again." Crellin dies that night at age 22.

Read punctuated his report with numerous exclamation points. "Stampede! Everyone rushing to his lifeboat. The ship's lighting system dead! The auxiliary system on! Earlier braggarts turning into cowards when the chips were down! Earlier 'cowards' turning out to be heroes! The 4.7 cannon aft shooting wildly into the sea! Our 'torpedo destroyers' racing at full speed as they tossed their 'ash cans' overboard, desperately hoping to leave their underwater enemy permanently under water! The radio must have been sending its 'S O S.'"

Read wrote in 1956 about a humanitarian gesture. "We saw a thoroughly unpopular 'fraidy cat Jew' go back into the bowels of a sinking ship and find a life preserver for a soldier who didn't like him." Read also noted: "I watched myself smoke a package of cigarettes in an hour."

George Buchanan Fife in the book *The Passing Legions* (1920) noted that "Although the 2,500 men she was carrying had had the briefest of military training and discipline, they formed on deck and went to their appointed stations with the utmost courage and coolness. Not a man hurried." The *Chicago Tribune* of February 8, 1918, reported that the veteran British officers of the *Tuscania* "marveled at their coolness."

A *New York Times* story on February 9, 1918, reported that the men lounged around talking and smoking. "We talked about the misfortune of crossing the Atlantic only to be caught in the last lap."

Fife notes that "The absence of even a suggestion of panic would have been remarkable enough at such a time and with so slightly trained troops."

T.S. Peters of Yorkshire, England, a member of the engine room crew, was quoted in the *New York Times* of February 9, 1918. "There was some confusion at first, but we could not expect anything else, for some of those fellows were from Texas [about 252, in fact] and had never seen salt water in their lives before [except for Texans who had lived by or had visited the Gulf of Mexico]." [And not to mention those men from landlocked Wisconsin.] Peters was calm enough; he claimed the *Tuscania* was the fifth ship on which he had been torpedoed. Peters's presence on the crew has not been confirmed, however.

A well-known American writer (unnamed by Fife, but later identified as Irvin Cobb of the *Saturday Evening Post*) on one of the other ships in the convoy [*Baltic*] said he heard the men pushing off on a lifeboat begin to sing, "Where do we go from here, boys; where do we go from here?" [title: "Slip a Pill to Kaiser Bill"] - a song picked up by the men in the other boats.

A survivor dismissed this story as "bunk" saying singing wasn't on the minds of the men. "They think – and plan – and work." In 1925, Donald Smith said Cobb, an author he admired, was by then about 15 miles away on the *Baltic*, and could not have been an eyewitness.

W.B. Jones of Wheatland, Wyoming, reported to the American Legion weekly newsletter: "Wish to state that I was on the *Baltic* at the time the *Tuscania* was submarined and stood beside the 'well-known American writer,' soon after the *Tuscania* commenced sending up rockets." After reading Cobb's article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "I am compelled to state that the w.k. [i.e. well-known] American writer's hearing must have been a hundredfold keener than the average individual's. My eye is not the artist's eye in fine frenzy rolling, and my ear is not attuned to song when the noise and vibration of scurrying soldiers and full-speed-ahead compels one to shout to make himself understood to a fellow passenger with whom he is rubbing shoulders." The *Baltic* was at least one-half mile ahead of *Tuscania* when it was torpedoed, asserted Jones, and there was no possibility of hearing any singing from the *Tuscania*. Actually, Cobb reported that British newspapers had reported the singing.

Lyrics From:
Slip a Pill to Kaiser Bill
Where do we go from here, boys,
Where do we go from here?
Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill
And make him shed a tear.
And when we see the enemy
We'll shoot him in the rear.
"Oh, joy, oh, boy, where do we go from here?"



The popular World War I song by Howard Johnson & Percy Wenrich. Sung by Judy Garland in the 1942 movie "For Me and My Gal," which also starred Gene Kelly.



Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany

CHORUS

"Where do we go from here, boys, Where do we go from here?"
 "Where do we go from here, boys, Where do we go from here?"
 "Where do we go from here, boys, Where do we go from here?"

An - y - where from Har - lem to a Jer - sey cit - y pier! When
 Pad - dy's neck was in the wreck, but still he had no fear, He
 Slip a pill to Kais - er Bill and make him shed a tear, And

Pat would spy a pret - ty girl, held whis - per in her ear,
 saw a dead man next to him and whis - pered in his ear,
 when we see the en - e - my well shoot them in the rear,

"Oh joy, Oh boy, Where do we go from here?" here?
 "Oh joy, Oh boy, Where do we go from here?" here?
 "Oh joy, Oh boy, Where do we go from here?" here?

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Music and lyrics of "Slip a Pill to Kaiser Bill"

Some of those below decks who had to make their way to the top were assisted by non-commissioned officers with flashlights – or their own flashlights, if they had been able to grab them from their bunks. Donald Smith gratefully remarked: "Those men who had been carrying pocket searchlights deserve their reward for that night." George A. Clark recalled falling over the tables and furniture in the dark of the dining room. "In the dark," recalled Edward T. Lauer,

"I found my way upstairs, I had to climb two stairways." Abner Larned wrote about the groups of men now streaming their way to the top, "groping their way in a darkness made terrible by its cause."

Larned continued: "The question in every mind was, 'How long will she stay afloat, and where is my life boat?' "

Just as the torpedo detonated, Arthur J. Siplon had been buying some candy from the barber, who was handing Siplon a bag of sweets as Siplon offered a quarter in payment. After climbing to the top deck and finding himself on deck without a life preserver, and failing to find a spare there, Siplon decided to return below decks to retrieve his own life belt under his bunk, benefitting from some available dim lighting. Although the lights went out completely, they came back on, dimmer than before.



Arthur Joseph Siplon, Sr. (17 October 1894-17 November 1975), who survives to serve 30 years in the Muskegon, Michigan, police force, and who witnessed the Tuscania's final moments afloat. He will serve as president of the National Tuscania Survivors Association.

On his journey back up, Siplon found himself in front of an office with a grilled window – but the window had been left open, as though someone had left in a hurry, and on the office desk were stacks of money. Siplon hurried back on deck to rendezvous with his boat crew. Once on deck, when asked what had delayed him, he described the money piles. "Two members of my squadron, both rugged and Irish, wanted to learn more definitely about the money. I gave them exact information."

When re-assembled in Winchester, England, after their rescue, Siplon's unit was queried about squadron members who had failed to appear for muster. One man reported that the last time he had seen the two money seekers Siplon described was in a city in Ireland, "and they were spending money like 'drunken sailors.'" Siplon, a native of Muskegon, Michigan, who will serve

as a motorcycle rider in the 100th Aero Squadron, recounted this story in the *Muskegon Chronicle* of December 6, 1930.

Spooner residents will write home a few times that they were short of funds after arriving in France as the payroll had gone down with the ship.

Some of the ship's officers located the emergency gas dynamo (generator) on the aft deck and when it began operation, the top deck was illuminated with bright white light. With this auxiliary lighting, the ship goes from blackout conditions to lit-up. In 1956, Carl J. Hagnestad, who had traveled on the ship that was starboard to the *Tuscania* across the Atlantic, recalled: "It puzzled me a little to see all the lights go on after running blackout all the way across but we soon found out the reason."

Saturday Evening Post reporter Cobb said he and others were playing cards in the *Baltic* stateroom when an American officer opened the door to ask them to come on deck. "Something has happened. The *Tuscania* – she's in trouble," the officer said. Cobb noted that, although other accounts said the *Tuscania* was in "utter darkness," when he got on deck the *Tuscania* was lit all over. "Her illumination seemed especially brilliant, but that, I suppose, was largely because we had become accustomed to seeing our fellow transports as dark hulks at night."

Upon the torpedo attack, the eight destroyers and the rest of the troopship convoy had continued their progress – rapidly - as was previously ordered in case of attack, to remove them from possible harm. The convoy and its escort proceeded to Liverpool, England, leaving *Tuscania* in their wake. *Pigeon's* Petty Officer John N. Jones wrote on December 6, 1933: "As was the usual practice we proceeded with the convoy to get them away from the scene as quickly as possible and so avoid further disaster."

Jones continued: "This completed to the Senior Officer's satisfaction, we received a signal which read as I can remember, 'Pigeon, Mosquito and Grasshopper return to assistance of *Tuscania*.'" The signal had come in Morse code from the British Admiralty base at Buncrana, Ireland.

Although it may have seemed that all ships sped away, British records indicate there were plans for rescues. In his February 7, 1918, report, the captain of the 2nd Destroyer Flotilla aboard HMS *Harpy* wrote: "'GRASSHOPPER' and 'MOSQUITO, who I had previously detailed as Standby Ships for any vessel torpedoed – were ordered by W T to proceed to the assistance of 'TUSCANIA,' and 'PIGEON' was also dispatched immediately afterwards for the same purpose, in compliance with orders from 'COCHRANE.'"

Signal Petty Officer William E. Brooks, aboard the bridge on the HMS *Harpy*, recalled: "I then received orders to make the necessary signals for escorting destroyers to proceed as previously detailed, after which we endeavored to keep the convoy together. I may here mention that the

rescuing destroyers [*Grasshopper*, *Mosquito*, *Pigeon*] had all necessary orders to proceed with Survivors."

"The lights of S.S. 'TUSCANIA' were gradually lost sight of as Convoy proceeded," was the grim report of the captain of the 2nd Destroyer Flotilla. He records a fourth red rocket streak up from *Tuscania* at 7:15 p.m. (6:15 p.m.).

The *USS Kanawha*, directly behind the *Tuscania*, passed it on its starboard side at full speed ahead (15 knots). *Kanawha's* chief electrician Harold L. ("Sparks") Dunne wrote: "As I ran up the ladder to the 'Bridge' I could see the *Tuscania*, which was about one hundred yards ahead of us, give a lurch and then twist to Starboard." C.W. Nice on the *Kanawha* said "the lowering of lifeboats was visible and men were in the water, evidently having been dumped from life boats or having jumped into the water." When one of its lookouts reported a submarine between the two ships, the *Kanawha's* aft gun crew opened fire on the supposed sub.

The commander of the *Kanawha* would report to the Navy that he thought the *Tuscania* had hit a mine, because the sound heard was a dull explosion, like a thud. Dunne reported "a muffled boom." Nice wrote in 1929: "To this day I have only to shut my eyes and that picture comes to me so vividly that it seems as if it happened only yesterday." Dunne remembered: "A Chief beside me curses in his rage the orders that forces [sic] us to speed away instead of turning and rescuing those brave boys. But it is the strict rule of all convoys that the other ships must speed from the danger and let the Destroyers pick up the survivors."

Cobb wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post* (March 9, 1918) after noting the derogatory names the *Baltic* passengers had called the *Tuscania* on the transatlantic trip: "But when the other night we stood on the afterdeck of our ship, we running away as fast as our kicking screw would take us, and saw her going down, taking American soldier boys to death with her in alien waters, we drank toasts standing up to the poor old *Tuscania*."

Cobb aboard the *Baltic* saw the convoy's distance from the *Tuscania* increasing with each passing moment, as the other ships "were running away from her as fast as our engines could drive us. We could feel our ship throb under our feet as she picked up speed. It made us feel like cowards. Near at hand a ship was in distress, a ship laden with a precious freightage of American soldier boys, and here we're legging it like a frightened bird, weaving in and out on sharp tacks. We knew, of course, that we were under orders to get safely away if we could in case one of those sea adders, the submarines, should attack our convoy."

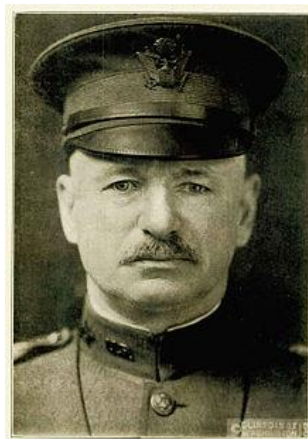
Although Cobb knew ships would be hurrying to the rescue and land was not far away, "I think I never felt such an object of shame as I felt that first moment when the realization dawned on me that we were fleeing from a stricken vessel instead of hastening back to give what succor we could."

At first, survivor Wayland Kier of *Baraboo*, Wisconsin, thought rescue was going to be quite easy. All he had to do was get on deck, he figured, and then jump onto a nearby ship sailing in

the convoy. But “much to my surprise,” Wayland found, there were no ships. “They all had orders for full speed ahead.” As the destroyers steamed away, they dropped depth charges (called “depth bombs” at the time). These new weapons had been in short supply until late in 1917, but now more plentiful amounts were supplied to destroyers. In 1937, Earl Knight recalled, “Destroyers on the convoy made several circles around the stricken boat, dropping depth bombs in an effort to hit the submarine that had sent the torpedo.”

The helpless *Tuscania* was now alone, and listing, and exposed to another torpedo attack – and no one knew how long she had to live. A sense of abandonment likely swept over the survivors on deck.

The return of three destroyers - the *Grasshopper*, *Mosquito* and *Pigeon* - and their rescue efforts meant life for most of the *Tuscania* passengers. General William G. Haan of the 32nd Division, writing on January 24, 1924, said, “It must have been a frightful thing to be blown up that way in the darkness of the night, as I recall it now, and in the winter time spilled into the water. I confess that I was agreeably surprised at the small number that was killed.”



Major General William G. Haan, commanding officer in France of the 32nd Infantry Division (the “Red Arrow” division, which became known as “Les Terribles”)

That more casualties did not result is due to the proximity of rescue craft, that the *Tuscania* remained afloat for three or more hours, and the proximity of the Scottish coast. Chief Officer R.W. Smart of the *Tuscania* gave credit to the ship and its crew. “The reason the transport *Tuscania* remained afloat so long was due to the strength and number of her bulkheads and the fact that all water tight doors were closed, when the vessel entered the danger zone.” He also credited the “coolness and splendid behavior of all” without which the loss of life would have been more extensive.

The 2nd Destroyer Flotilla captain reported on February 7, 1918, some difficulties in reining in the departing convoy. *SS Westmoreland*, *SS Kursk* and another ship in the starboard column increased speed and forged ahead at 7:30 p.m. (6:30 p.m.). The captain tried to herd the three back into their stations, but only *Kursk* paid any attention. But “no notice was taken of my

signal and I did not consider it advisable to continue to make signals to them or leave my screening station or to follow them.” Being it was very dark, HMS *Savage* was unaware these ships had parted company with the convoy, so *Savage* and HMS *Beagle* continued in contact with the three ships which had left.

HMS *Cochrane* also increased speed and parted company with the convoy around 9:30 (8:30) p.m. As *Cochrane* drew ahead of the convoy, it signaled that it thought two ships in the starboard column had crossed the convoy’s front. SS *Kanawha* headed off to Clyde when *Cochrane* departed from the convoy.

Meanwhile, the port wing column drew ahead of the convoy and SS *Scotian* “hailed out to port” and along with *Tunisian* lost touch with the rest of the convoy, accompanied by HMS *Badger*.

Orders had been issued to alter the route to west and south of the Isle of Man. Around 1:30 a.m. (12:30 a.m.) the 2nd Destroyer Flotilla captain aboard *Harpy* sees three rockets launched and receives a message from HMS *Savage* that SS *Westmoreland*, which it was escorting, has been torpedoed off the east coast of the Isle of Man, and is taking water into its No. 1 and No. 2 holds. The captain considers *Westmoreland*’s condition not critical and orders *Savage* to remain with her on their way to Liverpool. Arriving at the Liverpool Bar around 8:20 a.m. on the 6th were *Tunisian*, *Scotian* and *Badger*, with *Baltic*, *Oanfa II*, *Ceramic*, *Dwinsk*, *Orita* and *Kursk* arriving about 30 minutes later.



S.S. Tuscania

Part 11: Survival

There are only three options for leaving the *Tuscania*:

- transferring directly to another ship
- leaving via lifeboat or life raft
- being in the sea itself, at best holding onto something

Those who were rescued by destroyers directly off the *Tuscania* had the best chance of survival. Those in lifeboats rescued by the destroyers or trawlers, especially within a short time period, have good chances. Those in lifeboats that are dashed against the Islay coast – and those men who fell in the water – had poor to zero chances. Injury and hypothermia also decrease the odds of survival.

Spooner men were rescued in a variety of ways. The men in Emil Rauchstadt's lifeboat were picked up by a destroyer. Frank Marino was picked up by an armed trawler after two hours afloat. Charles F. Brisbin and his fellow lifeboat passengers were picked up by a torpedo boat.

For those in the water, the seas were high, the water cold, it was dark and wintry. Some are killed as they tried to leave the ship or afterwards while in the water – drowned, caught in propellers or suction, crushed by descending lifeboats, smashed between ships, struck by lifeboats or life rafts, dying from hypothermia, stunned by depth charges or the wash of water that engulfed them from those explosions. Some had jumped into the water voluntarily; some had slid off the deck due to the list. Some fell out of lifeboats during launching disasters. Washburn County soldiers Frank Brisbin, Frank Marino and Emil Rauchstadt wrote home that they had witnessed these deaths.

The men who jumped off the ship, especially shortly after the torpedoing, will stay afloat if they are wearing lifebelts, which some aren't. Any lengthy time in the water will result in death from hypothermia. "As it turned out, the worst thing you could do was jump," reflected Oliver Crump in 1968. "You didn't have a chance then. The men who jumped overboard were drowned." Crump said the first rumor spread that the ship would sink in ten minutes, which led to men jumping overboard. "They just went wild. You couldn't control them." Crump, afraid to jump because he could not swim, said that not only were many of the men jumping overboard on their own volition, but their corporals "were taking whole squads overboard. The captain was trying to keep them from it, but they jumped anyway."

Verne Hoyer wrote in a letter of February 8, 1918, that casualties were due to men "losing their heads and jumping overboard ... Believe me, those that jumped overboard soon regained their senses after striking that cold water. Many of them were pulled back on board." Fred Braem wrote that with each launch of the distress signals, which sounded like cannon shots in the quiet night, men would jump overboard, thinking the ship was being fired on. Leonard Read remembered that he and the 39 others assigned to a destroyed lifeboat "saw frightened persons dive panic stricken into the sea, never to be retrieved."

Private Howard Money, 20th Engineers, Co. E, of Rome, New York, wrote home that “Those fellows who lost their lives were themselves to blame, because they had at least two hours to get off before the ship sunk. Some were so excited that they jumped overboard two minutes after we were torpedoed. About ten minutes after we had been struck, I got off in a lifeboat, which held fifty-three fellows.”

A few men reported they floated for three hours in the ocean before rescue; one even claimed six hours in the water. Considering the cold temperature of the water, three hours would be the maximum time for survival. The water temperature was around 47 degrees Fahrenheit and death would come in one to three hours. Some men may have been floating on “something” – not simply in the water itself.

The *Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual 1919* lists war news from various counties in the state. One Wisconsin county, unidentified, submitted this report: “We are proud of the showing our boys made on the *Tuscania*. One of them swam several miles to shore after helping to save others.” The *Bulletin of the American Institute of Mining Engineers* (September 1918) reported Thomas McCourt Smither swam ten miles to Ireland. These claims are mistaken.

Islay resident Les Wilson in his 2018 book, *The Drowned and the Saved*, writes: “In February the water temperature is almost at its coldest in the seas around Islay – a fraction over eight degrees centigrade. [8 degrees centigrade = 46.4 degrees Fahrenheit] That’s cold enough to kill a man by hypothermia in about an hour. But before that happens, the body becomes increasingly incapacitated as the brain shuts down the muscles of the limbs in order to protect the body’s inner core temperature. Above all, the brain’s mission is to keep the body’s core temperature at 36.9 degrees centigrade. [94.8 degrees Fahrenheit] As it does so, a freezing man loses full use of his hands, arms and legs – and the ability to clasp onto a float, grab hold of a rock, or stagger ashore. Their heavy, exhausted limbs can cause them to drown before the hypothermia kills them.”

Crew fireman Thomas Campbell of Glasgow was picked up by a lifeboat. He was wearing a life belt and had rested his chin on an oar for support. It was estimated he floated for 2-1/2 hours. He was among sixteen who had been thrown into the water from a lifeboat.

Some survivors reported suicides, with one survivor reporting a man shooting himself with his pistol and another man, who had been in the hospital, stripping himself naked and jumping overboard. David Young reported the rumors: “According to stories told by some of the boys, several of the officers, feeling that it was the end, shot themselves rather than die by drowning. One fellow was seen with a handful of pins and bars taken from clothes of officers who had taken their own lives.” But - usually only officers were issued handguns; and only four commissioned officers died on *Tuscania*, with three of them buried on Islay, Scotland.

Joseph Capodice recalled: “Men who had never seen the inside of a church dropped to their knees.”

Spoonerite Frank Marino noted, “Some of those that got excited and jumped over board were crushed between the life boats and the ship. But our boys stood fast on the boat and waited until our boats came down.” Emil Rauchstadt of Shell Lake, Wisconsin, reported, “I saw a number of soldiers crushed between the boats.” Men were lost trying to jump the intervening space between the ship and a lifeboat, or trying to jump up to reach the boats in their davits.

While Clarence Norgren and Roy Muncaster were helping to launch a lifeboat, Norgren’s acquaintance, Ondis Powell of Oklahoma, tried to slide down a rope. “Just after he went over the side I heard a cry and I believe he fell into the water. Did not see him again,” reported Norgren. Ondis – dead at age 27.

A surprising source - the *Poverty Bay Herald* of Poverty Bay, New Zealand - in its March 23, 1918, article “U-Boat Did Bad Day’s Work for Huns” offered this synopsis.

“If the attack had occurred in daylight, the whole ship’s company might have escaped. But in the darkness of a moonless night [actually, close to moonless], with the ship rapidly listing, so that some of the boats could not be launched, while some were smashed by the explosions, and with many men aboard who had never been on the ocean before, there were all the possibilities of a general panic and wholesale drownings.”

Edward T. Fitzgerald wrote his employer Oscar Marx, the mayor of Detroit, in a letter printed in the March 2, 1918, *New York Times*: “I would like to forget, (but I know I never shall,) the scenes that followed. The dreadful groping about in the dark of those who were trying to locate lifebelts and boats. The unsuccessful attempts to launch many of the lifeboats, the breaking of cables, which emptied scores of poor fellows into the bitter cold water, the frantic and futile shouts of men who struggled as the high seas choked and chilled them, and the slow but steady listing of the great ship on its starboard side.”

Best-selling author Daniel Allen Butler, in *The Age of Cunard* (2004), wrote: “Immediately, a well-rehearsed lifeboat drill was underway, and in little more than an hour all the ship’s boats had been safely launched.” An example of the need to exercise caution when reading accounts of the *Tuscania*. The truth was far different. The lifeboats will bring death, not life, to many on the ship.



When one is down below on a sinking ship the question of whether it were best to save the new thirty-five dollar boots, a tooth brush, or the socks Aunt Maud had just knitted for you does not arise. – 1st Lt. Donald A. Smith

Part 12: The Lifeboats



Artist's rendition of the Tuscania's sinking, from the Saturday Evening Post, March 1918

The major problem for rescue and survival becomes the lifeboats – their condition, their launching procedures, and their destination. Lucky passengers were taken from lifeboats aboard another boat successfully, while unlucky men drifted to shore or experienced botched rescue attempts. The men in the lifeboats are not dressed warmly enough for winter weather, and were often wet, wearing damp, heavy wool clothing. Hypothermia will prove a killer, as will the cliffs waiting for some of the boats.

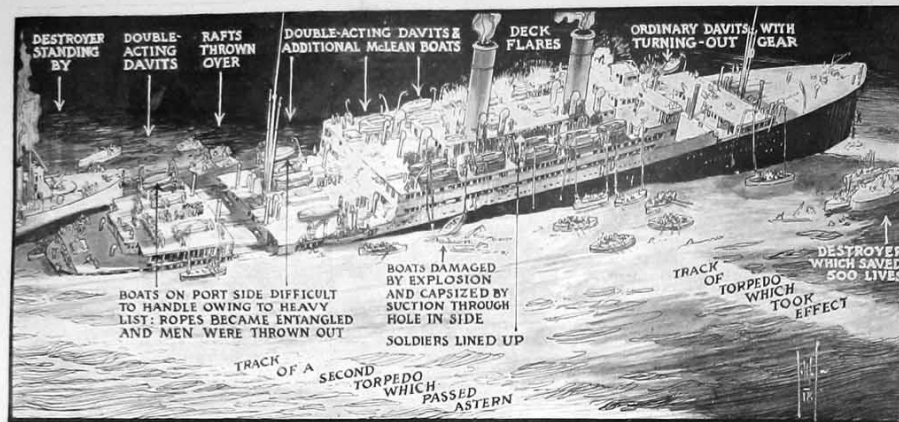
First Lieutenant Donald A. Smith, writing to the Chief of Army Transport Service on March 3, 1918, issued a strong indictment about the lifeboat situation, although some of his statistics/numbers are inaccurate.

“It is a fact that the loss of nearly two hundred of our men on the SS Tuscania, was due to causes completely within our control. The ship was afloat three hours and five minutes after being struck, and during the first hour, the list to starboard was not so excessive as to interfere with the launching of the life boats on the port side, that is to say, there was ample time to launch every boat on the vessel (except the two or three smashed boats.)

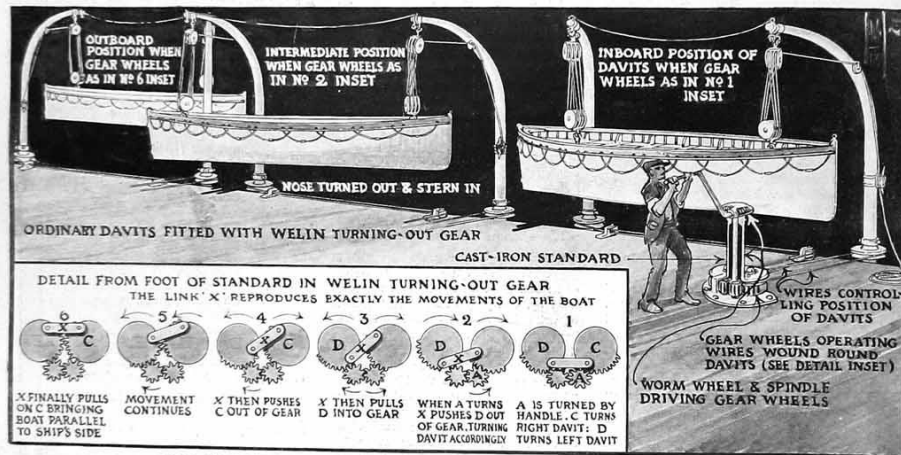
“While there was quite a stiff breeze from the south, the sea was not so rough as to make the launching of boats even difficult.

“There was boat capacity for every man on board, there was lots of time to launch them, yet approximately 1350 of our men remained on board, after the last boat had left the ship.”

One survivor summarized the state of the first three lifeboats he saw launched. The first lifeboat, he noted, had plunged into the sea when the ropes tore from the davits. The second was being properly lowered but was released by the crew before the correct time. The third lifeboat came down – carrying the British crew, not American soldiers.



A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE TRAGIC HAPPENINGS AS DESCRIBED BY SURVIVORS



ABOVE—THE DAVIT ON THE BOW LIFEBOATS

BELOW—THE DAVIT ON MOST OF THE BOATS



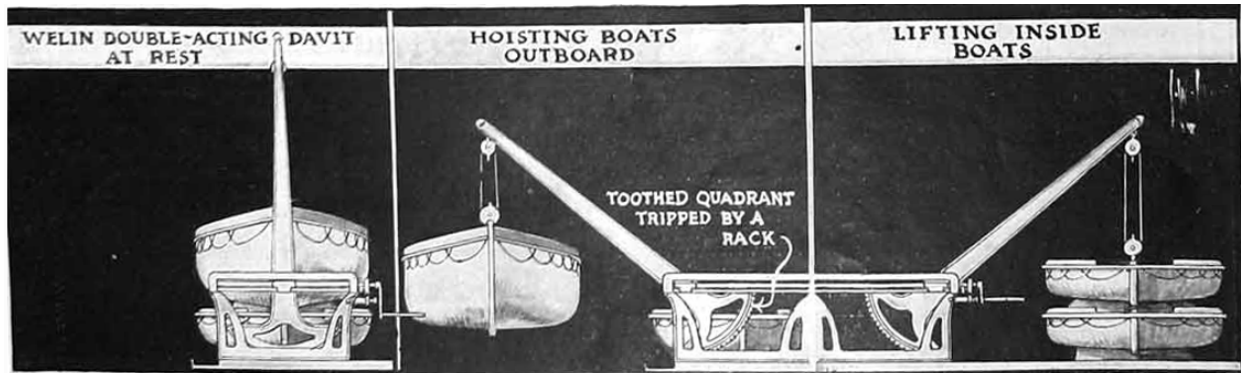
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Drawn by S. W. Clatworthy.

THE TORPEDOED TUSCANIA AND HER LIFE-SAVING EQUIPMENT

The comparatively small loss with which the tragic torpedoing of the *Tuscania* was attended was due, of course, in the first place to the splendid conduct of the "Sammicks," but some credit should also be given to the life-saving appliances provided, of which the chief item, the boat-handling gear, was of the most modern and approved type, in the reforms in such equipment, which dated from the now remote Titanic disaster. The diagrams explain the working of the gears. The bottom panel shows the well-known double-acting quadrant davit, which formed the chief item, and which handles boats placed abreast, so that double the number may be carried on the same length of side.

In theory --- and in reality, from the Graphic, 23 February 1918
Shown in the diagram: Welin davits were invented by Swedish inventor Axel Welin and used on the Titanic, and are still made by the Welin Lambie company; McLean Patent Decked Life-Boats were made by Hugh McLean & Sons, Ltd., Govan, Glasgow, Scotland.



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"Sammies" are the troops of Uncle Sam

The rush to the lifeboats, Harry Letton said, was due to the men "not recognizing that greater safety, could they but know it, lay on the foundering transport." Otto Bates, who had helped lower lifeboats but left the ship on a destroyer, noted: "The fellows that went down in the lifeboats were the ones who got hurt, as some were washed out by the sea and then when the destroyer came up alongside, it squashed a lifeboat between it and the *Tuscania*."

Although messages transmitted on deck via yelling into megaphones promised "there is no danger of her sinking before all have been taken off," really no one knew how long the *Tuscania* had to live. And several, like Donald Smith, were well aware that the *Tuscania*'s sister ship, the *Transylvania*, had sunk only forty minutes after being torpedoed on May 4, 1917, in the Mediterranean Sea, as it carried 2,000 troops to Egypt. There were 412 casualties.

The second lieutenant of the 107th Engineers Train allegedly stationed himself in front of the davits of the lifeboats assigned to his unit, pulled out his automatic and told his men he was going to get everyone in his outfit off the ship – and he'd leave last. There were no casualties in the 107th Engineers.

"We lost our men through faulty lowering of the boats." – Lt. Donald A. Smith, from "Headquarters American Army in Ireland," Victoria Barracks, Belfast, Ireland

Most lives lost on the *Tuscania* were linked to lifeboats, either at shipside, while adrift or crashing into the rocks of the isle of Islay. These deaths arose from a variety of situations.

Lifeboat drills – There are conflicting reports about their availability and thoroughness.

First Lieutenant Donald A. Smith wrote: “The point of the whole business is that our own soldiers who had the unexpected work of lowering the life boats, had no idea as to how the davits had to be managed to get a boat safely into the water.”

“We had boat drill every day at 2 P.M., this boat drill consisted simply of U.S. officers and soldiers taking their stations. By the time we were two days out of Halifax, our men knew their proper stations (which were changed frequently the first few days) and at the critical time our men were at their proper places. But in these boat drills, the davits and falls [lowering ropes] were not touched, hardly examined, for it was understood that a ships [sic] officer and six of the ships [sic] crew would be at each boat station to lower boats. Our only part was to be done by twenty men at each station who were there to assist in lifting the collapsible boats over to the davits after the first boat (swung out through the latter part of the voyage) was lowered. No members of the ships [sic] crew appeared at the boat drills.”

“My point is,” added Smith, “that practically all our loss would have been avoided had our men had a single opportunity to lower a boat into the water. We laid 24 hours in Halifax Harbor in smooth water, where an honest life boat drill could have been held. It is folly to depend upon the crews of British Ships to do the work of lowering the boats. Practically all the old sailors are in the navy and I understand that fully one third of every merchant crew shipped, consists of lads never having been at sea before. The ships [sic] officers are competent, but they are nearly all very busy for some time after an accident and it is inevitable that on a torpedoed transport, expected to go down every minute, the soldiers are not going to stand around and wait until someone comes along and lowers a boat for them. They will lower them themselves, quite rightly, for it is an even chance no one will come at all, and in order to do so effectively, these land lubbers, as most of our soldiers are, must have at least one chance to learn how to do it. British ships have never made much of a practice of actually putting a boat in the water during boat drill but when they are loaded with U.S. soldiers, certainly when there is a golden opportunity for it as there was for us at Halifax – they should have orders to stage the regular thing.”

Damage and destruction – The explosion following the torpedoing damaged or destroyed many boats or their davits.

First Lieutenant Cornelius L. (“Neal”) Harrington of Wisconsin noted: “The casualties, I am afraid, are heavy, due chiefly to the fact that the force of the explosion had blown many of the lifeboats to atoms, and in other cases the tackle of the emergency boats got very much tangled, and they could not be launched.” Richard Outcault, Jr., arrived on deck to find his assigned lifeboat had been destroyed.

Leonard Thomas Meshke



Leonard Thomas Meshke, Co. D, 107th Supply Train, found himself in a double quandary, discovering that the falling superstructure had destroyed his assigned lifeboat, and “to further compound the situation, he did not know how to swim.”

Lieutenant E. Denman McNear of Petaluma, California, had been assigned to lifeboat Number 9 with 69 other officers and enlisted men. Following the on-deck boxing bouts and finding it too dark at the time to see either Scotland or Ireland, he was completing the writing of two letters when the torpedo hit. He who had always been prepared now could not find his lifebelt. So off to his stateroom went Denman to grab his Brooks Brothers life-saving suit – and his life preserver. His \$60 life-saving suit would be worth the cost many times over, he wrote later.

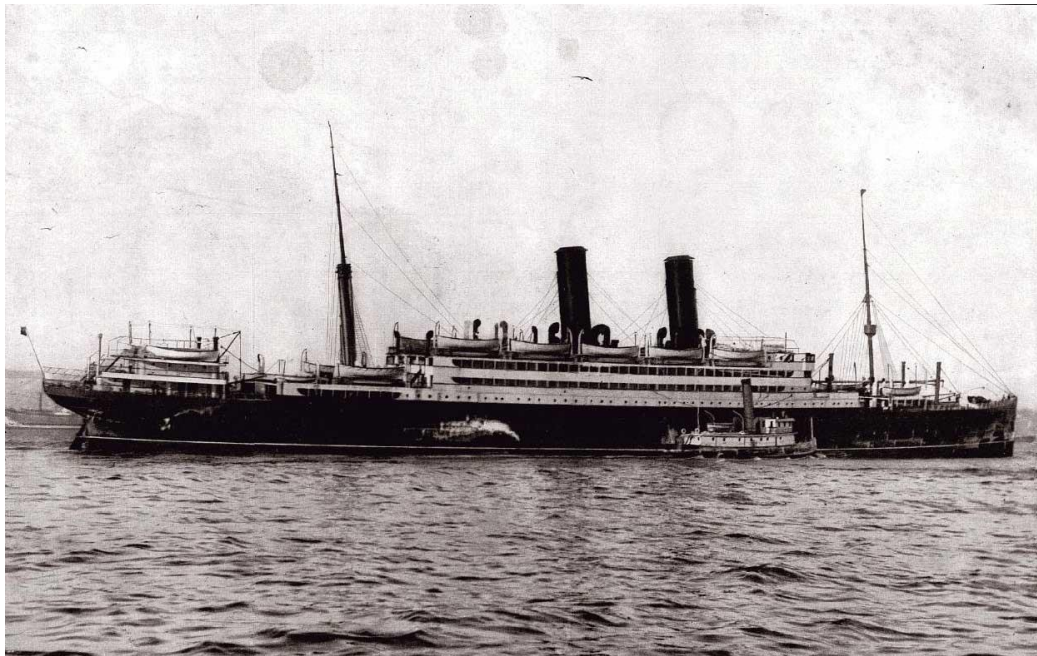
But McNear discovered a problem with his assigned lifeboat. “I learned that No. 9 had been lifted from the position opposite the deck where it hung in its davits, and was lashed to the rail, it had been lifted I say to the boat deck by the forces of the explosion, and it landed on the boat deck in such a manner that no amount of work could budge, and 9a, 9b, and 9c were very successfully and completely blocked behind it.”

Boats 9a, 9b and 9c – like those A, B and C boats at each of the other stations - were space-saving collapsible boats, with wooden bottoms and folding canvas sides, plus copper tanks for flotation. The canvas sides were pulled up to form the boat. At each station, both the main wooden lifeboat and the three collapsible ones had to be swung out and lowered far enough so people could get into them at deck level. Then two crewmen, ideally, would use the falls (ropes) and block-and-tackle at the lifeboat’s bow and stern to lower the lifeboat down the ship’s side 50 or 60 feet – evenly and sufficiently slowly – to land parallel to the water and without extreme speed.

Also assigned to lifeboat No. 9 was Lawrence C. Bell of the 158th Aero Squadron, who found upon arrival at No. 9 that his lifeboat “had met with a mishap, which left 50 of us boatless. We had strict orders, not to get in any other boat, for it might be overloaded, or we would cheat someone out of his place who had been assigned to that boat.” Upon being asked by the sergeant of his squadron to help save the squadron records, some of which had been brought on deck, Bell concluded saving records was a lose/lose situation. “We saw no chance of saving them and not much chance for ourselves to escape.”

McNear also noted that the four boats at No. 7 were out of commission, “for quite a bit of damage had been done to them by the torpedo, cracking boats, davits, etc.”

George Ray Stephenson wrote in June 1918: “I was one of the unlucky ones, for when we got to our deck all to be found that looked like it might have been a lifeboat was a lot of splintered timbers.”



Note in this photograph of Tuscania the lifeboats on the top deck in their davits, at the base of the funnels

Several men, like William Stoveken, upon finding their assigned lifeboats were damaged, figured it was not all right to take another man's place in his assigned lifeboat. "Our boat was shattered by the force of the explosion, so there was naught to do but grab another man's chance or wait for help from other sources." Stanley F. Wellman too noted "no man would have been coward enough at this time to get another life boat and thereby, perhaps, take another man's life."

Lieutenant Asbury Vale recalled in 1918 that Company B, 107th Supply Train, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, found that "the life boats assigned to us were directly over the spot where the torpedo struck and were kindling wood when we got on deck."

Wayland Kier of Baraboo had made his way to his lifeboat where "I found the lifeboat I had been assigned to was dashed to pieces by the explosion."

Leonard Read and his 39 comrades assigned to lifeboat No. 10 "stood awestruck. The torpedo had hit directly below our lifeboat, blowing it to smithereens. There was no lifeboat, not even any splinters – just the dangling ends of the block and tackle. We forty had nothing to do but contemplate our plight and observe the frantic scene."

Neal Harrington of Hurley, Wisconsin, reported that he, Oscar Peterson (later a resident of Spooner) and Art Evanson (alternatively spelled Evenson) had fallen a distance of 25 feet into the ocean as their lifeboat descended since "the ropes being damaged by the explosion,

snapped in the pulleys.” When a lifeboat fell from the upper deck near them, the three were thrown by a big wave into the boat.

Lifeboat difficulties due to the ship’s list – The lifeboats on the starboard side are out of reach; the ones on the port side have to be skidded down the ship’s side.

The ship’s immediate list to starboard made launching the lifeboats on the starboard side very difficult or almost impossible. The boats were hanging out up in the air, and their davit position and waves made them unreachable. Some starboard lifeboats had been damaged by the rush of steam and debris in the explosion following the torpedo hit. Men fell overboard while jumping up to try to reach the starboard lifeboats.

On the port side, where the lifeboats were jammed against the ship’s side due to its list, or resting on the deck, it was necessary to slide lifeboats down the rivet-filled sloping side of the ship, using the oars as levers, with the ropes catching on the rivets. Men also crawled on their hands and knees down the port side. As the port lifeboats filled with troops and were lowered, they were battered against the side of the ship by the waves. Oars broke as they were used to absorb the impact. Leo Zimmermann’s lifeboat had come down “with a jerky seesaw motion,” striking the sides of the ship due to the list so that the lifeboat had to be manually wrestled off. Now nearing the water, he recognized the “underside” of the *Tuscania* by its dark color and could feel its rounded edge as the lifeboat hit the ship’s side. “Pocket knives at times were used to cut the taut davit ropes!” he wrote, and “after breaking a few oars we managed to row away from the doomed vessel and avoid its propellers grinding us to pieces.”

Lieutenant McNear watched men struggling to launch a port lifeboat “but the list to starboard was so great by this time that the boat could not be put over the port side. The davits would not throw the boat out because they were tipped so far back, due to the ship’s list.”

McNear said by the time his lifeboat was launched, all attempts to launch any lifeboat from the port side had ceased – “impossible.”

The British crew – Some Americans claimed that the crew failed to report to their stations, were not well-trained and abandoned ship before their passengers.

Captain Jack Boddington of the Orders and Medals Society of Northern California wrote: “The crew of the *TUSCANIA* were criticized in the many reports of conduct penned by each of the American officers on the vessel as being disorganized, insubordinate and concerned primarily with their own safety as opposed to that of the passengers and troops.”

The promised presence at launching of ship’s officers and lifeboat assistants failed; the crew was “almost non-existent as far as help was concerned,” wrote Donald A. Smith. The ship’s officers were busy with other duties like sending up flare rockets and starting the emergency dynamo. Smith, who did not have a gun, threatened to shoot a ship’s fireman trying to enter the first boat, claiming it was his assigned station. The fireman skedaddled.

Several American troops claimed the crew was busy “deserting” – leaving on the first lifeboats. “My lifeboat was taken by the crew,” Edward T. Lauer wrote years later. Lauer called it “desertion of part of the crew.” He said that given the conditions with the lifeboats and the British crew, “I wonder just how many would have been saved” had three destroyers not been involved in the rescue. “We followed instructions previously taught us at lifeboat drills. We moved to our assigned positions with little loss of time. Here we found not all was well. The ship’s crew failed to display proper training in the handling of lifeboats and gear,” wrote Lauer.

Captain James Moore Farrin and 1st Lieutenant Shelby McCall Saunders used the same phrase to describe the crew – “conspicuous by their absence.”

Franklin E. Folts, 2nd lieutenant, who survives to teach management at Harvard Business School for three decades, has an immediate management problem, since three fellow officers have failed to show and he now has to oversee launching two lifeboats. Also failing to report for duty were 11 crew members for the two boats. “There were supposed to be six men of the ship’s crew to launch and man each lifeboat, but those that were assigned to my two boats, with the exception of one man, never showed up. If they were all like that one, I was glad that they never did.” The sole crew member released his rope at the davit, and “then that boat was one end in the water and the other in the air, and over half of the men who were in it were thrown out.”

Complaints were made by American officers that the crew cut the ropes instead of unhooking the blocks, rendering the falls useless for future launch attempts.

First Lieutenant Arthur Louis Chamberlin was greatly incensed, outraged enough to commit violence. Seeing the crew had lowered the lifeboat with them in it and no Americans - and then seeing them ignoring the pleas of men in the water to take them aboard, instead spending the time asking each other for a knife to cut the davit rope, which would prevent those aboard from launching any more lifeboats - and finally rowing away, he ordered them to return to the ship. “They paid no heed to me, and I cursed and threatened them but they paid no heed. If I had a pistol I would have killed them in the boat as they were leaving.”

Even once afloat on the sea, 2nd Lieutenant Charles Scott Patterson found fault with the conduct of the crewmen aboard his lifeboat, and their number. There were 12 crewmen and 40 Americans in his boat, but only two of the crew were of any assistance; he praised John MacLean (McLean). There were only supposed to be six crewmen aboard.

In the crew’s defense, after the United Kingdom had been at war for four years, it was unlikely that the British crew consisted of prime seamen, who had been siphoned off to the Royal Navy. The crew was inexperienced and young; many were teenage boys. First Lieutenant Donald A. Smith wrote in 1925: “The best men of the British mercantile marines were all by that time in the Navy; the crews were anything that could be picked up in Liverpool and Glasgow.” He provided the statistic that one-third of such crews were themselves first-time sailors.

Captain Keller E. Rockey of the U.S. Marine Corps, who will be sent to the isle of Islay by the U.S. Army, determined that the principal cause of casualties aboard ship was "Dereliction of duty on the part of the ship's crew whose duty was to lower the boats."

Captain Rockey reported:

"The conduct of the American troops, with one or two possible exceptions, was all that could be expected. The men remained cool and obeyed orders. The conduct of the ship's crew and the British Naval gun crew on the other hand was very bad. The men deserted their stations, lowered boats for themselves, and in their frantic haste cut away the lower blocks instead of releasing the tackle, which put the falls temporarily out of commission. The casualties as shown by the data now available are 3 officers and 219 men. They may be divided into two classes – those lost in abandoning ship, and those lost making a landing at Islay Island. Considering that the ship remained afloat for three hours after being hit and the work of the Destroyers, the first class of casualties might have been prevented, and with proper knowledge of seamanship the second class greatly reduced, if not prevented entirely."

The crew had a different view of events. The *Evening News* of Great Britain quoted 17-year-old mess room steward, John McMahon of Glasgow, who was standing at the mess room door on the port side when the torpedo hit. "There was no rushing for the boats. I got into one of the earliest to be lowered. As far as I know, all of them were launched safely. The sea was pretty rough, and it was bitterly cold." He said his boat had 53 occupants, including the two female stewardesses, and they floated four-and-a-half hours before being picked up by a destroyer. One of the stewardesses, however, claimed a float time of 40 minutes, while Edward Lauer, in this same boat, recalled rowing an hour or more before rescue by the *Grasshopper*. Only one incident of this night in which the trauma of the event produced conflicting recollections.

Captain McLean's cabin boy reported that his crew colleagues "stuck by the ship until all the soldiers had been disembarked." He said he himself jumped into the sea 90 minutes after the torpedoing, and spent two hours clinging to the bottom of an upturned boat. The same boy reported that second mate G.K. Lynes (whom he terms "Lyons") showed coolness and bravery as he assisted in launching the starboard lifeboats. Lynas, all of 5 feet, 3 inches, and 140 pounds, lifted an unconscious man from the deck and, leaning over, placed him in a lowering lifeboat as it passed by. The second officer was quoted in newspapers that the Americans "behaved splendidly and maintained perfect discipline throughout the ordeal."

The same "boy," an Irish member of the crew from Glasgow, in an Associated Press interview printed in the *Cornell Daily Sun* of February 11, 1918, praised the crew (of which he was a member). "The conduct of all the officers and crew was magnificent," the boy declared, "and they stuck by the ship until all of the soldiers had disembarked." Not so, said several Americans.

While the ship's officers were otherwise engaged, the crew found themselves faced with impatient American soldiers, intent on survival, who decided to lower the lifeboats themselves.

Besides the Americans claiming some of the British crew took some lifeboats for themselves, other survivors asserted the British crew was not competent at lifeboat launching.

Edward T. Lauer said when he reached his assigned lifeboat – 6A – he saw that the first lifeboat – No. 6 – was not being lowered correctly. “It plunged downward to the water after the ropes tore.” His lifeboat, 6A, was lowered correctly, but when it reached the bottom, it was the British crew who left with it.

Now waiting for the next lifeboat, Lauer saw some British crew and a few officers in that boat. An American officer with a revolver was telling men they needed to leave in their assigned lifeboats and refused admission to that boat. But men whose lifeboats had been damaged in the explosion following the torpedoing, or those unreachable in the davits, were beginning to scramble for space on the remaining boats.

On the port side, Lauer, noticing four empty seats in the departing boat, jumped up on the rail, grabbed a rope, braced his foot against a steel plate of the *Tuscania*’s side, and swung out – since the lifeboat was about ten feet from the ship – and landed in the boat with one foot, then dragged the rest of himself in, gun threat notwithstanding. He was followed by Henry Hansen of Rhinelander, Wisconsin. Wisconsin buddy Wladyslaw (“Walter”) Kujawa had chosen a rope that was too short, one that had torn, and ended up in the water, “overcoat and all,” wrote Lauer. Kujawa was pulled into the lifeboat out of the ocean. Kujawa will not come home alive, however, dying in France of disease.

First Lieutenant Donald A. Smith in his report to the Chief of the Army Transport Service wrote: “After the explosion, I know of only one boat station where a competent ships [sic] officer was superintending our men in lowering the boats.” At one station, “an old fellow, probably the boatswain, was in charge, but at no station was more of a mess made of things than at his.” Lieutenant Richards Jarden said of the 12 crewmen assigned to his lifeboat, one was “more worked up over it than any of my men” and the other 11 were not on the job.

The *Tuscania* officers tried to regain control of the lifeboat situation, and got the American officers to follow suit. One *Tuscania* officer marched back and forth yelling, “Trust in John Bull’s destroyers. There is no danger of her sinking before we all are taken off the ship.” Soon the men were placed in formation (or more likely some of them were) and in an effort to bring calm, the troops were asked to sing “The Star-Spangled Banner” – or “America,” while the British crew used the same tune to sing their national anthem, “God Save the King.” Now the lifeboat operations resumed under the direction of the ship’s officers.

Launching by the untrained in difficult conditions – In “do-it-yourself” efforts, American soldiers attempted to launch the lifeboats, with unfortunate results.

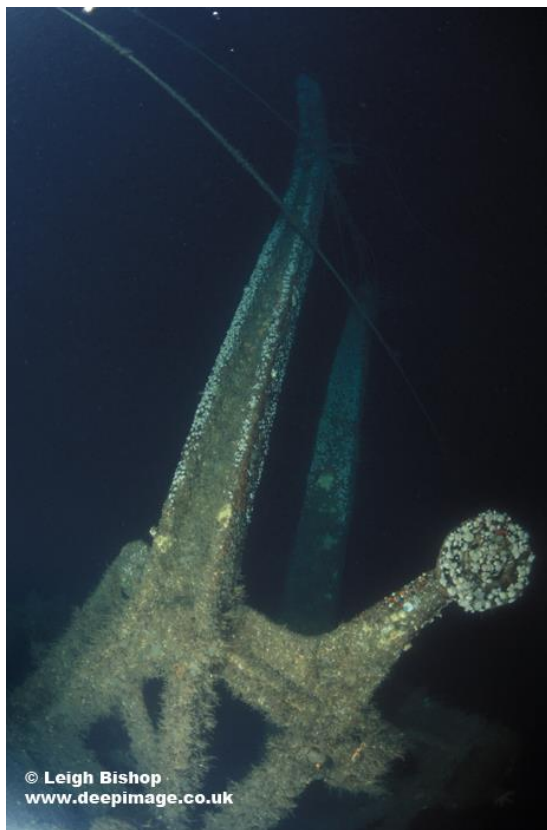
Untrained American soldiers, not sailors, many aboard a ship for the first time, attempted to launch lifeboats in challenging conditions, on a tilting ship, in the dark and cold. Guy Paulson, age 21, reported to the home folks that Spooner boys helped release the lifeboats. In explaining

the lifeboat launching failures, Donald Smith noted: “Our men were woodsmen rather than sailors.”

Harry Pike Letton of the Officer Reserve Corps commented: “The boat was manned by young soldiers, able to handle a plow or drive a motorbus, but unknowing in way of bringing down a life saving boat, in spite of many drills.”

Each lifeboat davit held four lifeboats. If one or more of the boats was launched unsuccessfully, it ended up entangled with one or more of the others, or prevented the other lifeboats behind it from being launched. “To get one boat away, the falls often were so fouled that they had to be cut, consequently putting the three boats yet to be lowered from that davit out of business,” wrote 1st Lieutenant Donald A. Smith. The “falls” of the time were manila ropes that were used to lower a lifeboat from its supporting davit. It would be the year 1926 before A.F. Schat patented a self-braking winch system that lowered a lifeboat evenly. Today, falls are wire, rather than rope.

The main lifeboat, such as the No. 9 lifeboat assigned to Lieutenant McNear, always hung in the davits. At each davit, the other three lifeboats – A, B, C – were collapsible boats. If the main lifeboat could not be launched, the other three behind it could not be launched.



Left: A lifeboat davit on the Tuscania, 90 years after the ship's loss. Right: Chain from a Tuscania lifeboat, in the Museum of Islay Life (photograph by Marilyn Gahm, 3 May 2018).

The inexperienced launchers overloaded one of the first boats, which broke away from the davits and hit the water, disintegrating the boat and tossing its occupants into the sea. The troops having learned that lesson, the next boats carried fewer people.

Allen O. Abrahams of Bridgeport, Connecticut, accidentally fell overboard while working with others to straighten out some block-and-tackle needed to launch lifeboats. After 20 minutes in the water, he was picked up by a fairly empty lifeboat, which then picked up “quite a few lads.” They will drift until 1 a.m. when they sight land a few hundred feet away. This land will be the rocks of Islay, which will prove fatal to five in his boat.

Some boats drifted away empty – or only partially filled. Orville Crump’s lifeboat had a capacity of 24, but was only carrying ten. Oars got broken; lifeboats were cracked and leaking.

The “13” set of lifeboats proved an unlucky number. James Ruddle Rains, Company E, 20th Engineers, describes how the rope broke while launching lifeboat 13-A, throwing the men into the water and the boat on top of them. He helped lower 13-B and was planning to go down to it on a rope; those still alive from 13-A swam over to it. High wind and large waves prevented those in 13-B from handling the boat, and it drifted back to *Tuscania* – only to have a raft break loose from the top deck and land on top of 13-B. “I do not think there was anyone saved.”

Condition of the equipment – Not top quality.

Some reported the davit ropes were loose or torn or rotten. The 20th Engineers “discovered the boat tackle in many cases to be fouled or rotted and unfit for use.”

Lifeboat cables became tangled. First Lt. Smith recalled how Private Roy Muncaster and Sergeant Everett E. Harpham, with others, worked for an hour on pulleys and cables. In contrast to those reports, Herbert C. Rydell claimed in a July 2, 1978, letter that there were new ropes affixed to some lifeboat davits – and new ropes tend to twist.

And exactly where was the useful equipment located on a lifeboat? In his critical report after the event, First Lt. Donald A. Smith asked the Chief of the Army Transport Service why men were not told beforehand what equipment on the lifeboats was available for survival, and where it was stowed. “With the possibility of our men being afloat for hours, even days, in a life boat, it would be highly valuable if first the officers and then thru them every man aboard were shown where matches, flares, compass, food, water, axe, etc. were kept in the life boats, also the way in which the flares are lighted. The exact position of the various articles should be actually pointed out. The lighting of a flare should be illustrated. This would not be a difficult proposition but would rather be a means of relieving the tedium of the passage, and it may be most valuable.”

Smith was quite sensitive about the operation of flares, since he and his boat almost crashed onto the rocks of Islay because no one knew how to light the flares – until the last moment.

Lifeboats that spill out their passengers – due to faulty launching technique by “amateurs.”

The soldiers launching the boats sometimes failed to assure that the winches lowering the boats maintained the same tension on each side, causing a boat to tilt and spill out its passengers, as one rope was taut but the other side loose, upending the boat.

Writing in 1956, Leonard Read explained the lifeboat system. “They were raised and lowered not as modern boats by motor control, but manually, by two sets of block and tackle, one forward and one aft, with a crew of men assigned to each.”

First Lieutenant Donald Smith recalled: “Our men had to lower the boats, they made an awful mess of it. I saw one boat containing about 25 men, dropped nearly thirty feet flat onto a crowded boat in the water. I saw another boat dropped perpendicular, spilling the 25 or more occupants out, into the water like a sack of beans, then down went the boat, stern first, among them. This type of accident happened several times.”

Arthur J. Siplon, Sr., wrote: “Men attempting to take boats down were spilled into the chilling water like cubes out of a dice box. This was caused by lines getting fouled, then some excited person would cut it loose with an axe with disastrous results.”

Lieutenant Joerns hastened to No. 12 lifeboat, and he was told to take charge of it. “What I saw on the way nearly shattered my faith in lifeboats.” He saw a boat, almost lowered to the water, buckle, with “its splinters bayonetting some of our troops and its collapse throwing the rest of them into the sea. Perhaps it was overloaded in the middle or maybe just rotten.”

First Lieutenant Cornelius L. (Neal) Harrington of Wisconsin, who had fortuitously been sitting on top of his life preserver while chatting with others in his stateroom on Deck C, immediately went on deck after the torpedo hit. “I got to my lifeboat with several of the men, and when we got in, the crew began to lower away, but something happened to the tackle, and we were all tipped out from a height of 50 feet.”

After his fall of 50 feet, Harrington surfaced and swam to a rope dangling from the *Tuscania*. While hanging on, he escaped being hit by a lifeboat that fell only a few feet from him. Harrington swam over to that lifeboat and began to drag others onboard, for a total of thirteen men. Although Harrington’s boat was full of water, the air chambers kept it afloat. “We drifted away in the darkness. We began to bail the water out, and rowed for about 3 hours, singing and shouting. We had on board two of the ship’s company [the British crew]. They were young lads only in shirts and the cold was intense.” After three hours, a patrol boat came alongside and took them to an Irish port.

Archie Meredith described a boat halfway to the water whose rope on one end broke. “The boat hung like a peapod, spilling men into the icy water.”

Frank Marino of Spooner wrote that seeing the tipped lifeboats was “a terrible scene.” Spoonerite Frank Brisbin reported that everyone witnessing the departure of his lifeboat was sure it would turn over. Luckily for him it stayed upright. Bugler Brisbin of Spooner told his family that he took special care of his bugle that night, and reported sliding down ropes to a lifeboat with his bugle. The officer he landed on cushioned his fall.



Left: George Moreno, Camp Travis, Detachment 2 - Tuscania casualty at age 25. His father was an immigrant from Mexico.

Left: Frank Marino cradling his bugle, Spooner (WI) Advocate, August 9, 1918. His father was an immigrant from Italy.



U.S. Army bugle from World War I – \$6.25 purchase price by the Army. General Pershing ordered bugler Hartley Edwards to sound “Taps” on this bugle at 11 a.m. on November 11, 1918 (11-11-11), a signal that World War I had ended.

<http://americanhistory.si.edu/blog/2013/11/the-bugle-that-sounded-the-end-of-world-war-i.html>

Lifeboats that fall on top of other lifeboats/life rafts or men – resulting in men in the water, injury and death.

Some lifeboats were let down on swimmers in the water. “Immediately all was confusion,” recalled Earl Knight in his 1937 interview, “with most of the men on board trying to get the lifeboats into service. Someone cut the ropes on one of the boats and dropped 53 men into the water. Life rafts were pressed into service.”

Dick Vineyard, remaining on deck to direct operations, ordered his men in their lowered lifeboat to cast off from the port side. “The list was bothersome” on the port side, he wrote. The boat was drifting about a boat-length from the ship, when the next boat being lowered broke its line and dropped into his men’s boat, killing several and capsizing both boats. Vineyard and other watchers stood helpless as the ones who had been hurt cried for help. “There wasn’t a thing we could do for them and they just floating there in the water in their lifebelts. It’s something that I would like to blot from my mind, but can’t.” Lt. Joerns recalled that “from the inky brine came the death calls of drowning men.” Now Vineyard climbed to the fouled tackle and began to cut it away.

Warren Kendall McCarty and Donald A. Smith of the 100th Aero Squadron were on a lifeboat that upended. While most of the men fell out, both Warren and Donald reported that they grabbed their seats and stayed aboard on the descent. Their boat had just reached the water, when a loaded boat smashed on top of their boat, tearing off one side. Both wrote identical words in their memoirs: “I don’t know how it missed me.” Neither of the two had a lifebelt so they stuck with the lifeboat. They and their dozen companions – with only one oar for the entire boat – drifted for two hours, until rescued by the destroyer *Grasshopper*.

Lt. Joerns had arrived at the No. 12 lifeboat station to find his boat with 50 men was already being lowered and was ten feet below “B” deck. Having observed two earlier launching disasters, he watched the scene with horror but decided to join the group. Swinging over the side and grabbing a rope with both hands, he failed in his attempt to slide down the rope but instead fell into the boat with a crash.

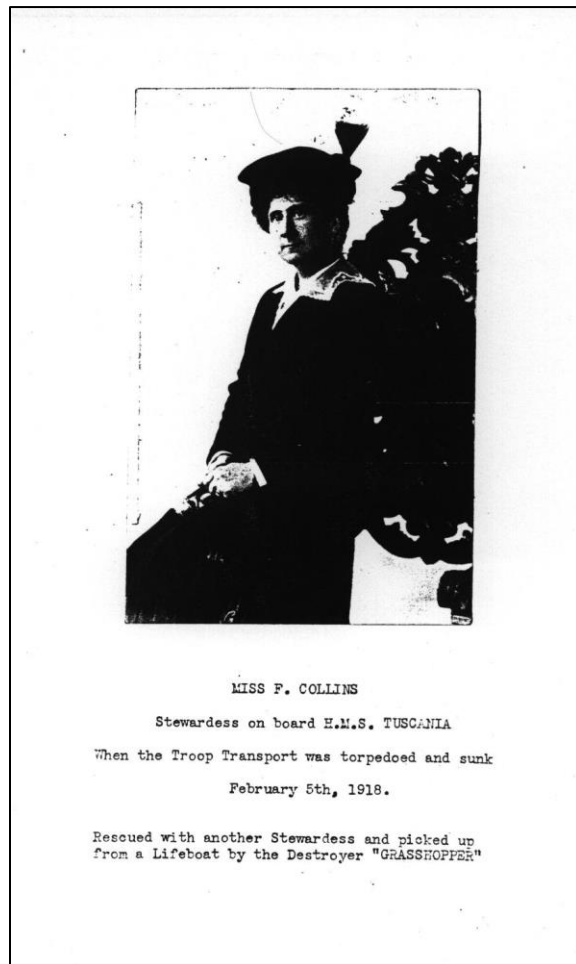
Joerns’s lifeboat continued to descend, but faster at its stern than its bow, and soon the boat was dangling at an angle of nearly 45 degrees – with men screaming, “clinging to the boat for dear life.” Although “plumb scared,” Joerns told one of the men to climb to the bow, while he slid down to the stern. “I yelled to him to cut the bow line and a second later I cut the stern. We dropped to safety on the crest of a wave.”

Their successful launch meant death for others. “But lucky as we were, another lifeboat was not. The passengers had permitted their boat to drift directly under ours, and we crashed down on top of them. Their boat gave way beneath us and disappeared. There was only one survivor. I pulled him out of the water and wrapped him in my overcoat.” When Joerns left his stateroom shared with Lt. Clifford Wellington Waller, both heading to the top deck, he had picked up that overcoat, telling Waller, “It may keep someone from freezing before morning.”

Upon reaching deck, George A. Clark saw Dudley H. Marsh, age 22, get into a lifeboat ahead of him. Clark was about to step into the boat, when the next lifeboat came down on top of Marsh and the other occupants of the boat, crushing them. Marsh's body was never recovered.

First Lt. Donald A. Smith said "Boats were lowered and were towed alongside (while the ship still had some leeway), the occupants seemingly unable to unhook the falls, dropping back under another davit, another boat would come down and both be tipped over. Falls were cut in order to allow filled boats to leave the side of the ship, thereby putting the boats supposed to follow from that davit out of commission entirely. At least half of our loss must have been due to men being crushed by falling lifeboats, by getting into the water and being crushed between boats and the side of the liner."

The two British stewardesses aboard, both at least twenty-year veterans of the sea – Mrs. Flora Jane Collins (age 45) and Mrs. Mary Corson (age 61) – made their way across the deck amid requests to "Step aside, boys, the ladies are coming." And down the ropes to a lifeboat, the women slid – "as fancy as any sailor," recalled Joerns. Fitzgerald recalled the women being in the last lifeboat launched, but that was contradicted by Mrs. Collins herself. Edward T. Lauer, later the secretary/treasurer of the National Tuscania Survivors Association, found himself in the lifeboat with the two women.



In an interview, Mrs. Collins said those in her boat saw many men thrown out of the next lifeboat being lowered. Since her boat only had two men to handle the oars, the boat passengers began picking up the men in the icy water who were swimming, wearing lifebelts or floating on objects. "Soon the boat was very full. We witnessed many distressing scenes." Mrs. Collins (5 feet, 7-1/2 inches, and 128 pounds) held onto the hands of one soldier in the water who could not be taken onboard the overfull boat, also holding his head above water, but he died before the destroyer *Grasshopper* picked them up four-and-a-half hours later.

A soldier who overheard this interview with Mrs. Collins added: "You did as much as the best man in the world could have done. I was in your boat and saw you."

The women, the first taken off their lifeboat to the rescuing destroyer, will end up in Captain Smith's cabin of the *Grasshopper*.

Chauncey Irvin DeLong was knocked overboard by a falling boat, and spent 30 minutes struggling in the water before a captain in the Engineers helped him regain the deck of the *Tuscania* with a rope. Then DeLong stood at attention at the stern, singing.

Rescue efforts – dark and dangerous

There is no moonlight to illuminate the scene on the night of February 5; the moon is in its last quarter, waning to the new moon (no moon visible) on February 11.

Men could see survivors struggling in the water – and dead bodies – when they shone their flashlights over the side. Floating devices were tossed to those trying to stay afloat. Some collapsible rafts were thrown overboard to save those in the water, but some of those rafts struck passengers in loaded lifeboats. One of the men struck was George Edward Schwartz. While floundering in the water, he was grabbed by the hair and dragged aboard a raft. George Ray Stephenson wrote in June 1918: “Several smashed boats were thrown from the top deck, striking and upsetting loaded boats ready to pull away. The boys were thrown into the water and were floating around perfectly helpless, and their cries were of no use for we could do nothing.”

Civilian passenger Abner Larned would be quoted in several newspaper articles of the time that his one piece of advice to any soldier heading to Europe was to bring a flashlight to war. Not only had flashlights proved useful in reaching the top deck of the *Tuscania*, but they also had a life-saving function. “When the torpedoing hour comes, if it does come to them, there is nothing in the world they will value as highly as a flashlight” since its beam can be directed to someone floating in the water, illuminating a nearby floating object or boat, unseen in the dark by a swimmer but quite close by.

Leo Zimmermann noted the dangers of lifebelts themselves, which could also be a “detriment, on account of being cumbersome and causing death by not being properly adjusted under the arms. This would tip a body upside down in the water.” He and companions witnessed lifebelt failures resulting in death.

Having reached the deck, Archie Meredith heard several loud, frightening explosions, which were the “reports of bursting rockets sent up from the bridge, and as they exploded the sea was illuminated for a great area around the boat.” In those flashes of light, Meredith saw scenes he would never forget – men in the water, those who had jumped off or fallen from improperly launched boats, crying for help. Meredith and a lieutenant threw a rope to one of the soldiers and had hauled him halfway up the side of the ship when, overcome with exhaustion, the soldier called to them in a weary voice, and fell off. Later, Meredith saw his “cramped form face downward in the water.”

George Buchanan Fife noted: “As it was in the dead of winter the condition of a number of these men was such that they died while the rescue boats were making for land. And many, too, were already lifeless when they were taken from the water.”

Ferdinand Denner recalled: “We saw many men in the water, even a considerable distance from the ship, and were able to rescue a few, even tho we were already loaded to capacity, but due to the rough sea, the darkness, and our inability to handle the life boat, we had to pass up many, who might of [sic/have] been saved. Their pitiful crys [sic/cries] for help, constantly growing weaker, and the sight of men diving overboard, are memories that still linger, and even now, occasionally interfere with one’s sleep.”

Once afloat – off the ship but not yet safe.

Those in lifeboats and rafts kept about 300 yards away from the ship to prevent being caught in its suction when it sank.

Survivor James Alson Purington, a University of New Hampshire graduate, quoted in British newspapers about his experiences, said his lifeboat with about 40 others had been lowered, but quickly filled halfway with water, so everyone had to jump out. He managed to clutch at a couple of oars, then found a sturdier plank to float on. He drifted three hours before being picked up, semi-conscious, by a trawler. Purington had no idea what happened to the other 40.

The men in the lifeboat carrying Howard Money and 52 others rowed for four hours before being picked up by a boat. “There were so many in our boat that we could hardly handle the oars. I rowed with the others to keep the boat head-on with the waves so that it wouldn’t tip over. There is one incident that I won’t forget as long as I live, and that was the excitement of going over the big waves in a small loaded boat.”

Captain Harry Letton had watched the lifeboat-launching errors. Failing to secure a spot on his assigned lifeboat, he descended to a lower deck to help some of the men there in lowering three life rafts. He considered going off on one of these – they seemed large enough, but were made of planks and held up by cylinders – so they “weren’t particularly inviting. The night seemed too dark and the water too wet to set sail in one. Some men from capsized lifeboats thought they were fine methods of transportation, however, and scrambled aboard.”

These planks were described as “logs” by William Guy Morris, age 23, of the 158th Aero. “Guy” had jumped into the water, and was swimming rapidly away to avoid any suction when he saw a raft crowded with men. He was only able to get a position on one of the “logs” sticking out from the raft a few feet. He wrapped his legs around the log and wrapped them together. When the men on the raft were rescued by a British ship, someone had to dive under the logs to unlock Guy’s unfeeling legs. A photograph of the survivors shows two men carrying Morris on their shoulders. His leg problem seems to have been cured by “plenty” of liquor once onboard, he reported.

Vernon E. Babcock jumped into a lifeboat, landing on top of a captain who had deserted his men.

Randall Herfort of Baraboo, coolly smoking a cigarette and pondering his choices, saw a partially filled raft appear below him on the sea, so he swung down to it on a rope, only to discover the raft was upside-down and had no oars or navigation equipment. Afraid of being sucked under by suction when the *Tuscania* sunk, he was relieved when the raft drifted clear. "We heard the cries of struggling men in the water shouting for help, but having no oars we were powerless to assist in saving any of those unfortunate boys. In some cases it seemed as though they must have been almost within reach of our raft. We could not see them ... we were in total darkness."

Herfort continued: "There was not a word spoken and finally the cries and shouting ceased." Luckily this raft drifted near a British trawler, whose crew threw the men a rope to climb to safety. The trawler pulled away with no one speaking. "No doubt everyone as well as myself was thinking of the fate of his comrades."

Lieutenant Joerns, in his lifeboat with 51 passengers, told the men he was their officer – although he was from a different unit – and to shut up and stop yelling and screaming. He then appointed a large Wisconsin man – "the big Swede" – who had been in the U.S. lifesaving service for seven years, in charge of the boat. He ordered the others to obey the Swede's orders and not to talk. "Our only danger now is that damned submarine. If they hear us they will shoot us down, so shut up and obey." The Swede soon had the men "going like clockwork." Joerns stood in the boat's center – and didn't admit to his new crew that he had never operated a boat before. "It was my first ride in a lifeboat."

In his lifeboat, Lieutenant E. Denman McNear faced the need to get away from the ship, in a leaking lifeboat, a boat so crowded "we could scarcely row" and minus any experienced oarsman, not having a crew member aboard. "Now began a painful hour." Lieutenant Thall, who had lost hold of a dangling shipside rope and fallen into McNear's lifeboat with its 65 men on board, stood up among the "absolutely green oarsmen" and began a rowing lesson – the method to row ahead and the way of "backing water." McNear found a long oar and put it out astern through a lock, and he and another man began working the long oar while Lt. George Andrew Thall continued his coaching. Thall's perusal of his book on fighting in no-man's land, his activity when the torpedo hit, was not likely to have provided much pertinent advice.

"We would get her straight and start to row ahead and she would swing right around into the troughs again (due to the wind and boat heavy with water and men) and we would ship water. It was always a hard job straightening her up – for one side would have to pull and other back water. And all the time the water was gaining on the bailers and we were becoming more unmanageable."

Vainly trying to signal trawlers with a lantern and two flashlights, the men gave up rowing and focused only on staying afloat. "Our struggles with the oars were so nerve-racking and futile, the water was gaining, that we finally gave up rowing, and got additional men to bail with hats."

Brothers Leo and Fensky ("Fris") Terzia were assigned to the same lifeboat – at station 13. Before becoming the first man in Company E to slide down the rope to their lifeboat, Leo called for Fris and got no response, but he assumed Fensky was on board. Once the boat pulled away from the *Tuscania*, Leo found that his brother was not among the other 31 aboard. "I did not close my eyes for five long nights," Leo wrote their brother Ted on February 12, 1918, remembering how he waited to find out Fensky's fate.

Lieutenant Joseph C. Kimball, an Army physician, had seen lifeboat 14A launched, but carrying only one man. After throwing the sole passenger a rope, Kimball and the lone man managed to bring the lifeboat alongside ship. Finding his men averse to sliding down a rope to the lifeboat, Kimball led by example and went first – but he fell into the sea when the waves pushed the lifeboat away. His watch, in his trousers pocket, stopped operating when it hit the water - 6:30 p.m. Not following Kimball's example of "how to enter a lifeboat," approximately 60 men managed to slide down into the lifeboat successfully. Aboard was the *Tuscania's* third engineer, who put out a sea anchor to slow them down.

Because of the strong tide, lifeboats were quickly carried away from the *Tuscania*. The armed trawler *Gloria*, with skipper E. Neeve of the Royal Navy, picked up one lifeboat and about 50 survivors eighteen miles from the ship's sinking site. Irish trawlers also picked up men from lifeboats. Second Lieutenant Charles S. Patterson said he had gotten off the ship in a lifeboat with 52 others, then floated at sea for four hours until picked up by a trawler.

Spooner's Frank Marino and Shell Lake's Emil Rauchstadt were meanwhile rowing hard in each of their lifeboats, hatless and coatless Marino in a lifeboat with double its capacity of passengers, rowing in an effort to keep warm - and Rauchstadt in his leaky boat.

Other survivors reported that they stood in icy water up to their knees, some bailing constantly to avoid sinking – men found their uniform hats were quite efficient bailing tools - or else they sat in the boats with their legs in the cold water, sometimes for four hours, trying to row in high seas and darkness. Because most lifeboats were full of water, it was difficult to make any progress with the oars in the heavy seas. Waves swamped the lifeboats.

The thirty passengers in Leonard Read's boat found their lifeboat sinking, with water up to their knees. "Such training as we had had was in the Army, not the Navy. We did not know that those lifeboats had a hole in the bottom to drain the rain and sea water collected when hanging on the davits – a hole to be plugged before launching." One of the men finally located the hole and used cork from his life preserver to stop the hole. "We rowed desperately, now knowing where we were going. There was only one imperative – to keep headed into the high waves and out of the deep troughs."

The only officer aboard, a second lieutenant, kept flicking his small pocket flashlight on and off, hoping there was a search party to see his signal. After nearly five hours – perhaps at 2:30 a.m., “a small minesweeper, sometimes called a ‘trawler’, mysteriously appeared from out of the darkness.” Read wrote of his rescue by “Another unseen hand” – added to the one that had pulled him back from falling overboard, and the one that had tapped him on the shoulder to inform him there was a lifeboat available.

“We were unceremoniously grabbed and tossed aboard as if bags of corn – a welcome ceremony,” wrote Read.

It seems likely that the “second lieutenant” with his flashlight in Read’s account was Franklin Erton Folts, whose narrative corresponds in several points with that of Read’s. Folts had finally managed to launch his second lifeboat a bit after 7 p.m., reporting that when the *Tuscania* sank at “18 minutes to nine we were about 300 yards away from her.” The men in his boat had picked up several men from the water; one had a crushed leg and, one clad in pajamas and a lifebelt, had been in the ship’s hospital with pneumonia. Folts had six sick men on board. From the start, the water in the boat was over the seats. “The boat was so crowded that most of the men had to stand up and it was almost impossible to row. All we could do was to keep her head in the wind, so that the waves, which were beginning to run high, would not overturn it. As it was, every few minutes a wave would come in the front end of the boat, which was all smashed out, and sweep right down through us. I figured that if we could stick to that boat until morning, we would get picked up all right, so was not very nervous. The men behaved just as finely on the boat as on the ship. Kept them as busy as I could rowing and bailing. The water came in faster than we could dip it out, at that. But they were men, every last one of them. There was no whimpering and no slackers.”

Folts’s men had found a box with twelve flares, but only three were dry. The men tried to attract the attention of two destroyers, which passed them at different intervals, but the flares were ignored. Now their boat neared Islay, and their boat’s pace was increasing. “About 10 o’clock the land showed up off our port bow. The wind came up and it was starting to rain a little. A half hour later, I could see that we were drifting very rapidly, and what was more, we were getting in very close to the high, rocky shore. We did what we could to keep her off, but it wasn’t long before I could see plainly that it was no use; the wind and the current had the best of us all right. The last 20 minutes before midnight was the worst of all that night. The men realized by that time just what was before us, but there were no howlers or no slackers in that bunch. We knew we had little chance, but what worried me was what we could do with our sick and injured. We got extra lifebelts on them, and that was about all we could do. Mighty little chance they had. It was just midnight, when we saw the boat that picked us up. We had no more flares, but had my flashlight and believe me, it sure winked ‘S.O.S.’”

The trawler pulled alongside, with the sick men sent on board first, followed by the rest of the lifeboat’s passengers. “That trawler was the finest ship I ever saw in my life; but I don’t believe I was ever happier than I was right then. On the lifeboat I got so seasick a couple of times that I couldn’t stand up. I know now what it is to be really seasick. And after I got on the trawler I was

seasick again. The captain and crew on the trawler were as fine as they could be. They had hot stuff for the men to eat and drink, and gave them all the clothes they had. They picked up four other boats before they saw us, and one of them had a medical officer on board [*was this Captain McIntosh? was this the Cardiff Castle?*], so our sick men were fixed as well as could be. The captain took the officers, there were four of us, down to his cabin, and there was not much of anything he did not do for us - except dry clothes there were so many sick men who needed those that he did not have enough to go around. He was sure a prince of a man."

The similarities in the narratives of Folts and Read match those of Lewis Rist of Iowa, the soldier who cables home once ashore requesting \$30. The three appear to have been on the same lifeboat. Rist recalled floating for about six hours in a leaking lifeboat, seeing lifeboats crash on Islay and being rescued by a "minesweeper" and taken to Ireland.

But some more drama awaited the just-rescued men. Rolling around on the deck was a loose shell for a 4.7 gun. Armed with 60 pounds of TNT explosive and 140 pounds of other explosive, the shell could be detonated with only a "blow on the head, after which they got off in about 90 seconds." Also stored on deck were 600 pounds of TNT. Folts wrote in his March 1918 letter: "Believe me, they hustled to get that shell overboard and into the sea, and the captain sure gave that old tub full speed ahead."

James R. Rains, who had avoided the launching disasters of lifeboats 13-A and 13-B, had left the ship on lifeboats with Company D personnel, and they were immediately swept away from *Tuscania*. About 300 or 400 yards away, they saw a torpedo destroyer come up "and I sure wished I was on one of them. But we were making it pretty good so they paid no attention to us." His lifeboat kept drifting away until the *Tuscania* was no longer in sight. "The waves were going over our heads and we must hold on for dear life. We were in this misery for seven hours." Spirits soared when they saw an approaching boat but the men lacked any light to signal them. "We were almost ready to give up when they threw a spot light on us. I did not have strength enough left to pull up by the rope they let down to us and I fell in the water, but a big Irishman got me by the hand and sure gave me a pull up."

The crew took off their coats and gave them to the frozen men, and began the journey to Ireland.

Baraboo's Wayland Kier wrote: "I had a nervous wait for two hours, seeing many of my comrades leap to their death in the icy waters, before I succeeded in reaching a lifeboat by sliding down a two inch rope." Wayland slid down the rope about 30 feet. "The lifeboat was stationed about twenty-five feet from the hole made by the torpedo, and the suction was terrific. This delayed us greatly in pulling away from the boat, as well as adding to our other terrors.

"The sea became very rough," Kier continued, "the waves washing over the boat and soaking us to the skin. There were about sixty men in the boat." Unable to do anything by rowing, they just

drifted. "At 11:30 we sighted a boat and hailed it. However, they passed right on by and our spirits sank to the zero point."

But 30 minutes later, Kier and his lifeboat mates saw the same boat, an Irish fishing boat. Because the seas were rough, his lifeboat was 20 feet below the deck of the fishing boat, so he had to wait for a big wave to push the lifeboat up to deck level of the rescue boat. One of the crew leaned over the side and shouted down to us, Kier recalled, asking: "And where are you bloody devils going?" Kier wrote: "Our reply was anywhere Mother Earth would be under our feet." Kier grabbed the fishing boat's railing, whereupon he was grabbed by a seaman and lifted to safety.

McNear's lifeboat, with the group having abandoned rowing for bailing, drifted near a fragment of a boat carrying an officer and two men. Since those in the fragment were "high and dry" and McNear's boat overcrowded with lots of water to bail, the officer offered to take aboard some of the men. But the transfer operation resulted in the "jagged end" of the other boat jabbing a hole or two into the canvas topsides of McNear's boat – boat 11C being one of the collapsible ones - and now more water poured in through those holes.

"The sea was getting uglier" and the water level in the boat was now over the lifeboat's seats, remembered McNear. "It was almost impossible to describe those hours in the boat – energy exerted in getting the men to bail, and bail faster. Finally, all the woodwork was under water and the sea was high and wind fierce."

Around 11:30 p.m., "we saw a new red light." They lost sight of it, but then they glimpsed it again, and thought it was growing closer. "Finally all doubt was removed – and there was a trawler – the captain giving us instructions to throw all oars away, and be still – catch a line and make it fast." The *Elf King* had found them.

"The sea was a big one and you might wonder how we were transferred, but these fine Britishers had that all figured out. They lined the side of the trawler with huskey [sic] seamen in big rubber coats and hats, with open arms. As the seas would toss our boat up and down, these men would grab men from our boat, when were on a crest, and haul them into the trawler. My mother's arms have always looked mighty good to me, but never have I seen the outstretched arms of a man look better than these did from where I sat up to my waist in water in this little boat." With each wave crest, a few men were hauled aboard.

The captain of the *Elf King* who rescued McNear's boat mates had already picked up survivors from six other boats. In all, this trawler picked up 340 men. After being served tea and made as comfortable as possible, McNear decided to stay on deck. He had learned one lesson about rescues. Observing the *Elf King* had only one lifeboat and lots of passengers now aboard, he did not want to go below to dry himself, but stayed on the top deck, warming himself in a little kitchen with a fire.

Around 7 p.m., with all lifeboats gone, First Lieutenant Donald Abram Smith on the deck saw an empty, smashed-in collapsible life raft, awash with water, floating past the stern, having been thrown from the top deck. Figuring its airtight tanks would keep it afloat, he and two privates slid down ropes and swam 30 or 40 yards for the boat. The three hoped to wrestle the raft nearer to the ship and load a few other men aboard, but they did not succeed. "We shivered in that boat for five hours because we didn't know how to light the flares." Smith had located the flares immediately but they had been underwater. He tried to light 12 of them futilely, then spent 20 minutes trying to open a box of matches, as his boat neared the rocks of the island of Islay (pronounced EYE-la). Finally, using a match, he had a chance to read the flare instructions. Surprise! They were not supposed to be lighted with a match – just scratched.

Around 10 p.m., Smith noted "I had the pleasure of seeing several people picked up near me but was unable to attract their [the other boats'] attention." It wasn't until midnight – according to his reliable wristwatch which had "kept on ticking" - that Smith and his companions were picked up by the trawler *Corrie Roy* – just minutes before they would have washed up on the cliffs of Islay.

Thomas Evans, still on board, sees his boyhood friend Frank Sharpe from the same town in North Wales leaving on a lifeboat. Evans cannot foresee that Sharpe's departure will land him on the shores of Islay. It will be Evans who survives the night, not Sharpe.

Charles Pattison Reid, 1911 graduate of Yale University and of its Forestry School in 1913, had slid down one rope, then another when the first rope ended, along with Edmund John Radasch, landing on an overturned lifeboat, from which they jumped into a boat with its stern bashed in, but still afloat. Eleven men got into this lifeboat, jumping 30 feet from the deck. They had one working oar. Reid, chosen as captain, headed for the North Star and the light of a distant lighthouse. "One of our fellows became chilled – we were all pretty well, but not too cold to whistle, or chew tobacco, and even smoke cigarettes. We rubbed the chilled one, pounded him, stood him on his feet, and 'cussed' him to make him 'hot,' and succeeded, for when a trawler picked us about about midnight, he was in pretty fair shape."

Labor-union painter Oscar J. Nickel of Indiana writes to his union brotherhood in June 1918 that he floated for three-and-a-half hours in a lifeboat. "I say three hours and a half but it seemed like three and a half weeks." He also noted that his wife came quite close to cashing in his union life insurance of \$300. (<https://books.google.com/books?id=H-CfAAAAAMAAJ&pg=PA323&lpg=PA323&dq=oscar+nickel+union+tuscania+wife&source=bl&ots=UdwjIodYKL&sig=TRNn4optcXOFK7iB0ZkgopIA1HA&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjolvDq5-PWAhXF6IMKH7TC2cQ6AEIKDAA#v=onepage&q=oscar%20nickel%20union%20tuscania%20wife&f=false>)

By the numbers -

It was estimated that 30 lifeboats were launched, with perhaps twelve successfully. Some lifeboats were filled beyond capacity; there were 55 men on lifeboat Number 14, ten over its capacity. On Vernon E. Babcock's lifeboat, there were 41 men in a lifeboat with a capacity of 32.

First Lieutenant Donald A. Smith wrote in 1925: "Each pair of davits was supposed to launch four boats – the average was probably one each."

Some survivors remained calm in the worst of conditions. "Two men were shooting dice when their raft was found at daybreak," reported the *Evening Independent*, St. Petersburg, Florida, in its February 5, 1942, issue.

Lifeboat crisis on a different ship –

Chicago Tribune World War I correspondent, reporter Floyd Gibbons, wrote in his syndicated column "Floyd Gibbons' Adventurers Club" in 1938 of an interview with Thomas E. Dowling, then a resident of Woodside, New York, but in 1918 a 14-year-old cabin boy on the SS *Tunisian*, in convoy with the *Tuscania*. The *Tunisian* was carrying 2,000 Chinese workers to France to construct railroads. When the torpedo struck the *Tuscania*, "Then – three hundred yards away – all hell broke out on the S.S. *Tunisian*."

The *Tunisian* had trembled "from stem to stern" as the torpedo hit, and the Chinese stampeded for the lifeboats. Dowling ran to his station at the captain's boat, jumped inside the boat and tried to repel the Chinese boarders, but they filled the boat and he was soon being pushed out over the side. He knew the ship was now racing to safety and would not return for him if he fell overboard. Dowling held onto a rope as some Chinese began to fall in the water; then he climbed up to the lifeboat davit. Dowling claimed when the ship docked that the head count was minus 25 Chinese who had been lost and drowned. This story is available at

<http://www.digifind-it.com/woodbridge/DATA/Fordbeacon/1938/1938-06-17.pdf>. There are

MAKES HUMAN BOAT OF SELF.

An Ohio Infantryman said:

"I made a human boat out of myself. The boat I got into turned over and as I was swimming I came across a couple of oars. They're big, heavy birds, you know, so I paddled along very nicely until I struck a large raft with a couple of fellows on it.

"What do you think, I met my pal, Charlie, on it. We come from the same town, were drafted together and had been in the same boat when it capsized!"

several inaccurate reports that Gibbons himself was on board *Tuscania*.

In a letter home to his parents (*National Magazine*, volume 47, 1918), Archie Meredith has some cautions for his brother John.

Archie warns: "When you write him, tell him to be brave, heady [sic] and to stick to the big boat – no lifeboat stuff goes, the crazy ones lose out every time."

<https://books.google.com/books?id=4NROAQAAMAAJ>

Chicago Examiner 8 February 1918



"The Sinking of the Tuscania" – British print by Fred Hoertz, for sale online at <http://fineartamerica.com/products/the-sinking-of-the-tuscania-british-everett-poster.html> OR <http://www.alamy.com/stock-photo-the-sinking-of-the-tuscania-british-transport-ship-carrying-american-50028762.html>

Part 13: The Destroyers

It is 7 p.m. – one hour after the torpedo hit. All the lifeboats are gone – and 1,350 men are still aboard, unsure how fast the *Tuscania* is sinking or how much time they have left. They are smoking and talking – and getting nervous. A few sang. The songs “The Star-Spangled Banner,” “To Hell with the Kaiser,” some camp songs and “Nearer, My God, To Thee” were allegedly sung. A reporter remarked to Lieutenant Don Milligan Hawley of Chicago how inspiring it must have been to hear the “Star-Spangled Banner.” The lieutenant grinned. “What they actually did was sing ‘Hail! Hail! The Gang’s All Here!;’ until the ship got closer to sinking, when ‘some bright lad’ switched the song to ‘Where Do We Go From Here?’” It is not until March 3, 1931, that the U.S. Congress denotes the “Star-Spangled Banner” as the national anthem; when the *Tuscania* sank, there was none.

Anyone who thought he heard prayers was, according to the 20th Engineers, instead listening to “a collection of wonderful expressions from vocabularies replete with all the known cuss words in existence.” Fred Braem’s unit decided prayers were secondary to action. “One of the men got on his knees and prayed to god to punish the wicked germans who killed women and soldiers, a well deserved kick in the rear seemed to get him in a better frame of mind.”

“After every lifeboat was off, things began to look pretty blue, and were getting worse every minute,” recalled George Ray Stephenson. “There was not even as much as a board left for us to float on, and the only thing we could see to do was to wait and hope.”

By 7:20 p.m., recalled Baraboo’s Wayland Kier in 1966, the bow of the *Tuscania* was underwater and one could have simply walked off the front of the ship into the sea. William Stoveken too recalled that the ship was “almost to the deck in water.” *Saturday Evening Post* reporter Cobb was shocked to see from the deck of the *Baltic* “through the muck” a row of lights slanting downward.

Kier recalled about 800 people still on board. Some had decided to relieve the tension by breaking into the previously off-limits liquor storeroom – and were now quite drunk. Kier recalls the intoxicated passengers – and not the people in the lifeboats as another witness reported – singing “And where do we go from here?” In 1966, he wrote: “Funny how that stuff makes one sing.”

Kier said two American officers came by him “weaving” – “not from the swaying of boat but from libation. You could never guess what they said: Never mind boys. She just hit a big rock.” (That “libation” would have come from the presumably rapidly dwindling liquor supply.)

Dr. Fred Vater pronounced the bar a very good one and after the torpedo hit, “the bartender disposed of his stock as fast as he could, incidentally forgetting the rule prohibiting sales to men in uniform. So the fellows who stayed on board for more than two hours, expecting the ship to go down any minute, had a little consolation anyhow.”

William Stoveken and his bunkmate, now minus any chance of leaving on a lifeboat, decided to improvise, lashing together a table and some chairs as their makeshift rescue raft. But then, another avenue of rescue presented itself.

Three British destroyers – *Mosquito*, *Grasshopper*, *Pigeon* - near the ship. First Lieutenant Donald Smith said the first destroyer arrived after one hour, 15 minutes, and the second at 1 hour 30 minutes. As with many “facts” about the ship, various narratives cannot agree which ship arrived when – or where (port or starboard) – and in which order. *Pigeon* returned at full speed, Chief Petty Officer Jones recalled. The destroyers use their spotlights to zero in on their positions, and figure out a plan of rescue. They cannot draw up too close to the *Tuscania*, due to the waves. And if the ship should turn over while they were alongside, the destroyers too would be destroyed.

Spoonerite Earl Knight recalled those searchlights on the British destroyer picking out the lifeboats and life rafts in the water.

A young officer aboard the *Tuscania*, as reported in the *New York Times* of February 9, 1918, said: “We cheered the first destroyer which came alongside, and its men cheered us. Their work was magnificent, and only when they saw that they could save no more life did they leave the scene.”

Fitzgerald wrote, “With practically all of the lifeboats either launched or collapsed, a shout of joy went up from the port side of the ship, when a British destroyer with all lights out slowly approached.” Writing only a few weeks after the incident, Fitzgerald would not have been able to reveal its name due to censorship. Censorship may explain many destroyer arrival issues.

“All of a sudden a crash was heard on the opposite side of the boat, and, after going over, we found it to be a torpedo boat destroyer. Men were going down the ropes like rats jumping into a river,” rejoiced George Ray Stephenson.

And they feared the U-boat could still be hovering. And it was.

Diving to 36 feet at 6:15 p.m. U.S. time, Meyer approached the *Tuscania* from its port side submerged, but since it was too dark to determine the situation and hearing the sound of destroyer propellers, *UB-77* surfaced at 6:40 p.m. to hasten the *Tuscania*’s destruction.

UB-77’s third torpedo, a K Type III torpedo, fired at 6:49 p.m. U.S. Naval Time (20:49 p.m. German Naval Time) from the sub’s stern tube (No. IV), missed the *Tuscania*, passing in front of it – and the *Mosquito*. Dick Vineyard said he saw the torpedo streak past the “first destroyer” and “not missing her by more than three feet.” He could not name the ship in the letter to his father due to censorship, but writes this destroyer pulled out and returned 10 minutes later. This account matches those of officers of the *Mosquito*. To fire from the stern tube, *UB-77* would be presenting its stern to the *Tuscania*, and therefore likely was now positioned north of the ship.

Kommando
der V. Ubootsflotille.

Ganz Geheim!

B. Nr.: Gg. H.

- II. Admiralstab der Marine Berlin,
- II. Kommando der Hochseefregatten,
- II. H. 3. Kiel,
- II. 2. 3. Kiel,
- II. 8. 33. Torp.-Kess. Kiel,
- II. 8. 33. Torp.-Kess. W'hamen,
- II. Verwalter der V. Ubootsflotille,
- II. 3. b. II.

den 22. Februar 1918

Corpedonachweisung H. 77 "

23. I.

bis 21. II. 18.

für die Unternehmung vom

Kommandant: Kapitänleutnant J. Meyer, Wilhelm

Bd. Nr.	Datum	Torpedoart	Torpedonummer	Unter Wasser Zerf. Gefährd.	Über Wasser Zerf. Gefährd.	Ziel	Bemerkungen über Verfolger, Gefährdungen, Ausgang u. f. m.
1.	5. 2.	G 7 ++	7320	ja -	- -	Dampfer Tuskantia	
2.	5. 2.	G 7 ++	4776	ja -	- -	" "	
3.	5. 2.	K III	10727	- -	- ja	" "	Fehlscuß weil 2 sm Fahrt geschätzt.

Kriegsarchiv-Museum u. Bibliothek
des K. K. 1. Ubootsflotille.

26

UB-77's logbook ("Kriegstagebuch") listing the three torpedoes fired at the Tuscania

Captain Meyer said he realized immediately that his third torpedo would be a miss. He had estimated the *Tuscania* speed to be two knots and so fired a bit ahead of the ship, factoring in its forward progress. Meyer did not realize the ship was at a complete standstill. The K torpedoes had only been in production about one year, manufactured because so many larger torpedoes were being fired by German ships that those big ones were in short supply. Although easy to maintain, these K torpedoes had only a short range. After firing its third torpedo, *UB-77* rapidly submerged to avoid a destroyer that was heading at full speed in its direction, and left the area. Meyer estimated the destroyer missed his submarine by only a few inches.

In contrast to Vineyard's account and that of the *Mosquito* officers, Captain Otis Sadtler, standing on deck among those rescued by the *Pigeon*, saw the wake of the third torpedo, and estimated it had missed *Pigeon* by approximately four yards. Captain James M. Farrin thought it came closer – two yards. Sadtler credited *Pigeon's* commander Eddis with evading the torpedo by requesting full speed ahead. This report would indicate *Pigeon* rescued men before the *Mosquito* did so.

The story goes that this third torpedo hit the cliffs below the Altacarry Head Lighthouse (Rathlin East) on Rathlin Island in Ireland, causing some of its glass to break. The lighthouse keeper had been rumored to have reported on ship movements to the Germans. It is unlikely the keeper could have seen the *Tuscania* – and Captain Meyer himself said locating the *Tuscania* was a lucky coincidence. Years later, the lighthouse keeper told his story and showed the damage to Tommy Cecil, who later is involved in discovering the wreckage of the *Tuscania*.

Tuscania's second officer, G.K. Lynes (Lynas), said he was in a lifeboat with approximately 40 others when the boat hit something hard on the surface. "When I looked round, here's the submarine lying awash – up to see what dirty work he had done. What did we do? What could we do? We simply carried on, and soon got picked up. Everybody behaved splendidly." No other accounts of this submarine-lifeboat collision have been located.



Rathlin East (Altacarry) light



The Port Charlotte lighthouse, with the "American Monument" to the Tuscania and Otranto on the headland across the water – and the hills of County Antrim, Ireland, on the horizon, illustrating the narrowness of the North Channel between Scotland and Ireland. The Port Charlotte lighthouse was constructed 1825 by Robert Stevenson, grandfather of author Robert Louis Stevenson; one of the five existing lighthouses on Islay (2018).

Rescue by the *Mosquito* – captained by Thomas Balfour Fellowes

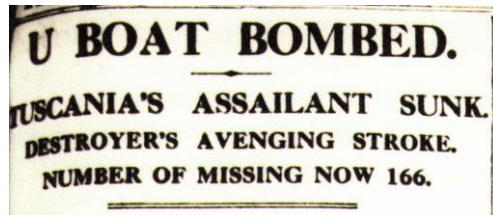


HMS Mosquito, launched in 1910

Ordered by *Harpy* to stand by *Tuscania*, *Mosquito* captain Lieutenant Thomas Balfour Fellowes had stopped to pick up men clinging to an upturned boat. This small destroyer was nearing the *Tuscania* on the port side about 75 minutes after the torpedo hit, when the *Mosquito*'s junior officer on the afterdeck reported to Fellowes that a torpedo had just passed under the ship's stern during the rescue of the men off the top of the lifeboat. The *Mosquito* issued a warning to the other ships via heliograph.

The *Mosquito* responded to the torpedo which had passed close below its stern by going forward at high speed and dropping a depth charge, hoping to frighten off the submarine. "I believe that it may have done this," wrote Fellowes in 1930 and 1931 to the National *Tuscania* Survivors Association. The "fright" was effective – but not for the intended target. "I fear," Fellowes wrote, "that the explosion of the depth charge caused some further alarm aboard the *Tuscania* as it was thought she had been struck by another torpedo." The *UB-77* submarine helmsman, Albrecht Heilmann, reported that the sub felt the charge, which rolled it.

The depth charges injured or killed some of the men in the water. The website of the 20th Engineers notes that the destroyers wove in and out among the lifeboats, searching for any traces of the submarine and dropping depth bombs whenever they felt it was warranted. "Each time one of the 'ash cans' exploded, the boats would shiver and shake with concussion. Those men who were in the water were knocked breathless with each explosion, and in a few cases rendered unconscious. The noise of the depth bombs, the bursting of the distress and the illuminating rockets, together with the reports from the destroyer's deck guns, created the impression that a Naval battle was in progress. Most of the boys believed we were being shelled by the Germans."



The “depth bombs” dropped by the *Mosquito* produced early – but erroneous - reports in the British press that the ship’s U-boat assailant had been sunk, as the *Glasgow Evening News* (left) of 9 February 1918 reported. Someone even reported the capture of two German prisoners from the sunken sub.

George Ray Stephenson had made his way onto *Mosquito*. Clad in his underwear, shoes, shirt and trousers, on a cold night, his first task was “to find a place to ride for the remainder of our trip.” He wrote that “another submarine” (actually, the same *UB-77*) had fired a torpedo at the ship, which missed. The submarine, he was told, had been sunk by the destroyer’s depth bombs.

An American officer reported, “A smoke screen had been laid down by the destroyer which was convoying us at a distance of about fifty yards and it was impossible to see through this to note what attempts to rescue were being made,” reported author William Stevens Prince. Idahoan Dick Vineyard had also noted the “smoke smudge” as the first destroyer neared the *Tuscania*, and saw that the destroyer had acetylene lights burning on its top side.

Les Wilson wrote in his 2018 *The Drowned and the Saved*, that *Tuscania* “dwarfed the Royal Navy’s destroyers that had rushed to her aid. They were less than half the troopship’s length, low in the water, and displaced less than 1,000 tons. For a frightened doughboy who had never been to sea before, it was a long way down from his muster station high on the *Tuscania* to the plunging and rolling deck of a little destroyer.”

Harry Schostak had been tempted to leap into the water as *Tuscania* began to list more than before, but “It was an awful thing to hear the men screaming for help” so he hesitated. “A destroyer I later discovered to be the ‘Mosquito’ appeared in the darkness and the boys began cheering. It circled the ‘Tuscania’ three or four times, dropping depth bombs, then came in closer to take us off. Some of the boys got on this boat and the only reason I didn’t was they pushed me back.” Schostak managed to board the later-arriving *Pigeon*.

Captain Fellowes repositioned the *Mosquito*. “I then took the *Mosquito* alongside the port side of the *Tuscania*,” Fellowes wrote, and secured his ship to the *Tuscania* with dangling boat ropes. Harry Letton remembered the time of the *Mosquito* arrival as about 8 p.m. Fellowes oversaw the transfer of survivors from the *Tuscania* well deck (an open “weather deck”) to the *Mosquito*’s forecastle, with the rescue taking 20 to 25 minutes, until his ship was filled to capacity. The dangling ropes from the *Mosquito* helped hold the two ships together. Edward T. Lauer in 1978 asked the members of the survivors’ association to recall “How the skippers of the H.M.S. MOSQUITO hove to and how the men swung from the deck onto the destroyer.”

Captain Fellowes recalled that some lives were lost because ocean swells kept moving his ship away. Some of the men would not be saved by the *Mosquito*, but caught in the wash of its propellers. Some will die in attempting to depart onto destroyers. Leonard Meshke recalled

the sea was rough, “and how the small destroyer would hit the stricken *Tuscania* and crush those who misjudged the timing of their jump onto the destroyer.” One of the ship’s engine room crew said scores of men were in the water. “A destroyer coming close in to pick them up cracked a lifeboat against the side of the ship, and it wasn’t a pleasing sight.”

Arthur J. Siplon recalled: “As one [destroyer] drew near the bow its stern was about amidships of the *Tuscania*. Some of the men thrown in the water from tumbling lifeboats were caught in the propeller wash, while others were lost between the two ships.”

Among the survivors picked up by the *Mosquito*, he claimed, was Spooner resident Earl Knight. Knight recalled, “My buddy and I remained on the boat until 10 p.m., when we slid down a life line and climbed aboard the British destroyer ‘Mosquito.’ At that time the ‘*Tuscania*’ had filled with water, straightened up and was slowly sinking. As we pulled away all that remained above water was the upper deck, the mast and crow’s nest. The captain, last man off the boat, was on the same destroyer.” There are reports that Captain McLean left aboard the *Pigeon* – but Earl Knight and Abner Larned said they left with the captain on the last destroyer, the *Mosquito*. Knight said he was rescued at 10 p.m., which would have been 9 p.m.

Harry P. Letton recorded 286 enlisted men and 18 officers rescued by the *Mosquito*. Letton claimed that the *Mosquito* had damaged its hull when pulling up to the *Tuscania*, a statement not documented elsewhere, which necessitated its departure.

Fitzgerald reported on the first rescue ship: “Three hundred men slid down ropes and landed on the destroyer, which soon departed, leaving perhaps some six hundred or seven hundred men still aboard out of approximately twenty-five hundred passengers.” The *Mosquito* was now too loaded to accept any more passengers.

Fellowes wrote: “It was reported to me that all available space was occupied and I shoved off and proceeded to Lough Swilly, and *Grasshopper* and *Pigeon* in time took my place.” Lough Swilly was in the Bay of Luddan, Ireland, and survivors there would be removed from *Mosquito* by tugboats and landed ashore. The captain’s remarks indicate the *Mosquito* had arrived first.

Richard Vineyard noted that after loading men from the *Tuscania*, the *Mosquito* left hurriedly. “She didn’t give any signal but just shot right out” leaving some men dangling on the 60-foot-long ropes being used to transfer off the *Tuscania*, and some men were crushed.

Meredith recalled one of the destroyers taking off hundreds of men on ropes. “One poor lad, late in turn, was sliding down the rope when the boat, not daring to remain any longer, pulled away with its great load, and finding himself in a precarious condition, he swung out and leaped, only to miss the destroyer by a foot or so and to land into the icy water.”

Edward W. Coughlin had rather a dry sense of humor about his sea voyage. “Things went very well” during the crossing, until “well, the Germans sort of blew us up.” Assigned to lowering lifeboats, he did that for one hour, then slid down a rope to a destroyer drawing alongside. He

did not identify the destroyer, but he ended up in Buncrana, Ireland, where the *Mosquito* headed. Corporal Otto F. Bates, in the same company as Coughlin, also lowered lifeboats, but before he got into a lifeboat, one of the accompanying destroyers from the convoy neared the *Tuscania* “and I slid down a rope to the destroyer’s deck, and never got my feet wet.”

Reflecting in 1931, Fellowes wrote: “I was fortunate that the submarine did not again torpedo the *Tuscania* while the work of rescue was going on, or the loss of life might have been severe. It must have been a most nerve-wracking experience for your troops, many of whom I expect were strange to the sea, and I was intensely sorry for them, and thankful that good fortune enabled the majority to be saved.”

Lee F. Jackson, writing to his mother Mrs. L. Jackson in Celilo, Oregon, (soda.sou.edu/awdata/060721b1.pdf) told her of the departure of the *Mosquito* while he and his comrades were still on deck. Their position aboard changed as the *Tuscania* repositioned itself. “As we stood, the boat slowly sank to starboard, by this time it was away over so we had to brace ourselves to stay on deck.”

Rescue by the *Grasshopper* – captained by John Morrison Smith



HMS Grasshopper, launched in 1909

The *Grasshopper* neared the *Tuscania* on the port side. Since this side was tilted in the air, recalled Lauer in 1980, “the *Grasshopper* started with picking up men from lifeboats because the portside of the *Tuscania* was too high.” One of these lifeboats was the one containing the two female stewardesses (Flora Collins, Mary Corson), Edward Lauer and teenage crew member John McMahon.

Supply Lieutenant John Morrison Smith, captain of the *Grasshopper*, wrote on November 5, 1930, to Leo V. Zimmermann that “When the *Tuscania* was hit, we were ordered to close her and pick up survivors. We closed and as one destroyer was alongside we started taking men off

the lifeboats and rafts. As I was on the bridge most of the time I didn't see what occurred on the lower decks." This would indicate *Grasshopper* was the second or third destroyer to arrive.

The destroyer HMS *Grasshopper* also picked up men who had swum for it, but like the *Mosquito* left the area when it reached capacity. Captain Smith recalled "After getting under way for Londonderry I remember we saw a man on a float; he stood up & shouted, 'Don't forget me Sir.' I didn't, we got him safely onboard. I went to my cabin & found it filled with soldiers and two stewardesses (plucky women). A huge man soon appeared dressed in what looked like a diver's suit. I think he mentioned something about having a flask of brandy in a pocket of the suit."

A dark hull had loomed above the men – and the two women - in Edward T. Lauer's lifeboat, after they had rowed an hour or more. They had found the *Grasshopper*. In 1978, Lauer, later secretary/treasurer of the National Tuscania Survivors Association, said those survivors rescued by the *Grasshopper* were "the lucky ones, having been yanked aboard and taken below and given a drink of whiskey." Joseph D. Oddo recalled the 213th survivors receiving rum, tea, cheese, crackers and jam.

"If it had not been for the *Grasshopper*, we might have shared the same fate of those who rowed toward the Islay shore," wrote Lauer.

Lauer described the rescue process he experienced boarding the *Grasshopper*. "The sides of a destroyer near the smoke stacks are fairly low, and from that point the life boats were pulled close by the seamen. Every time a wave brought the lifeboat closer to the side of the destroyer, we made a jump for the rail, and the sailors did grab your wrists and jerk you aboard like a sack of flour. That's how I was rescued. I immediately was pushed aside and in the darkness sat down near a smokestack. Immediately a seaman warned me that I was sitting on a hot seat and I immediately got up to avoid being burned in the buttocks."

Lauer wrote in other memoirs: "Like a sack of meal these two husky sailors yanked each soldier individually aboard and told each of us to go below. Down below another sailor had whiskey in a large bowl and each of us had a good swig of it which warmed us up." The British Navy crew gave the rescued men hot soup, tea and bread besides whiskey. The British sailors took off their clothes and gave their uniforms to those Americans who were wet. One of the *Grasshopper's* crew took off his sweater, gave it to Lauer and continued working unclothed to the waist. Lauer wrote that the *Grasshopper* continued to stop to pick up men in lifeboats as it left the scene.

Lieutenant Joerns with the fifty others in his lifeboat was located about 7:30 p.m. by one of the destroyers. The crew threw them a rope and those aboard the lifeboat maneuvered it as closely as possible to the destroyer. His lifesaver "big Swede" advised Joerns to have the men go up the rope one at a time. As a wave would wash the small boat near the destroyer's rail, the survivors would make a jump and be grasped by the British seamen hanging from the destroyer's deck. All men were now safely aboard except Joerns, whose empty lifeboat "was bobbing and bouncing on the waves like cork."

Joerns waited for a wave to lift up the boat, “then jumped for those willing, helping hands that were prepared to catch me. I will always be able to see those outstretched hands – I missed them by what must have been a hair’s breadth and plunged into the Atlantic between the destroyer and the empty boat.” He hurriedly ducked underwater as the next wave crashed the lifeboat against the destroyer’s steel sides, missing his head by inches. He swam underwater as long as he could, and when he surfaced – the destroyer was gone. “It was so dark I could not even see the deserted lifeboat.”

Joerns swam and floated, perhaps more than an hour. “The waves were house high and I tobogganed from one to the other. Funny thing, but I did not have any sense of danger even then. I just felt cocksure I was having the grand adventure of my life and that all would turn out well.”

Remembering that in his pocket he carried a pint of whiskey and large piece of chocolate, Joerns decided to unbutton the pocket to take a swig of liquid refreshment. Then he heard an English voice ask, “Is that a man out?” And another English voice answered, “Definitely.” Then he saw a destroyer – the *Grasshopper* - going past. “Let’s toss the blighter a rope,” suggested one of the men. Joerns grabbed the rope, made a loop around his shoulders, clutched the rope with two hands and was pulled aboard.

“Who pulled me out?” Joerns asked. One of the British crew replied, “My name is Maine, sir.” Joerns wrung his hand. “And you are blooming heavy, sir,” Maine commented.

Hustled below, Joerns was given a hot whisky toddy by Commander John M. Smith. “It looked to me like a glass 12 inches high – and what a lifesaver to my chilled bones!”

Joerns then went on deck where he found a bundled-up, tottering man who said in a feeble voice that he was sick with the mumps; the ill man was taken quickly below. The *Grasshopper* continued to pick up other lifeboats. “And out of the night came the pathetic calls for help, and occasionally a heartbroken, passionate ‘Good-by,’” recalled Joerns.

Another lifeboat full of men came alongside the *Grasshopper*, but when too many of the men rushed to one side of the lifeboat at the same time, the lifeboat overturned and “each cruel wave dashed it against the steel destroyer, smashing the passengers as we vainly tried to save them. They were so near to being saved, and now they were being pounded to death before our helpless eyes.”

One man, who yelled, “Oh, I can’t last any longer!” was thrown a rope by Joerns, who told him “Yes, you can, sure you can.” The lifeboat passenger tried three times to catch the rope. “Then another wave came and the lifeboat crushed him. He looked up at me, not 10 feet away, and cried, ‘My leg is gone – good-bye,’ and disappeared.” Only a few were saved from that lifeboat, some with broken arms and legs and one losing his right hand.

Joerns said much was owed to the British Navy, especially the work of Smith and the crew of the *Grasshopper* who “dashed around until 11 p.m.” (likely 10 p.m.) picking up men. One of the rescued rafts carried six men who were singing the popular war song, “Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?” Later in France, Lt. Joerns narrated this story, and a local priest was so impressed that he preached a sermon about this event. Yes, those men, the priest said, about to meet their Maker and recollecting their sins, wondered if heaven or hell was each one’s eternal destination – and “so they sang the beautiful American hymn, ‘Where Do We Go from Here, Lord?’”

Lt. McNear, observing from his lifeboat, noted that “This second one [destroyer, *Grasshopper*?] filled up inside, then she began covering her decks ... Finally the captain had all he could hold up, but there was a stream [of men] he did not want to shut off, so that splendid man and capable sailors started pumping oil overboard, and in all he pumped over forty barrels. It took a fine bit of seamanship and daring for him [Smith] to come along-side and lay there ... when he pulled off it was a wonderful sight. That low ship with her decks a mass of humanity.” Another mention of a maneuver with lightening a ship of its oil reserves, to allow the weight of more men to be placed on board, is made by Captain James Moore Farrin of the 20th Engineers, who was rescuing men from the water using ropes when he had made it to safety on the *Pigeon*. Farrin claimed the oil-dumping action was taken by Captain Eddis of the *Pigeon*. Farrin uses the same figure of “forty” as McNear does – but in his account it is forty tons, not barrels.

In a 2017 interview by Islay resident Les Wilson of Christy Simpson, the granddaughter of survivor Thomas A. Conway, Simpson said her grandfather Conway had inhaled some oil from a slick, which required hospitalization after his rescue and affected one of his lungs for his lifetime.

A large oil slick would have coated many men with oil and perhaps may have washed ashore, and additional accounts of such a situation have not yet been located.

In a twist to the oil story, George Ray Stephenson of Wisconsin explained what he had heard. “These destroyers could have come to our rescue sooner had they not been loaded; but they had to go to the nearest shore and leave their crew, and thousands of gallons of oil, which they burn, was dumped out.” In reality, the destroyers did not return to land before heading to the rescue. He also said the destroyers were not supposed to return for a rescue – “that is the rule of the sea” – but had they not, all those without lifeboats would have drowned.

Grasshopper rescued about 500 (or 600) men.

Captain Smith of the *Grasshopper* was a bit disconcerted the next morning when he asked for a drink of gin and bitters before lunch. “I was informed that ‘the American Soldiers had drunk everything.’ So I had to do without but all in a good cause.” The good captain reported the British Admiralty did replace his alcohol supply!

The rescue efforts of HMS *Grasshopper* were described by a young American officer. “The work of the destroyer was magnificent and could not have been better. They were consistently in danger of being torpedoed while clearing the lifeboats. They carried on however, and when they saw they could save no more life, left the scene.”

Almost four months later, *Grasshopper* picked up about 500 American soldiers from the torpedoed troopship HMS *Moldavia*, which sank in the English Channel on May 23, 1918. When this ship sinks, the lesson learned from the *Tuscania* passenger list confusion and delay in producing information proves valuable in quick and accurate passenger identification. The American officers aboard *Moldavia* saved the rosters of soldiers aboard.

Rescue by the Pigeon – captained by Christopher John Francis Eddis



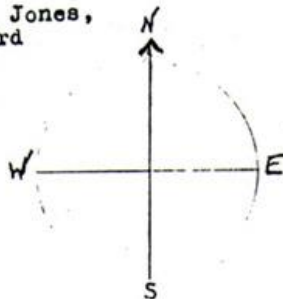
*HMS Pigeon, HMS Plover & HMS Sarpedon under construction, Tyne & Wear Archives
Pigeon was launched in 1916*

It's 8:15 p.m. – or perhaps 7:45 p.m. Clarence F. Krueger of Portage County, Wisconsin, related to the *Stevens Point (Wisconsin) Daily Journal* of February 5, 1920, his reaction and that of others when they had been left behind. “It was awful to see the destroyer pull away leaving the rest of us to our fate. Not a word was spoken. Every man was busy with his own thoughts. All that could be heard was the splash of water below us. Then out of the darkness to our surprise and joy, another British destroyer, which I learned later was named the Pigeon, came up along the starboard side.”

As *Pigeon* neared *Tuscania*, its Chief Petty Officer John Newton Jones said the *Pigeon* crew could hear many cries for help from men in the water but the crew could not see the callers in the dark.

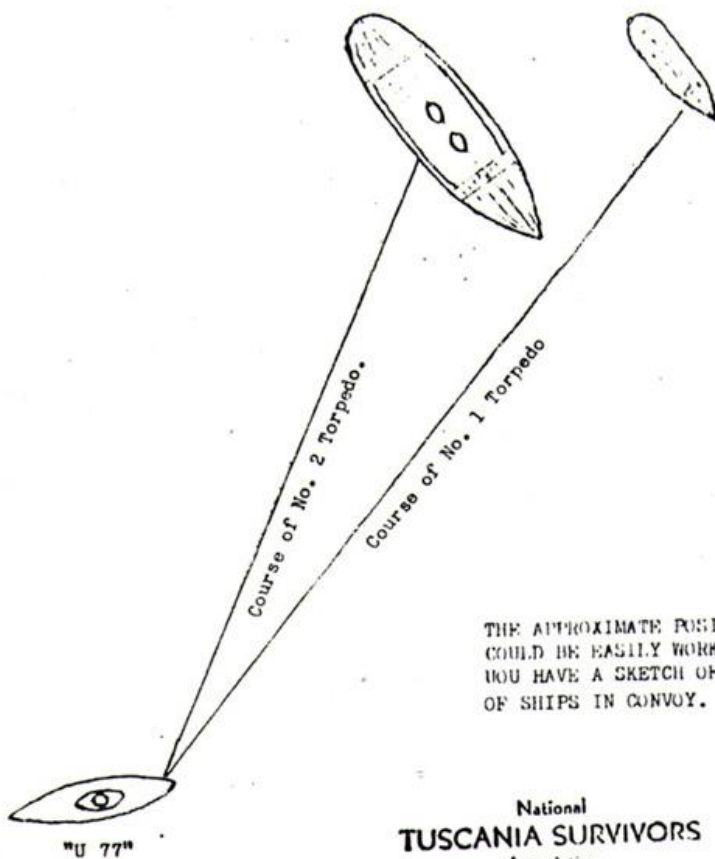
Drawing by John N. Jones,
Petty Officer aboard
H.M.S. Pigeon..

TUSCANIA SUNK ON
FEBRUARY 5, 1918.



"TUSCANIA"

"PIGEON"



THE APPROXIMATE POSITION OF SUB
COULD BE EASILY WORKED OUT IF
YOU HAVE A SKETCH OF REMAINDER
OF SHIPS IN CONVOY.

National
TUSCANIA SURVIVORS
Association

Since Meredith's opportunity to depart on a destroyer had not materialized earlier, he had cut up several long ropes and ordered the men to coil them up, to be ready for instant use because the other destroyers had already loaded up – and soon it would be their turn. "We knew our boats could not be launched, and that it was either a rescue or a straight doom as our lot."

Sergeant Meredith and the waiting men on the *Tuscania* could see the outline of a destroyer approaching on the port side (he said), "the side sloping to the water." Meredith's captain Edward Gillouly ordered their men to take the cut-up coiled ropes they had readied. "We had lines made fast to the destroyer before she was stopped. Our boys went over the sides, across on the lines and landing on the deck of the tiny boat, assisted the next man and made way for those following."

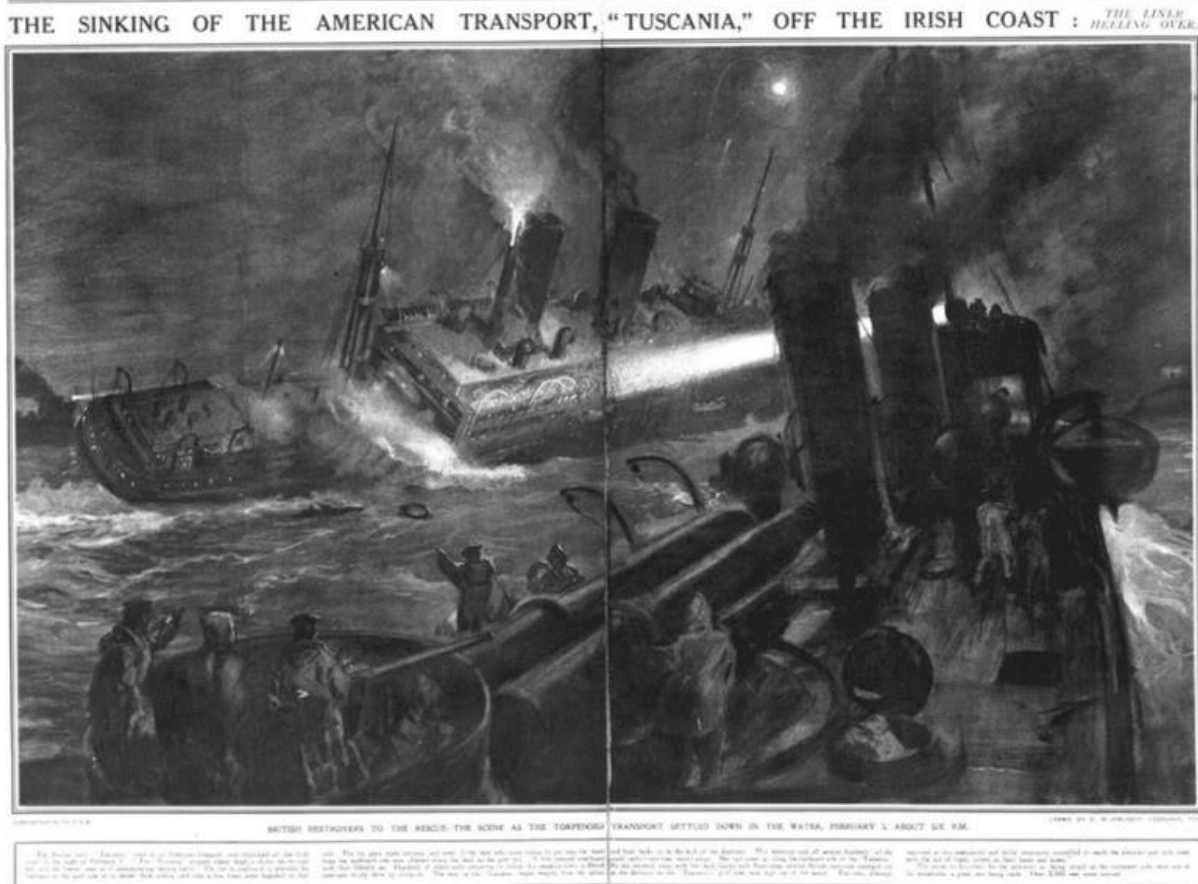
Ropes now fastened the two ships together. Krueger recalled, "It was rather hard getting aboard the Pigeon on account of the sudden storm that was raging at sea and several of the boys lost their lives trying to reach the destroyer."

Captain Gillouly had followed his men via a rope to the *Pigeon*, and Meredith was just about to, when his engine room friend Chief John Howith came from the bridge and took Meredith forward, "where from the deck of the *Tuscania*, we had only to wait for the waves to even the deck with that of the destroyer and step aboard." The *Tuscania* had now begun to settle before its final plunge.

"We had some hard-boiled babes in the 100th Aero, but there wasn't one that didn't pray as the *Tuscania* settled," recalled Charles Daniel Arendell in 1940. "If you fall in a plane, you know eventually the ground will stop you. When a torpedoed boat starts down, there's nothing but awful emptiness beneath you."

Upon the departure of the *Mosquito*, Detroit civilian Fitzgerald noted that the men were once again in the dark. "Once more the lights commenced to grow dim, and finally were extinguished. There was a likelihood that no more destroyers would come, because it is the practice of the submarine commanders to shell or torpedo boats that are rescuing victims of a sinking ship." Fitzgerald was unaware that *UB-77* had already tried this – and missed.

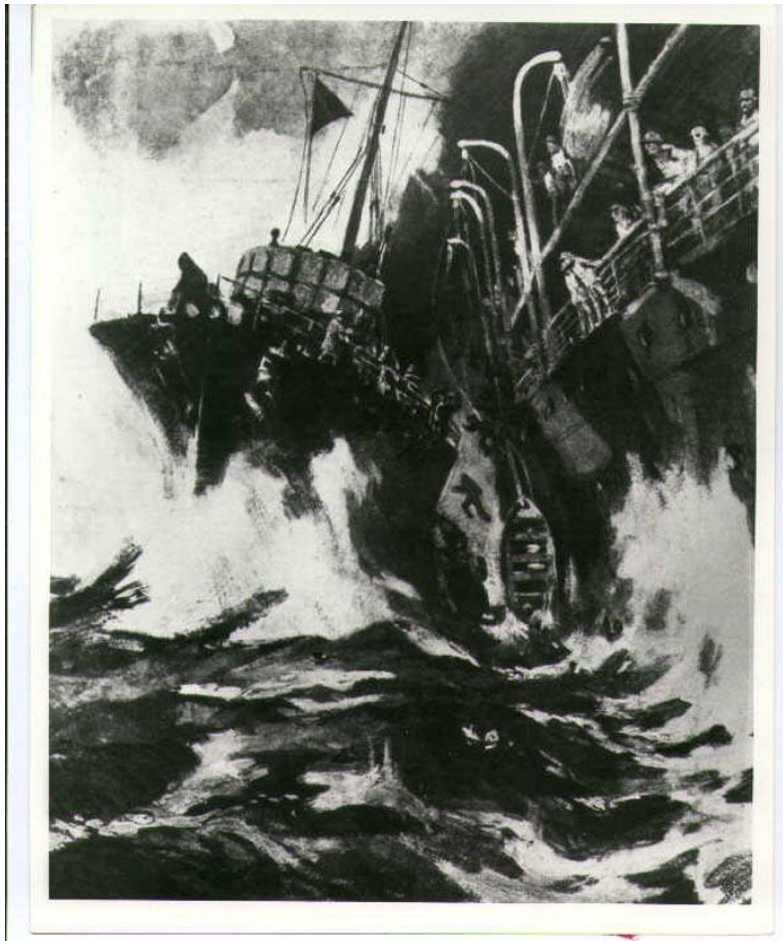
Walter Pfaender, who had remained on board although he had a chance to leave on a lifeboat, waited an hour before being able to slide down a rope to a destroyer's deck, with the deck of the *Tuscania* sloping at 25 degrees.



The destroyer Pigeon approaching the Tuscania from its starboard side. Drawn by Sphere staff artist D. Macpherson. From the Sphere, February 16, 1918. The Illustrated London News.

As the *Pigeon* pulled away, Krueger noticed the *Tuscania* was “then almost four or six feet from taking water over the side.”

Fitzgerald and his friend Abner E. Larned had rendezvoused at lifeboat No. 12 after the torpedoing. Larned, a civilian and the president of Headlight Overall factories (Larned, Carter & Co.), was on a secret government mission. Earlier in his stateroom, Larned had first put on his overcoat, next his lifebelt, then his patented “life-saving suit” (designed to preserve life in the ocean for several hours). Fitzgerald went to his room to get his lifebelt. Upon returning to the lifeboat station, he found that his lifeboat had been launched successfully – minus him – but also without Larned, both because Larned had chosen to wait for his friend and because Larned was a bit dubious about the launching process.



The dangers of the destroyer rescue – man falling overboard, upended lifeboat, rough seas

Now with a lieutenant from Boston named Clark (likely 1st Lieutenant Leland Vining Clark), Fitzgerald and Larned decided to climb onto the highest deck, figuring their only recourse was to jump into the sea, and this would give them a better chance than being sucked down if below deck or on lower decks, Larned writing later that he recalled the *Titanic* deaths due to suction. After seeing what he said was the last lifeboat launched, the one bearing the two female crew members, the trio went below to the “D” deck. They saw a destroyer nearing the *Tuscania* on the port side, but “were disappointed” when it pulled away.

Larned and Fitzgerald then politely asked a sailor, “I beg your pardon, but could you tell us whether it would be better to jump off the port or starboard side if we had to?” The sailor did not look up, but mumbled his advice. “It’s every man for himself now.”

Then the lights went out again. The three men “hastened to the other side and discovered another destroyer waiting there. She had come up quietly in the darkness and had taken a couple of hundred men off before we knew she was there.” It is uncertain what destroyer this was, since Larned could not release its name in his March 1918 description of his rescue due to censorship. They heard a voice call from the destroyer, “Any more 100th Squadron men around?” Although not with that squadron, being a civilian, Larned asked, “Have you room for

two first-class passengers?' The response: "Jump on and grab yourself a ride." And jump they did.

"With a shout of joy," rejoiced Fitzgerald, "the boys who had been on our side of the boat leaped aboard. I grabbed hold of a rail with one hand and took hold of Mr. Larned with the other. The destroyer was just pulling away and Mr. Larned was the last one to board her." Larned said he left just before Captain McLean, which matches the account of Lt. Joerns, who said that "wonderful" Captain McLean was the last man off the ship, flanked by Abner Larned and Edward Fitzgerald until the end.

Abner Larned said the *Tuscania* had settled into the water to a degree that its deck was now even with that of the *Mosquito's*. Being an older, and not as fit, man as the military personnel aboard were, Larned had difficulty getting onto the *Mosquito*, which he identified later, and had finally gotten one foot over to its deck when "I noticed the destroyer was pulling away. I could see the water opening up beneath there" - so he made a final jump, grabbed a cable and was hauled aboard by British sailors. But was this the *Pigeon* instead?

Leonard Read and his 39 comrades, whose lifeboat No. 10 no longer existed, blown up in the torpedo strike, were ordered to the port side and commanded to stay there until they received further instructions. "The port side was deserted – the ship was listing sharply to starboard." He and friend Stanley Frederick Wellman decided to obey orders. "Pandemonium can't pay off, we argued. But the other thirty-eight didn't buy this idea."

Shortly, only Read and Wellman remained on the port side. "It soon became obvious that The *Tuscania* was going down – with all her jam and flour for the British and with two fellows named Stan and Len. To our knowledge, were the only ones remaining on this sinking ship." So Leonard suggested to Stan that they jump off and swim away as far as possible. Stan vetoed this as a crazy idea, figuring they'd freeze to death in ten minutes. Instead, Stan suggested, they should go up to the officers' bar, "drink all the whiskey we can, and go down with the ship." Read said fright had left him in a state of "anesthetized calm" and so he found Stan's imbibing idea appealing. "At least there wouldn't be any officers at the bar to chase us out!" Stan urged him to wait there, and left to investigate the starboard side. When Stan did not return, Leonard figured he was the only one left on the ship and became frightful again. "It was the thought of going into that watery grave alone."

Lee Forest Jackson of Oregon, whose captain had just informed his men that they were not going to get a boat, was encouraged to see the *Pigeon* arrive. After his unit slid down the ropes, the destroyer left; "just two hours we stood there with our feet getting nearer the water all the time. I know now, facing death has no fear for me, as I was not excited nor scared, nor did I intend to leave until the last cat was hung and then I was going to try to swim for a light house as seven were in sight."

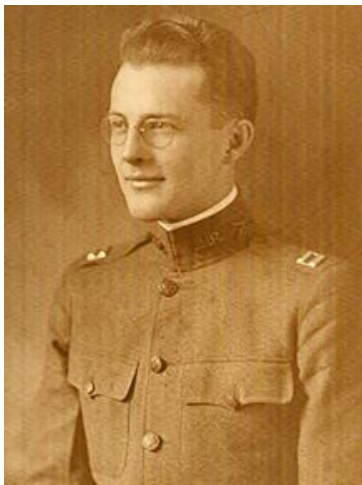
Spooner soldier Fred Taylor, age 25, in a letter written December 29, 1918, told his mother he was also one of the last to leave the sinking ship, rescued by the *Pigeon*.

But there are many people in their accounts who claim to be the last or almost the last person off the ship, or the last to get in a lifeboat, or the last one taken by a destroyer – or they saw the last man leave. There are several accounts that agree that Captain McLean was the last man off. Larned wrote that Captain McLean was the last off the ship – with Larned himself second to last. Sgt. Meredith confirmed that “the last man I saw leave the ship was Captain McLean.” Washburn County’s Earl Knight said he departed on the last destroyer (which he said was *Mosquito*) – and Captain McLean was the last to depart the *Tuscania*. But Lloyd C. Garthwaite said that he was among the last hundred to slide down the ropes to the *Pigeon*. “With us was the captain of the *Tuscania*.”

Spooner resident Frank Marino said he got into the last lifeboat.

There are, however, still men aboard. Some of them will devise ways off the ship.

Lt. E. Denman McNear stated his own “last man” claim. “Some cynics may say that probably everyone thought he was in the last boat off, and so many may, but we have the facts.” The last men off were – he and his lifeboat mates. He said they had watched *Tuscania*’s captain leave on the *Pigeon* and saw only one man left aboard, who floated away when the ship sank on a raft he cut loose. This man may be Captain Wikoff’s Texan.



Left: Captain Howard H. Wikoff

In April 1918, Captain Howard Wikoff of Chicago recounted that the last man to leave the ship was a Texan, who had settled himself into a small boat that was just sitting on the *Tuscania* deck, not launched due to some broken equipment. There he waited. When the ship went down, the Texan’s little boat just washed safely off the deck. When asked if he had not been afraid his little craft would be drawn down by the suction of the sinking ship, he replied (with blissful ignorance): “No. I didn’t know there was any suction.” Even if the Texan was not the “last man,” it’s still a good story.

The *Pigeon* was soon crowded to its limit as survivors slid to safety on ropes that burned their hands. Clark Ricks in his 2010 article (<http://www.keepapitchinin.org/2010/09/27/guest-post-samuel-whitney-pincock-torpedoed/>) described the process. “Getting to safety meant each sailor had to grab the rope with both hands, swing his legs up over the rope, cross his ankles, and shimmy out into the open space. It was likely a forty- or fifty-foot drop to the ocean below.”

Though some men were left to their fate when the *Pigeon* departed, Larned praised the destroyer’s captain, Lieutenant Christopher J.F. Eddis. “The captain had done more than duty

demanded, had, in fact, imperiled his craft almost recklessly in his great desire to save our lives.”

Joseph D. Oddo (writing as “J. Frank Otto”) in his letter of February 5, 1978, said he slid down a rope to the deck of the *Pigeon* where he was greeted by British sailors, who shared their rum, cheese, crackers, cigarettes and tobacco.

After two of Meredith’s men crossed to the *Pigeon*, they found a badly injured man on its deck, and Meredith and his men moved him into the mess room under the bridge. “I shall never forget the feeling after I had come to realize that I was safe.” Standing in front of the smokestack, just behind the bridge, Meredith was warmed by the funnel’s heat “as the little ship turned and shoved off toward the shore. The waves rocked and rolled our boat, the HMS *Pigeon*, and yet safety seemed absolute.” He reflected that everyone had read about sea tragedies such as the sinking of the *Lusitania*, but he compared the stories he had read to his actual experience of that evening, and “what a feeble effort was made to convey the real horror of the scene; how little it meant to the average reader” was a story one read compared to reality.

The men on the *Tuscania* on the port side were higher in the air than their rescuing destroyers, until the hold filled with water and the ship straightened. Lauer asked his fellow survivors to recall how some of them “swung from the deck onto the destroyer.” Several survivors remarked on throwing ropes down to the destroyers. Lawrence C. Bell remembered that the ropes were kept warm as man after man slid quickly down, one after another, to safety. He said the destroyer that rescued him stood off 50 to 75 feet away.

Harry O. Binkley and Tom Boone of Oklahoma will spend about three weeks in Londonderry, Ireland, recovering from rope burns on their hands.

Worth L. Bushey of the 32nd Division, Sanitary Squad, Medical, rescued by the *Pigeon*, reported that he and two other Americans worked with a doctor, from the time they were brought on board until they were landed, assisting four men “who were smashed up in a lifeboat.”

Supposedly the lighthouse keeper at Altacarry Light, on Rathlin Island, whose glass had already been broken by the third torpedo, was able to see the rescues. And supposedly people on shore could see the rescue ropes and thought the *Tuscania* was being towed. About these stories – you can judge. It is quite dark. And the “spectators” would not be close by. The visibility was reported as approximately one mile, and spectators were miles away. Reports that the *Tuscania* were towed are not accurate, but Captain Meyer on *UB-77*, who had a closer viewing spot, also thought the ship was under tow.

No sooner had *Pigeon* pulled away from the *Tuscania* than *Tuscania*’s longitudinal bulkheads gave away, and water flowed into the holds on the port side. This caused the *Tuscania* to revert slowly to an even keel.

Once aboard the *Pigeon*, Larned found that the ship was “literally jammed” with survivors – “they stood welded tight, a solid mass.” Concerned about his traveling companion Fitzgerald, who had been ill with influenza during the voyage and was now feeling faint, Larned explained the situation to a British “lad” of the destroyer’s crew, who replied, “I’ll fix him.” The boy fetched his hammock, unrolled it, then strung it over the heads of the crowded men in the cabin. Larned, who thought the boy a “corker,” noted: “He produced a steaming hot bowl of cocoa, which he offered us, and was all sympathy and desire to assist us.”

“And how good to us every man of the crew,” recalled Larned one month later. The crew did their work “with light-heartedness and cheer, a smile always ready for us, and the oddest dialect or speech habits you ever listened to. English, yes, but a different English than we had ever known.” Observing the age of the crew, Larned described them as “just mere boys.”

Eddis, the captain of HMS *Pigeon*, had earlier ordered his only seaboat, a “whaler,” lowered, after hearing cries from men in the water whom the would-be rescuers could not see in the darkness. Chief Petty Officer John N. Jones was the whaler’s coxswain. The captain ordered Jones to search for men, work around the lifeboats and keep them as close together as possible. In a letter written December 6, 1933, Jones said he assumed his captain intended to return, but then plans changed. The *Pigeon* was forced to leave at full speed due to submarine warnings, as was naval procedure. According to rescued passenger Larned, the *Pigeon* was now moving at 35 knots an hour.

The *Pigeon* captain radioed other ships to search for his whaler, which Eddis reported would probably be in the company of *Tuscania* lifeboats. The whaler under Jones’s leadership had gathered up eleven lifeboats, rescuing 375 men. The whaler pulled round the little group of boats, while Jones said he continued on his way certain that his captain, Eddis, would take care of him – and them. “Considering their inexperience in boats and the circumstances which had placed them there, I must say the survivors behaved remarkably well.” Many hours later, Jones sighted a ship’s light and using his “electric torch” (British for “flashlight”), he flashed the code for “boats” - and the trawler *Elf King* turned its course toward the whaler and its shepherded boats, and took these men to Larne, in Ireland. Among the men rescued by the *Elf King* were William Henry Venable and Lewis Baker of Camp Travis, Texas.

Richard Outcault, Jr., finding his assigned lifeboat destroyed by an explosion, decided to make good on the promise of the British crewman on the *Tuscania* who had promised to assist him. Along the passageway that ran the entire length of the ship went Outcault in total darkness. Upon Outcault’s opening the door to the man’s cabin, there the crewman sat, waiting for him. Assured that “we have plenty of time,” the two sat for a bit, the crewman assuring him that he would just have to jump off onto the deck of another ship. As the two came on deck, a ship was coming alongside, but with the rough seas, the ships were banging together and bobbing up and down, reported Outcault’s son Peter Outcault. Outcault was ordered, “Don’t jump until I tell you to and try to land exactly where I tell you to land.” Upon the command “jump now,” Outcault landed on the deck of the other ship (not identified).

Joseph Capodice had run up and down the deck, being refused access to lifeboats several times, so he decided – even though he could not swim – that he had only one option. “He breathed a prayer and leaped into the water.” When he bobbed up for the second time, Arthur Jones grabbed Capodice by the hair and hauled him onto his makeshift raft. Capodice woke up eleven days later, ashore, in the home of a young Irish couple.

Everett Babbitt did not identify in his 1988 interview which destroyer’s deck he had slid to from a dangling rope, but he did recall a potential embarrassment. “Another guy went in front of me, and we both made it, but he lost his grip and grabbed my pants to stop himself. He almost pulled my pants off.”

Also rescued was the ship’s dog. Charles Shapiro of the 100th Aero Squadron wrote: “I was surely surprised at myself, in fact, unusually calm, and looked for ‘Cutey,’ our mascot, and led him around and got him off,” reported his letter printed in the *New York Times* of March 1, 1918. (<http://daytoninmanhattan.blogspot.com/2015/12/the-twin-irvington-rockland-apts-nos.html>)

Lawrence C. Bell wrote “The flag of my Squadron was the only one saved from the ship.” The 158th Aero Squadron will regroup in Winchester on February 18 with their flag. The commander of the Lough Swilly Garrison wrote in his report to British Brigadier General Hackett Pain: “The American Standard, which, I am informed, was saved by a noncommissioned officer of the 158th Aero Squadron, was brought to Luddan Camp, and the customary honors were accorded to the National Emblem before it was placed in the Officer’s Mess for safe custody.”



The 158th Squadron survivors in France, with the only flag rescued from the Tuscania – from the archives of the Milwaukee County Historical Society



The only U.S. flag saved from the Tuscania, 158th Aero Squadron in Ireland, with 158th Aero Squadron officers/survivors - Courtesy Inniskillings Museum, Ireland. Back (left to right): Miner Carey Markham, Kenneth Standish Hall, Phil Estes Davant, Merle Henry Howe. Front (left to right): Herbert Bullock Bartholf, William Jackson Blackman

Contributor: The Inniskillings Museum, Ireland

American 158th Aero Squadron Officers in Co. Donegal, Ireland
Back Row L to R "Lt. Markham, Lt. Hall, Lt Phil Davant, Lt Howe
Front Row L to R "Lt Bartholf, Lt Blackman"

4th Bn Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers photo taken in Feb. 1918

Part 14: Death of the Tuscania

The *Grasshopper* had rescued approximately 500 to 600 men, the *Pigeon* over 800, the *Mosquito* 300. By 8:40 p.m. the *Tuscania* had been abandoned, and by 9 p.m. – three hours after the torpedoing – the destroyers were no longer on site. Fred Taylor of Spooner reported he left the ship around 10 p.m. This is likely 9 p.m. American time.

There were still a few men left on board. Arthur Siplon noted that a cry went up - “Every man for himself” - as “it appeared that no more destroyers were coming.” His pal “Ragfoot” Smith and others suggested trying to lower a lifeboat, as no lifeboats had come down for quite some time, but “after seeing what happened to some of the others, nobody wanted to take one down.” But they found it fairly easy to swing a boat free. Smith and Siplon volunteered to ride down with the lifeboat, one on each end. Safely reaching the water, they found everyone on that side of the ship wanted to go with them. The lifeboat with a designated capacity of 48 soon had 60 passengers. The boat had only three oars. “It appeared that this was the last lifeboat to get away, and the last men to leave the ship.” Siplon’s comrades pushed up the lifeboat’s collapsible top which gave them about an extra foot of protection from the waves. Leonard Read related that, while he was standing alone on the port side, the Irish Sea had roughened, the sky was heavily overcast, the air “distressingly cold,” the auxiliary lighting had gone off, all was blackness - and three hours had passed since the torpedo. “No longer was there any hope!” despaired Read. Then an unseen hand tapped him on his shoulder. “Buddy, I have been reconnoitering and there are thirty of us left. We’ve discovered a collapsible lifeboat on the poop deck. I think we can get it off,” said the owner of the hand.

This group of thirty put the collapsible boat on the davits, fifteen men climbed in, and the rest tried to lower the boat. “Half way down a rope snubbed, How we ever had the strength to raise that load and unsnub the rope was a phenomenon difficult to explain. But we did it.” Now the remaining fifteen climbed aboard and rowed away “with all the energy we had” from the sinking ship. “As a last gesture we shouted in chorus, inquiring if anyone remained on the ship. There was one and he dove overboard. We pulled him from the sea into our boat.” The *Tuscania* had ten minutes left afloat.

The lifeboats at No. 11 – 11, 11a and 11b – had been successfully launched, so when 11c, “the fourth and last of the 11 boats,” was launched, and a destroyer pulled away, “the boat was rapidly loaded,” wrote Lt. McNear, who got in this boat.

“When we got all the men in who kept coming down the ropes, we had maybe 60 men just jammed up, no room to move. A man in the water signaled us and we picked him up. We then called to see if there was anyone left aboard. Lo and behold, there appeared Lt. [Wallace John] Pattison, my roommate, whom I had left hours ago before either destroyer came even ... We got along side and he soon came down a rope, another man was picked up in the water and then started a fierce hour’s work.” The *Tuscania* had not yet settled far in the water, recalled McNear describing Pattison’s position, a different opinion from those who thought the ship had settled, for “as he [Pattison] stood there by the davits he looked a long way up, which showed that he was still well up out of the water.”

Captain Meyer and *UB-77* had come to the surface, this time around 7:34 p.m., at a considerable distance. Using binoculars, the German crew could see that many ships were still around the *Tuscania*, and light signals were visible. Meyer charged his sub's batteries and pumped up his air bottles.

Men now floated lifeless in the water, or were dead in lifeboats. The night was cold and windy, the current of the North Channel was strong, and it was dark. Not every body would be recovered, and the dead and the living were spread across a wide area.

The *New York Times* of February 28, 1918, and other newspapers, will report that the body of John McCoskey of Watervliet, New York, was located 21 days after the sinking – found at sea on February 26. The British trawler crew who found the body buried McCoskey at sea. Fife's Red Cross book, *The Passing Legions*, reports a British Admiralty file "penned in a deep-sea skipper's rough and unaccustomed hand, written in the cabin of a steam trawler and saving of words. It reads: *Bellona. When patrolling on Square 37 at 12 a.m. Monday, the 18th [18 February 1918], I observed the dead body of a man with a lifebelt on floating in the water. I stopped the ship at once and picked him up. I found him to be a man about 5 ft. 5 in. in height, of stout build with brown hair, clean shaven, dressed in the uniform of a marine with a pair of brown service boots. It was necessary to bury him at sea. After sewing the body up in canvas I read the funeral service and then quietly lowered him to his grave. John Mair, Skipper.* Based on the uniform worn by McCoskey, he was likely a crewman, not an American soldier – and perhaps not *Tuscania's*.

Most reports indicate the *Tuscania* plunged bow-first into the sea. Siplon wrote in 1964: "Now the bow was lowered, throwing its monstrous stern into the air. There it briefly paused, in stark silhouette against the stormy sky - then with a muffled explosion slid ignominiously below the darkened waters. It left us with an eerie, lonesome feeling." (But Siplon contradicted himself in another report: "Now it lowered its wounded stern, throwing its mighty bow into the air.") *Tuscania* hung in the air briefly, then gently slid from sight, sinking to the bottom of the Irish Sea almost three years to the day since her maiden voyage of February 7, 1915.

Estimates of the time the *Tuscania* stayed afloat vary from an impossibly short 48 minutes to two hours - to over three - to almost four hours. Colonel E.E. Fuller of the General Staff, Acting Chief of the Historical Branch of the Adjutant General, reported the official determination: "The *Tuscania* remained afloat 3 hours and 5 minutes after being struck." Captain Meyer determined his target sank at 8:40 p.m.; eyewitness Lt. McNear estimated 9 p.m. but admitted he had no watch. The 2017 Wikipedia record avoids a definite answer by saying the ship sunk "within about four hours." Part of this confusion is undoubtedly due to the difference in U.S., British and German naval time.

Writing in 1936, the National *Tuscania* Survivors Association's historian, Leo Zimmermann, described the *Tuscania's* death: "The abandonment had been completed at 8:40 p.m. and the liner sank an hour later; her stern first, the bow for but a few minutes protruding above the sea

like a monument and wreathed by smoke and the churning water.” During his reminiscences, Zimmermann switches between American/British and German times. Note Zimmerman reported the ship sunk stern first.

Leonard Read wrote that ten minutes after pulling away, “we saw a red flame in the darkness. The sea had found the fires under the boilers.”

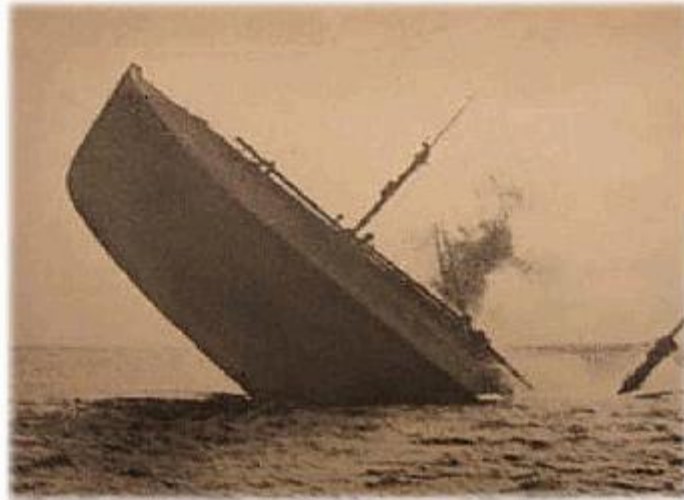
No sooner had Arthur Siplon, “Ragfoot” Smith and their overcrowded boat gotten free of the *Tuscania* by a couple of yards that a cry went up: “She’s going down.” Siplon wrote, “Our mighty ship was leaving us.” Another survivor said: “We watched her die.”

“There it stood briefly, in stark silhouette against the stormy sky,” wrote Siplon, “then with a muffled explosion the *Tuscania* slid below the waves.”

In his nearby lifeboat, still struggling to leave the scene after an hour of fruitlessly trying to pull away only to be blown around and the lifeboat shipping more water, Lieutenant McNear on lifeboat 11-C described the view he and his 60-some colleagues had of the *Tuscania*’s end. “The *Tuscania* began to sink faster and in a minute or two the little of her that was left above water had been submerged. I watched her go down, gently it seemed to me, without any explosion, buckling, or breaking in two, which some report – and as she went down a gentle glow was seen in the shape of a bowl over the spot where she sank. That must have been something from the engine room which the water forced up through the smokestacks.” Lt. Donald Smith reported a film of burning oil on the surface for a time, “a weird sight.”



Snapshot taken by Heinrich (Henry) Loganowitsch Arnowitz of the stricken Tuscania, from aboard its fellow convoy ship Dwinsk (courtesy of Steven Schwartz and Edwin Arnowitz)



*This is **NOT a photograph of a sinking Tuscania**, although it is found online in many locations purporting to be so. It was a pitch-black night – and who was taking snapshots with what camera instead of saving his life? This ship is not painted in camouflage. This is a merchant ship.*

Correctly attributed at:

<https://www.vetfriends.com/MilitaryPics/index.cfm?YearSelect=1916>

Before being rescued, Anchor Line employee Patrick Wilkinson sat in water up to his waist in a lifeboat for six hours, so he may be forgiven for his rather different account: “her bow dipped, there was a series of explosions, great blasts of flame shot from her stacks, and she disappeared.” Young British crew member Patrick Cox (age 14) observed from another lifeboat: “The liner went down nose first, and when in an upright position suddenly overturned.” Actually, when the *Tuscania*’s wreck is located decades later, the ship was found sitting upright on the ocean floor. Lt. McNear admitted there were lots of “wild stories” floating about, but the ship had just gotten lower and lower, then sank quietly after making “a little balancing motion” just before the end.



H. McDonald and A. French, two stewards from the *Tuscania*, who were lucky to survive the attack.

(left) *Tuscania* crew members Patrick Cox (age 14) & Thomas Campbell (age 29) – whose lifeboat will be smashed on the isle of Islay; (right) Stewards Arch French & Hugh McDonald (From Tait's Glasgow in the Great War)

Crewman Patrick Cox in a lifeboat with one other crewman, a U.S. officer and about 50 enlisted troops had heard a cry of “help” out of the darkness. The cry had come from fellow crewman, Thomas Campbell, who had been floating for two-and-a-half hours on an oar propped under his chin. After picking up Campbell, the lifeboat began its inexorable journey to the isle of Islay.

Once more Captain Meyer and *UB-77* approached the site. At 9 p.m. “nothing more of the *Tuscania* can be seen, nor is any ship being towed.” The captain had obviously misinterpreted the ropes lashing the destroyers to the *Tuscania*, to effect the rescue of those aboard, as tow ropes.

In his earlier return visit, he had reported: “We saw at the place of the torpedoing a number of small craft, that gave out light signals, but nothing of the steamer.” Meyer saw destroyers and smaller craft “steaming about,” communicating via Morse code.

The evening of February 6, *UB-77* returns to the site of yesterday's attack. “Spotted some planks and boards.” And then it commenced zigzagging out the north entrance of the North Channel.

The section of *The German Submarine War 1914-1918* by Gibson and Prendergast on the difficulties of attacking a ship in a convoy makes one realize the dangers faced by Meyer and *UB-77* – and the sub's phenomenal success in its torpedo strike. Combat vessels surround the ships in a convoy. To get to a target, a sub has to come to the convoy. “If the submarine attacked, she might torpedo one ship or two; but the moment she revealed her presence she would be subjected to a massed attack by her opponents. Against the guns of the escorting warships and the mercantile vessels the submarine would have no chance of success on the surface. She would therefore be forced to employ the short-range torpedo – an uncertain and expensive weapon.”

German Admiral Reinhard Scheer attempted to attack convoys, but “He admits, however, that the troop-convoys were too well guarded to make attack easy.” The *Monmouth* (Illinois) *Daily Atlas* of February 8, 1918, reported the two torpedoes which had been fired had doubtlessly come from a “fleet of submarines,” based on their number and (erroneously) direction.

Those men rescued by destroyers will disembark in Ireland. Those in lifeboats who make it to shore will land on the shores of the Scottish isle of Islay.

HMS *Grasshopper*, one of sixteen destroyers of the *Beagle* G-class, built by Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Govan, River Clyde, Glasgow, and launched November 23, 1909, with construction completed July 1910, was decommissioned from the Royal Navy in 1920. *Grasshopper* was scrapped November 1, 1921, in Sunderland, England.

HMS *Mosquito* was also one of sixteen destroyers of the *Beagle* G-class. Also built by Fairfield, it was launched January 27, 1910, and its construction completed in August 1910. It was decommissioned from the Royal Navy in 1920 and was scrapped August 31, 1920, at Rainham, England. *Grasshopper* and *Mosquito* displaced 860-940 long tons; *Tuscania* was 14,348 tons.

HMS *Pigeon*, one of 103 “M” class destroyers built during World War I, was launched March 3, 1916, and completed June 2, 1916. *Pigeon* was built by Hawthorn Leslie and Company, Tyneside, England. Originally assigned to the Thirteen Destroyer Flotilla in June 1916, it was removed from this flotilla in November 1917 and in December joined the Second Destroyer Flotilla, part of the Northern Division of the Coast of Ireland Station. It was decommissioned from the Royal Navy in 1920. The Dreadnought Project indicates it “was reduced to C. & M. Party at the Nore on October 20, 1919. “ This means it was transferred to a “Care and Maintenance Party” – essentially mothballed – at the Nore, which is a sandbank marking the entrance of the Thames River into the North Sea.

Part 15: The Cliffs of Islay



The isle of Islay, with the Tuscania monument atop its cliffs at the Mull of Oa. "Oa" (pronounced "Oh") is an Anglicization of the Gaelic "obha" – "headland." (photograph by Tim Epps)
"Many perished with safety almost at hand" – Washington Post 13 February 1918



Along Islay's west coast

Mark Van Ells in his book *America and World War I* described the scene. "The dead, the dying, and those in undiscovered lifeboats drifted toward Islay."

"They had no alternative with respect to destination, for a strong tide drove the lifeboats in that direction," reported the British newspaper *The Daily Record and Mail*, on February 11, 1918.

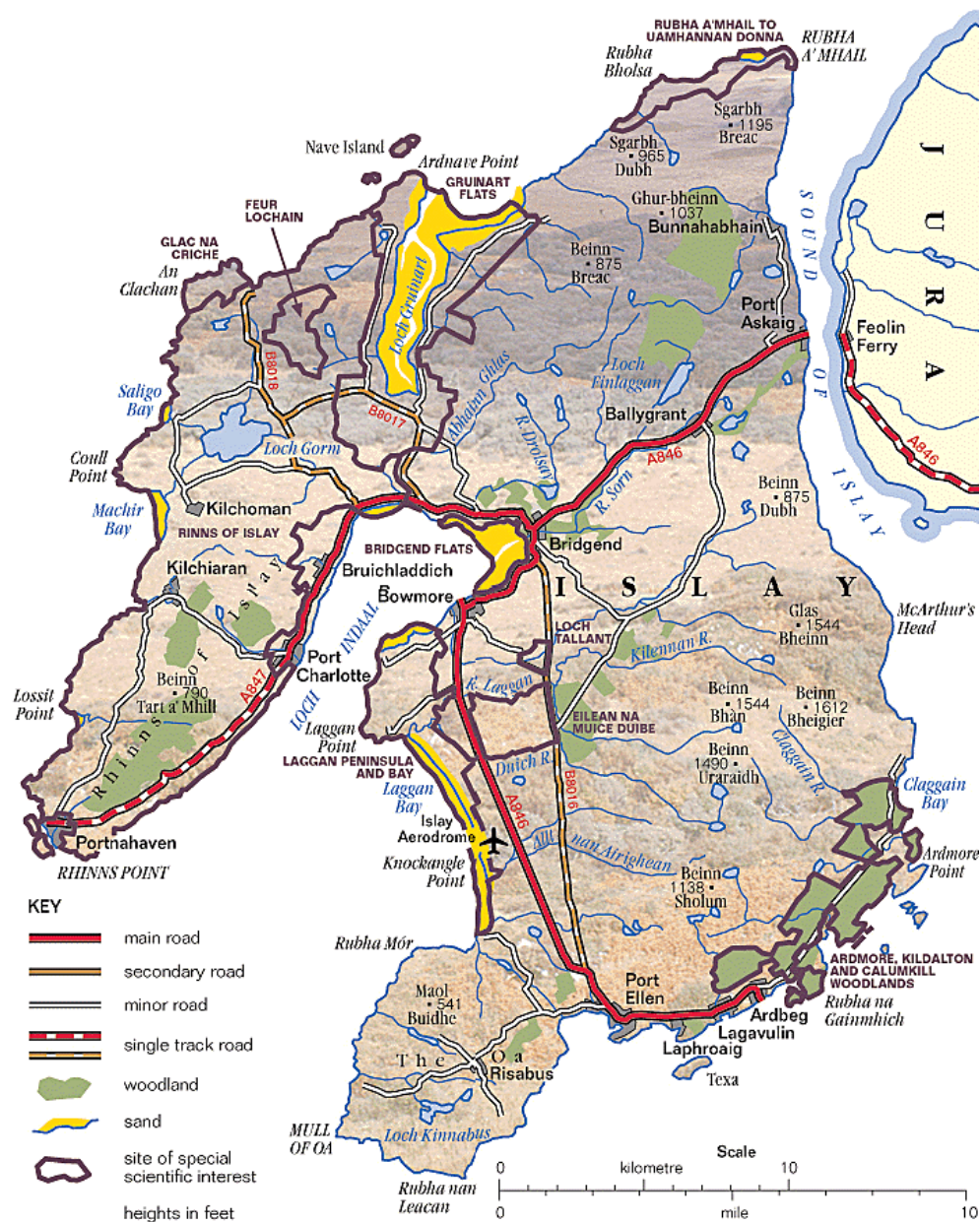
The survivors still in the lifeboats, suffering from exposure or injuries, some of them already dead, made it to land in Scotland on the Isle of Islay (EYE-lah) in a desolate place with 400- to 600-foot cliffs, blown there by gale-force winds, after contending with the swift current and bitter cold. The first boat arrived about 10 p.m. in the dark. Many of these lifeboats had drifted away from the *Tuscania* before rescue efforts by the destroyers could begin, and had been carried northward by strong tidal waters to the southern end of Islay and its peninsula, the Oa (pronounced "oh"), with "the Mull of Oa" being the southernmost point of the peninsula.

Between the Oa and the crag of Dun Athad, one mile to the mull's east, lies Port nan Gallan bay. William Stevens Prince describes it as "its entrance guarded by a half mile of jagged reefs and innumerable rocky islets." Prince continues: "Offshore, the sea writhes ominously for a thousand yards over the hidden reefs on which lifeboats foundered."

The Isle of Islay website describes its own territory this way: "The rocky shores toward which they headed were swept by storm-tossed seas. This was Islay's most southerly point called the Mull of Oa, and nowhere seems more appropriate for the enactment of the final scenes of the shipwreck. It is a wild, inhospitable place covered in bracken and heather and unutterably bleak with 600 foot cliffs continually tormented by gale-force winds. Of all places to struggle ashore this [was] one of the worst."

Captain Harry Letton Sr. wrote: "A strong wind which sprang up suddenly, sent many of the little boats toward the steep, smooth, high, and rocky coast of Islay." The sky was cloudy, the wind increasing in strength, the cold increasing and a light rain falling.

Edward T. Lauer writing on January 20, 1978, to the Last Man's Club of the National *Tuscania* Survivors Association said: "Many of you will remember leaving the portside in a lifeboat and rowing toward Scotland in the darkness, only to be dashed upon the rocks of the rocky cliffs of THE ISLE OF ISLAY where many were killed."



The Isle of Islay, at 240 square miles, is Scotland's fifth-largest island. It is approximately 25 miles long and 15 miles wide at its longest and broadest points, with 130 miles of coastline. In 2011, its population was 3,228.



Two views of Port nan Gallan, with Dun Athad in the distance, one mile east of the Mull of Oa



Port nan Gallan, with shaggy Highlander cattle – photograph by, and courtesy of, Les Wilson of Islay, taken September 22, 2017

The lifeboat of Wilbur Simpson Nutt of the 20th Engineers, which had stayed near the *Tuscania* until it sank, headed for shore at Islay,

“only to find that we were to be cast against the rocks and be left to the mercies of God and the fate of the fearful breakers.” Nutt had been working hard on the ship’s deck to help lower lifeboats, “so was wringing wet with perspiration on getting into the lifeboat.”

Nearing shore, Nutt and his companions figured they were about to die. “On seeing we were to be cast into the sea, we bid one another good-bye, wished each other luck, and asked God to help us. We had given up all hope of living but a few minutes at the most. We could see the wave coming which every man knew would have us at its mercy.”

Nutt continued: “In a second our boat was upset. On coming to the surface, I was quite near the upturned boat. In fact, the boat was surrounded with struggling men. I reached its side, grabbed the rope, then the boat. Just then someone grabbed me around the neck with clasped arms and a death-like grip. With one loose arm, I grabbed the cleat on the bottom of the boat, then with one mighty leap, broke myself loose and scrambled up on top, only to be dashed off again by the second wave to pass.”

Now “whirled in the water” with dangling feet and arms, Nutt found a floating board next to him, “as nice as though placed there.” He tried to hold onto the board, but it was soon thrown away from his grasp. Now a wave drove him closer to shore, “and as it receded I felt a rock under me, clasped it with my hands, managing to hold myself until the next wave came, lifting me onto its top. It was then I was able to scramble ashore and drag myself to safety.”

Finding it impossible to walk, he crawled on hands and knees until he found a post, and holding onto it Nutt was able to stand up. The time was approximately 1:00 or 2:00 a.m. Nutt walked back and forth on the shore until 8 a.m.

Only at 2:30 p.m. was Nutt able to take off his cold, wet clothes. He had contracted pneumonia from his stint in the lifeboats.

The 60 men in Muskegon native Arthur Siplon’s lifeboat had seen a destroyer pass by. With just 3-1/2 oars and half the men needed to handle it, the lifeboat drifted away from the *Tuscania* until “it was a silhouette on the horizon and sunk from sight with one mighty lunge.”

“None of the men were dressed to stand the cold or buffeting waves that broke over us. No one knew where we were headed. While we could see some lights, we had none to direct would-be rescuers in our direction.”

As some of Siplon’s fellow passengers died in the lifeboat, the survivors took turns bailing water. “We could not control the boat, and it was caught sideways in the trough of the waves, and pitched from crest to crest.”

Siplon continued: “We strained our eyes and found, off in the distance, land could dimly be made out. Soon we could hear faintly the roar of the roll of heavy surf. Shortly it became louder, sounding a threat of imminent disaster. Still moving sideways in the trough of the

waves, we were suddenly caught with a mighty heave and sent crashing into an immense rock. The lifeboat turned upside down, spilling everything into the angry sea.”

When Siplon came to the surface, he saw the boat bottom-side-up in front of him. With great effort, he scrambled on top of the boat, and tried to pull others from the water, but succeeded with only his best friend, Wilbur Clark of Jackson, Michigan.

Moments later, a large wave hit the boat, throwing Siplon and Clark into the sea. “It was then a matter of being buffeted from rock to rock, washed in with the waves, and out with the undertow. Just how long this pounding lasted there is no way to determine.”

Siplon was struck forcibly in the chest and he grabbed with both hands the point of the rock against which he had been thrown. He remembered thinking, “So this is death.”

The next wave threw another survivor, whom Siplon heard “faintly offering a prayer,” alongside him, so Siplon draped the arms of “the boy” over his rock. With two large cuts on his head and bleeding from many places, Siplon crawled on his hands and knees toward the rocky shoreline. Finding a big crevice in the rock, and inside its cave a rock shelf about three feet high, above the waterline, Siplon returned to the boy he had left on the rock, “and slowly and painfully brought him to the cave.” Together the two bloodied and bruised survivors “snuggled up in each other’s arms like a couple of bear cubs in an effort to keep from freezing to death.”

At dawn, the two saw many bodies floating in the surf, including Siplon’s friends, 18-year-old honor student Wilbur Clark and “Ragfoot” Smith. [Two casualties named Smith were aboard, Ellis M. and Harry E., with Harry being in the 100th Aero Squadron with Siplon.] Siplon reported that only six men survived from his boat that carried around 60 – “the greatest loss as far as was known of any boat that reached the shore.” The two survivors saw a light moving in the distance. “We called out as loudly as we could and then the light started moving in our direction.” Everett Harpham’s wife Josephine wrote in 1955: “Finally in the dark and cheerless dawn, the feeble flicker of a lantern appeared,” carried by a Highlander.

Leonard Read’s friend Walter Crellin of the 158th Aero Squadron had safely launched a lifeboat, which carried 19 passengers. “All but one were dashed to death on the rocks,” wrote Read, including Crellin.

Walter Pfaender and two others in his eight-man squadron in the 20th Engineers had volunteered to stay aboard the *Tuscania* and help lower lifeboats. The five from his squadron who escaped in the lifeboats were not the lucky ones; they died on the Islay shore.



Out of the 56 men in Ora Leland ("Ode") McCoy's lifeboat, only nine lived. McCoy did not.

Far left: Casualty Ora McCoy, who had marched on board the Tuscania on his 30th birthday, January 23, 1918. Near left: Leonard Read's friend, casualty Walter Crellin

Raymond Charles Butler of the 20th Engineers had been sick in bed on the *Tuscania* with measles. One can imagine the ill man guided to a lifeboat to be given a chance of survival. He died when his lifeboat crashed onto the rocks;

Butler is then temporarily buried in Trench 1, Grave 15, at Kilnaughton on Islay. He is the namesake of the New Richmond, Wisconsin, American Legion Post, Number 80, currently named the Butler-Harmon Post.

Tuscania crew member, Patrick Cox (age 14), and its fireman Thomas Campbell, whom Cox had pulled from the sea, were thrown into the sea when their lifeboat smashed against the Oa. "I'm finished, Tom," said an exhausted fellow crewman before he died in the water. The next day, Cox and Campbell identified his body.

Four survivors climbed the cliffs that night and found the cottage of Islay farmer Robert Morrison, a "coast watcher" of Upper Killelan on the Mull, waking him and his family.



The Morrison homestead at Upper Killelan, Oa, September 2017 – photograph by, and courtesy of, Les Wilson of Islay. Compare to the photo on page 191. Right: Robert Morrison, his wife, sister, aunt & grandmother, with their farmhand, John Woodrow [Library of Congress]

While Robert Morrison headed to the beach to rescue survivors, his brother James hastened to rouse the neighbors to help. There were no telephones on Islay – and electricity would arrive in 1949. One Scottish farmer arrived on the shore at dawn to build an enormous fire.

Morrison rescued two or three men marooned on a rock by wading in neck-deep water to throw them a rope. He climbed 250 feet up a cliff to rescue a soldier who had gotten stuck on a ledge while trying to climb to the top, and carried him on his back to safety. Morrison provided food and shelter in his small house of only a few rooms to ninety soldiers.



Duncan Campbell atop the rocks of Islay. Courtesy of his grandsons, Robert and Michael Brooks. Duncan's home, February 2018, photograph by, and courtesy of, Les Wilson of Islay.

Siplon was hosted at the Campbell home, and he was grateful. "This kind farmer took us to his home some distance away. All those who could walk helped the injured. When we arrived there, his first act was to gather all possible food and serve his unexpected guest. His wife made scones on an ancient fireplace, fired with peat. With the scones she served hot invigorating tea until her supply was completely exhausted." Duncan's wife, Mary Sinclair Campbell, baked griddle scones through the night.

Morrison's sister Annie began full-scale production of girdle scones over her peat fire, aided by their sister Betsy. Having used up their butter, Betsy began churning, while Annie kept on baking until she ran out of supplies at 8 a.m., the two women having fed almost 100 men in their six hours of kitchen duty.

Cared for at the Morrison house by Morrison's sisters and brother were Stanley Lewis Collins, ill with internal injuries and pneumonia, who died there on February 6th, and William A. Dinter, wounded, whose hypothermia caused pneumonia. Dinter, relocated to Islay House, died there on February 8th. Robert not only used up all his food but gave away most of his clothing – and refused to submit an amount for reimbursement. An American Red Cross officer commented: "In my opinion he is one of the greatest heroes I have ever heard of."

The body of Stanley Lewis Collins will be exhumed from Islay and will be reburied in Knights Ferry, California, on October 23, 1920, near the body of his fiancée, Elvina Prowse, who had been killed in a horse-riding accident in 1917.



Robert Morrison (man at rear right, with mustache) in front of his house on Killeyan, 1918 (Milwaukee County Historical Society archives) – Right: Duncan Campbell, courtesy of his grandsons Michael and Robert Brooks



Morrison's fellow coast watcher, Duncan Campbell, from Stremnish on the Mull, went down to the shore at 3 a.m. and brought groups of survivors back to his tiny cottage which was nearby.

Campbell had also climbed to the aid of a soldier, reported Fife, "who had been thrown up on the side of an almost inaccessible cliff, and was lying there helpless and worn out." Campbell took him to his small farmhouse, where he and his wife, Mary Sinclair Campbell, provided shelter and food to thirteen or fourteen other survivors he found wandering on the coast. Campbell also gave away most of his clothing. Campbell, like Morrison, "declined to consider acceptance of payment for what he had done."



< Ruins of the Duncan Campbell home February 2018, photograph by, and courtesy of, Les Wilson

Robert Morrison – and Duncan Campbell - were awarded the Order of the British Empire four months later, while Annie and Betsy Morrison received gold wristwatches. Both Campbell and Morrison were described as “experienced cragsmen,” skilled in work on the cliffs because they often had to rescue stranded sheep. Duncan also received a medal from the king of Norway, related his grandson Robert Brooks in 2018.

Private Allen Oskar Abrahams of the 158th Aero Squadron and the men in his lifeboat neared the cliffs around 1 a.m., eager to get on land. “How we did pull for that shore when we sighted it” a few hundred feet ahead. Then they got close enough to realize “it was a broken rocky coast with a cliff in back of the rocks. There was no place to land, so we tried hard to pull away again, because we knew if we hit the rocks, it would be good night!”

To no avail. “In an instant we were up against them with everybody overboard and the boat in splinters.” After being tossed against the rocks several times, Abrahams managed to grab hold of one rock, and the next wave threw him on top of it. There he and others in similar circumstances clung until noon the next day, when one of the “coast guard” saw them. “He got some help, a rope and a horse. He pulled us up, one by one, more dead than alive. We lost five boys when we attempted to land, God bless their souls.”

Captain David Davis Hall of the 20th Engineers wrote the brother of casualty Elmer Luther Cowan of Montana three months after the sinking, in May 1918. Cowan “in fine spirits” had marched to the lifeboat with coolness, got into his assigned boat, and got safely away from the ship. “All went well with the boat until the shores of the Isle of Islay were reached.” The sea had become very rough and Cowan’s boat was broken to pieces on the rocks at 2 a.m. on February 6. Their lifebelts, wrote Hall, were of little use on the rocky coast. Cowan’s body was recovered the next morning.

Many men were drowned or killed when the lifeboats crashed on the rocks, dashed upon the jagged shores of Islay. Some survivors clung to projecting rocks as waves broke around them. These survivors had to contend with an undertow as well as high waves and rocks. The stronger tried to help the weaker. Men sought shelter in small caves, although these offered little protection to men without hats or coats, and the caves were soon overfilled. Life preservers were used to cover those who needed warmth the most. Some survivors huddled on the beachless shore. Along the shore, in the dark, men cried out for help.

Survivor Werner W. Pfaender wrote: “The beams from both the Irish and Scotch lighthouses were visible. Cruelly that proved fatal. The lives of many American soldiers who headed lifeboats toward the lights were crushed on the rocks the lighthouses were meant to warn against.” The brightest light would have been that of the Altacarry Lighthouse (the Rathlin Island East Lighthouse), which warned people away from it, not to come toward it, but the tide

did not carry boats in that direction. The lighthouse on the cliff of Islay “beckoned us on,” wrote one survivor, “like a siren of destruction amongst its pounding breakers.”

Of 20 men in one lifeboat, only eight survived. Harpham’s lifeboat, carrying over 60 men, had only eight survivors. Wilbur S. Nutt was the only one saved of 40 or 50 men in his lifeboat.

Everett Harpham and Roy Muncaster had hopes of rescue when a destroyer passed by them and a Royal Navy officer yelled: “Float around a little while boys. We’ll pick you up later.” The ship did not return. The lifeboat headed to Islay. As they neared Islay, their lieutenant yelled to be heard above the wind. “Remember, we are all Americans.”

John Swendrzynski, reported the *Waushara* (Wisconsin) *Argus* on February 10, 1927, survived his arrival on Islay. “A few more rods to the right or the left, and their boat would have been dashed to pieces against the rocky cliffs.”



Left: the goats and rocks of Islay

Idahoan Dick Vineyard, who had seen his men tossed out of their lifeboat when another lifeboat crashed on top of them while attempting a launch from the *Tuscania*, reported those swimmers had been picked up by another lifeboat. But when the two lifeboats carrying his men reached Islay, the boat was “dashed to pieces and most of the men killed or drowned.”

Dead on Islay from a combination of the scarlet fever he had suffered on the voyage and exposure in the lifeboat was James Brian Gurney, of Oregon. His brother and fellow passenger Stephen had thought of deserting his lifeboat station on deck to search for his brother as the ship was sinking, but had done his duty. Stephen would write home: “You will learn of his death before this reaches you.” Just before their mother got Stephen’s letter, she had received a cheerful and optimistic message from Jim.

In 1977, Edward T. Lauer recalled his comrade from Milwaukee: “Orville [Orvel N.] Casper grew up on 28th St., just north of Lisbon. He was the strongest man in the outfit. I know he got off the ship, but he must have died on the cliffs.”

Flung ashore were 182 lifeless bodies (or 126 according to the isle of Islay website, or perhaps 130), of which 170 could be identified. Other bodies floated in the water. Bodies came ashore in eight locations. The conditions in the water and on the shore had caused the bodies to be mutilated, missing limbs, some decapitated, and as time passed, quite decomposed. Earl

Knight, in his Rhinelander interview in 1937, who claimed that “he has collected all known information about the boat and its tragic end,” reported there were 265 bodies found on the coast, but this estimate would be high. Another estimate is 200 bodies total. Bodies of the dead washed up on rocks even 15 miles away.



On the shore near the Mull of Oa lie three of Tuscania's lifeboats (archives of the Milwaukee County Historical Society)

As Les Wilson wrote in his book, *The Drowned and the Saved*, “At 6 a.m. on the morning that followed the sinking of the Tuscania, Isabelle Macgilvary, who had seen the red distress flares in the sky the previous night, was woken by her mother to a horror story. Bodies were being washed ashore and her father had joined other local men in the search for survivors.”



left: Drill Hall, Port Ellen, 4 May 2018 (by Marilyn Gahm)

Isabelle wrote: “That was a very distressful day for everybody. I don’t think any survivors came in at Port Ellen but bodies did. My father with his small cart conveyed some of these to the Drill Hall in the back road. He found a small black man up at the top of the Ard and was able to carry him home unaided to the cart he was so slight. That affected my father very deeply, he had to come home for a while.” Isabelle recalled the bodies, “as stiff as boards,” passing by on their way to the temporary morgue in the Drill Hall.

Local citizens searched for bodies “on shore, rock and islets.” Bowmore policeman Malcolm MacNeill reported to his superiors how islanders had rushed to assist.

Not all the casualties arrived on Islay in boats. Fred J. Rudolf (Rudolph) of Milwaukee had climbed down ropes to his launched lifeboat, “but on account of the Tuscania listing very much to the opposite side (starboard), he was struck against the side of the ship and was thrown into the water and drowned. He had his lifebelt on at the time so his body floated ashore. His body was recovered on the shores of Scotland, and he was buried by a detail of soldiers with all honors of war at Kilnaughton, Isely [sic/Islay], Scotland, Feb. 13, 1918.”



Rocks on the shore of the Mull of Oa (above)



Sarah Hyland, a chauffeur in World War I, standing in one of the Tuscania lifeboats, Port Charlotte, 1918. The first automobile had arrived on Islay in 1914. (Milwaukee County Historical Society archives)

ELVE PAGES. *Washington Post* Feb. 13, 1918

Bodies of 163 Americans From Tuscania Found on Scotch Coast; Boats Wrecked on Rocky Shore

*Many Perished With Safety Almost at Hand.
Natives Put Villages in Mourning and
Attend Funeral Rites — Many
Daring Rescues in Surf.*

(By the Associated Press.)

London, Feb. 12.—The Press Association says that two bodies of soldiers from the Tuscania were washed ashore on the mainland of Scotland last night. This brings the total of bodies recovered to 163.

A Scotch Seaport, Monday, Feb. 11 (By the Associated Press).—The American dead, as a result of the sinking of the steamer Tuscania, number at least 159.

Thus far 146 bodies have been buried along the Scotch coast, and fourteen additional bodies were recovered today. Funeral services over the latter will be held tomorrow.

The bodies of a majority of the Americans were identified by means of metal disks which the men wore, and in the case of about twenty others, which bore blank tags. Identification was effected of most of them by a general description of the bodies or by letters found in the pockets of the men.

Villagers Join in Mourning.

A correspondent of the Associated Press who arrived here this morning with two American officers, after a perilous voyage from Ireland, is able to give the first account of the last moments of many of the American victims who perished as a result of the Tuscania disaster and of pathetic incidents attending their burial on the bleak and rocky shores of this barren coast.

The correspondent today assisted in the burial of sixteen Americans. Today's burial was at the water's edge at the base of rocky cliffs and was picturesque in the extreme. All the tiny villages for miles around were in mourning for the Americans, and farm and fisher folk came great distances to attend the ceremonies. Twenty-five American survivors of the disaster who had been left behind for the purpose assisted the natives in digging the graves

into which the khaki-clad troops tenderly placed their dead comrades.

Scotch Make Large Flags.

Looking down from the top of the cliffs 200 feet above stood the mourners, headed by a British colonel and an American private carrying an "Old Glory" made for the occasion by a group of Scotch women, who, on learning that the Americans had no large flag, obtained a small silk handkerchief edition of the flag from a sergeant, and remained up all night copying it on a large scale.

Two clergymen came many miles and read the Scotch and Episcopal services, after which volunteers fired three volleys, which echoed against the hillsides. While this was going on, the only photographer within 20 miles photographed the mourners.

The ceremony was much the same as was carried out at the same spot on the previous day, when 34 Americans were laid at rest in two other graves. So badly mutilated were many of the bodies that two American army officers, who were sent here from London expressly for the purpose, found it impossible to take finger prints for identification purposes.

Wooden Crosses Erected.

Wooden crosses, with distinguishing numbers, have been placed on each grave, all of which are inclosed by temporary fences.

The bodies of the Americans have come ashore thus far at eight widely separated points along the coast. All but fourteen, which were recovered today, have been buried at three of the most central points, or where the greatest number were recovered. For instance, at one point alone the funeral rites were carried out over 60 soldiers, who were washed up within a stretch of coast line not longer than two city blocks.

CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.

Washington Post, 13 February 1918

The great and powerful Republic of America ... and the little island of Islay. Two very different communities forever linked by events that were tragic, but which were shot through with heroism, fortitude, kindness and respect.

Les Wilson, *The Drowned and the Saved*, p. xxi



*Robert Morrison (right) and John Woodrow (left), on wrecked Tuscania lifeboats near Kinnabus. Morrison is pointing to the Mull of Oa cliffs, from which the two men rescued American soldiers
(From the Library of Congress - <https://www.loc.gov/item/2017675913/>)*

About 130 Americans had reached Islay alive that night, wrote Les Wilson in 2018. Not all the boats were wrecked on the rocks. Islay islanders tell the story of the lifeboat which contained an Islay native, electrician Ronnie MacDonald of the *Tuscania* crew, son of a Portnahaven fisherman. He had ordered the rowers to hold their position offshore until dawn because he was aware of the danger from the rocks. When some of the men, eager for an end to their ordeal, demanded MacDonald take them into shore, the story goes, he held them off with a pistol. When light came, he guided the lifeboat safely ashore, at Killean.

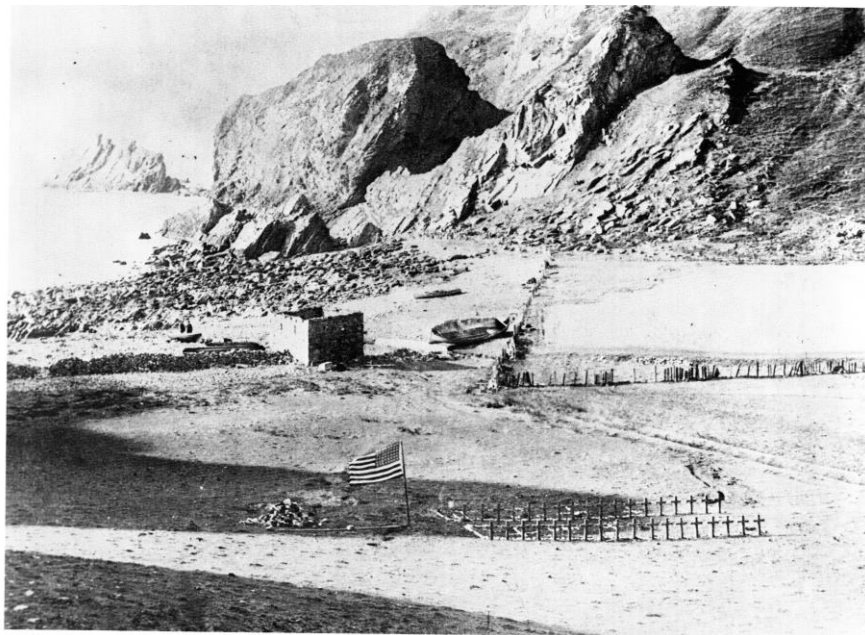
Survivor Harry A. Kelley reported that he had floated in his lifeboat for eleven hours – “remained pretty cool” – until at 5:30 a.m. on February 6, his lifeboat, carrying 32 men, landed on Islay. Kelley had been a member of the South End Rowing Club in San Francisco. Since he was a sergeant and had experience in boats, especially in open waters contending with tides, he had been placed in charge of his lifeboat by his companions. As he neared Islay, he saw the surf was “fierce” so he kept his boat offshore until there was a chance of bringing it safely to shore.

One of those aboard Kelley’s lifeboat apparently was Louisianian Leo Terzia, whose brother Fensky had not made it onboard their designated lifeboat (13A), since Leo said his lifeboat also had 32 passengers. Around 5 a.m. on February 6, “after fighting the rocks for about eight hours,” his boat came safely ashore, all 32 of its passengers safe and alive. “Out of some seven

or eight lifeboats our raft was the only one that made a landing without being smashed to pieces against the rocks,” Leo wrote his brother Ted on February 12. “The other boats that left alongside our boat with probably men aboard would show up with less than half living after being smashed against the rocks. I saw more horrible sights than I expect to ever see again.” Leo has not yet learned the fate of his fellow *Tuscania* passenger and brother, Fensky.

Leo likely could have been hired as a publicist to produce testimonials for the people and isle of Islay. He tells Ted, “When our raft landed on an island off the Scottish coast we were in the most beautiful little town I ever saw, and I will never forget the treatment received from those hones [sic]-to-God people.”

An occupant of one of these lifeboats was First Lieutenant Charles Albert Schweissinger of the 20th Engineers. He had been ill with influenza and when he landed in the water off the *Tuscania* had originally been too weak to climb onto a raft, but had managed to get aboard. The raft drifted toward Islay. “This raft and an adjoining one stayed at sea all night because they knew how rocky the coast was, and affected a safe landing at daylight.”



*Port nan Gallan Bay, with the flag made by the Islay islanders, three or four wrecked lifeboats
From William Stevens Prince's "Crusade & Pilgrimage," page 67*

One boat was swept directly into the Port Ellen harbor. These seven soldiers were housed by local schoolteacher Miss Jetty Shanks and her sister Bella, at 85 Frederick Crescent. When writing to the mother of one of her surprise guests, Edgar Brownell, in late summer 1918, Jetty reported: “It was my privilege to entertain seven of the survivors of the ill-fated *Tuscania*, and

among them your son.” Brownell had cut off the sleeves of his shirt to tie himself to the lifeboat, had lost everything including his coats, and arrived with a very bad cold. Jetty Shanks described the atmosphere as “unreal” with all the dead young boys.

Dougie MacDougall, a deckhand standing watch on the paddle-steamer *Pioneer*, which was moored at Port Ellen the night of February 5, roused his captain upon hearing the shouting of men in boats off Islay. Author Les Wilson of Islay wrote that MacDougall’s grandson, also named Dougie MacDougall (age 95 in 2017), recalled: “A lot of the crew were Islay men and they knew that a boat would hit the Ard (a headland) in the dark, so they started putting up lights to guide the boat in, and were shouting out to it. The young Americans were in a state, and they were packed into that boat.”



(left:) Port Ellen on Islay, 2001

Writing in the 1970s, Edward T. Lauer said he had received a photograph “of one of the spots near the monument where there is a huge pile [of] splintered life boats.”

Second Lieutenant Paul N. Wilson, Statistical Officer from Headquarters, Base Section No. 3, AEF in London, wrote to the Adjutant General on April 24, 1918 [in error dated as 1917]. “Judging

from the condition of the coast, the broken condition of the boats which were washed onto the shore, and the stories told by survivors who landed at Islay, I think that little blame for the deaths can be placed on the management of the life boats at the ship. The boats containing men from the ship were badly broken up on the rocky coast, some of the bodies being thrown into the rocks so hard that they could not be extricated without breaking the rocks.”

“Many of the survivors on the island were in serious condition owing to exposure,” wrote Fife of the American Red Cross. “To their aid the Red Cross sent a detachment of American nurses from the Red Cross Hospital at Mossley Hill Liverpool. They made almost a record run to Islay and were soon in charge of the sick men whom they attended until all were well enough to travel and eventually they accompanied the squads of men as they left for their station in southern England.” Access to Islay was only possible by boat; the first airplane did not land on the island until 1928.

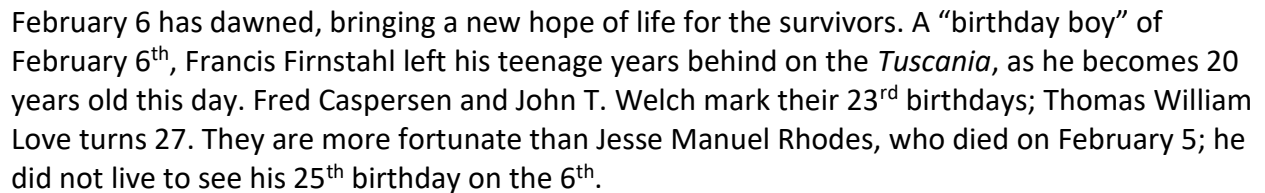
Captain Charles M. Rotch of the U.S. Army arrived on Islay at 4 p.m. on Thursday, February 7, ordered there that morning by Army headquarters in London. He brought along a U.S. Army doctor, Lieutenant Herman Chase, and two nurses.

In his *The Drowned and the Saved*, Les Wilson notes that present-day Islay water rescue workers are familiar with “post-recovery collapse,” which can cause a person removed from the cold waters around Islay to die of cardiac arrest once the flow of warm blood, which has been drawn into the body’s core, flows back into a person’s limbs and once cool, back to the heart.

Some lifeboats bypassed the Mull of Oa and instead were driven into Loch Indall, whose rocky coast is as rugged as that of the Oa. This loch – the large “bay” in the island’s west center - lies west of Bowmore; Port Charlotte is at its western edge. Survivors came ashore to find shelter to farm homes at Easter Ellister, Craigfad and Port Charlotte. Ten survivors were on board a lifeboat that beached at Port Charlotte, but approximately 20 bodies were washed up there, to be laid out on its pier. Fifteen bodies were found near Easter Ellister and ten at Craigfad. Two bodies were washed up at Bowmore, and were carried to its famous Round Church.



Kilarrow Round Church at Bowmore, built 1767



The American Red Cross office in London learned about the *Tuscania* around the time survivors were arriving in the ports of northern Ireland. The Red Cross cabled the American consul at Belfast, offering funds and supplies; contacted the British Red Cross in London to make all its resources in Ireland available; and sent two American Red Cross representatives – Captain B. Stuart Smith and Captain Edgar H. Wells – on the night boat train to Larne, Ireland, “well supplied with money.” The two men worked about twenty hours a day to ensure “that no man and no need should be overlooked,” wrote Fife of the Red Cross.

Although officers were dispensed money for themselves and their men, Fife noted: “Money was not given to the enlisted men as they had practically no use for it, the generous townspeople everywhere refusing to accept payment for purchases.”

In Scotland – destination of adrift lifeboats:

The isle of Islay is about 25 miles long from north to south, and about 15 miles across at its widest point. Residents of the main villages – Port Ellen, Bowmore, Bridgend and Port Charlotte – on the southern coast had to deal with the survivors and casualties who washed up on its shores. More than 100 men from the small community of Port Ellen had already been killed on the battlefields of Europe, and many were in military service, so old men and boys, women and girls, were the ones left behind to farm or fish – or rescue *Tuscania* survivors. The population of the island at the time was just over 6,000 people; the island will lose over 200 of its young men to the war.

The American Red Cross files in Washington D.C. reported that a Scottish shepherd and his wife had stayed up late that evening with their only child, who was ill, leaving a lamp lit and the peat fire built up. They were surprised a few hours later by a knock on the door and a man’s voice which asked, “Is this Scotland?” The reply: “It is.” The man said, “Thank God,” and the couple opened their door to the unlikely sight of some American soldiers, led to their home – and rescue – by their light. Some of the survivors had climbed the cliffs in the night to find this

home. While the shepherd helped other men to his house, his wife built up the fire, wrapped the survivors in the warmest garments she could provide, and brewed drinks of hot tea and peppermint.

(left:) Port Charlotte



Other farmers and shepherds found surprise visitors at their doors. A few on both sides reported later that each thought the other was speaking a “foreign language” – Scots English being quite different from American

English. Not to mention the Gaelic speakers on Islay! In addition, English was a “second language” to the large number of immigrants who comprised the American Army. Port Ellen schoolteacher Mr. McLachlan, who spoke several languages, found himself called into duty as a translator – and so the children of Port Ellen enjoyed no school classes for several days while their teacher was employed in a different role.

“Word was sent to Port Ellen, the nearest village seven miles away,” wrote Siplon after his stay at Duncan Campbell’s cottage. “It was to this place we were taken. The injured were

transported in horse-drawn two-wheel carts, while those like myself, who could struggle along, walked the entire distance.” One survivor, Fred T. Benefiel, was too ill to be moved from the



Morrison home. He died at Killeyan Farm on February 15, and was buried the next day.

The Morrison home which sheltered 90 men, two of whom died. Robert Morrison, a Gaelic speaker, rarely spoke English. [Library of Congress]

The residents of Port Ellen generously made their two hotels available to survivors, with three men to a room. One of these was the White Hart Hotel, one the Machrie family hotel. The night of the disaster, the White Hart was converted into an emergency hospital. In 1955, Everett Harpham visited the hotel room to which he had been carried 37 years earlier. A look at the hotel's register showed Harpham the names of the comrades who had joined him there. In addition, survivors were billeted in Islay homes, about two or three in every house. Schoolgirl Isabelle Macgilvary recounted visiting them and singing to the men, including those at 8 Charlotte Street (the current Trout Fly Bed & Breakfast), then the residence and shop of Mrs. MacGibbon who cared for her motherless granddaughters, Anna and Mary. Four men were lodged in the local schoolhouse, with two apiece in the homes at the distillery. Edward C. Barker told his son Robert that he had been housed in the school. Supposedly Anna MacGibbon later moved to the U.S. and married one of the soldiers; that turned out to Stanley Pemberton Brady, in Hanford, California, in 1922, when she was 18.

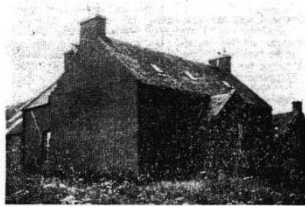
Mrs. Curtis Reedy of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, wrote Miss Jean Currie of Port Ellen, who had sheltered Mrs. Reedy's brother, Alva William Bowman. "I hope that if Fay [her and Alva's brother] should meet with the same misfortune that Alva did he will also be as fortunate in reach a place of safety and his lot cast among people so hospitable."

"The kindly folks of the village of Port Ellen proved to be angels of mercy," recalled Siplon.
 "Many of the mothers gave up the best clothing of their husbands and grown sons, some of them being away to war."



WHITE HART HOTEL at Port Ellen on island of Islay which was converted into hospital to care for men who survived sinking of Tuscania.

White Hart Hotel in 1918 (left) - from the files of Edward T. Lauer



SCOTCH HIGHLANDER'S home to which survivors of torpedoed transport were taken for first aid.



And in 2017

< Yet another view of the Morrison house (left)



Port Ellen warehouses and "maltings" in 2016. The distillery operated 1825-1983. A maltings treats grain for other distilleries - From http://www.islayinfo.com/islay_whisky_distilleries.html



Left: The Laphroaig distillery -
<http://www.laphroaig.com/distillery/>

The Red Cross report noted that one Scotsman had been so generous in giving away his clothing that he gave it all away, and the next morning found he no longer owned any underwear. This was Colin Campbell, honorary coast watcher, who was responsible for carrying out the arrangements of

the burial of 133 victims and assistance to the 130 survivors in the area.

Harry A. Kelley noted in his diary on February 6 and 7, "The people of Port Ellen are very, very kind to us ... the people are so hospitable." Poor Kelley came down with the mumps on February 9 and was hospitalized until February 19.



Malcolm MacNeill at far left, on Islay – Islay House factor (manager) Loughton to his left

Islay policeman MacNeill commended the elderly women who supplied soup and managed to find food for survivors after both the *Tuscania* disaster and the *Otranto* disaster that followed it in October. "In the report which he filed on the wreck, my grandfather [MacNeill] went out of his way to commend the

ordinary folk who, though they had so little, gave so much to help those who were wrecked on their shores," wrote MacNeill's grandson, Lord Robertson, a native of Islay.

Tuscania's Captain McLean, still in full uniform and wearing a heavy oilskin, arrived with eighty to 100 survivors, including a few Americans, in Glasgow on February 8. He refused to be interviewed. Those accompanying him were taken to the Sailors' Home at Broomielaw. Many of the crew's relatives, mostly women, who were waiting on the platform, broke down upon

realizing their loved ones were not among the arrivals. The British Admiralty's earliest releases identified Captain J.L. Henderson as the captain of *Tuscania*, but newspapers like the *Chicago Tribune* or *El Paso Herald* (8 February 1918) corrected the original error. "Capt. McLean has been in the service of the Anchor line for 20 years," wrote the *El Paso Herald*. The *Evening News* of Britain reported that Captain Henderson had only been in temporary command on a voyage some time ago.

By February 10, 1918, McLean had submitted his report to the owners of the ship and to the Board of Trade and the naval authorities. "He declined to make a statement for publication," wrote the *Cornell Daily Sun* (Cornell University, New York) on its front page on February 11,

1918, “remarking that the main facts of the disaster already had been fairly stated.” When approached by the *Evening News* of Britain later in the day after submitting his report, McLean said “he did not wish to make any public statements, adding that he could add nothing material to the accounts of the disaster which had already been published.” Since there were widely conflicting reports, posterity wishes McLean had taken the opportunity!

One of Islay's distilleries became a temporary morgue that February – perhaps at Port Charlotte. It may have been in that building, described as a “makeshift morgue” by Corporal John Wesley Shell of the 100th Aero, where he was placed after washing up on Islay, believed to be dead. A passing woman heard him groaning, and his status changed to “survivor.”

Siplon came across several survivors from Wisconsin, one of whom – in the 107th Supply Train – could play the piano, so “with the aid of a piano we found in the hotel, we treated the Scotch natives to some real American songs.”

The Museum of Islay Life contains a June 1918 letter from William D. Stephens, the governor of California, to island resident Mrs. Alexander Currie. “I am told that you personally treated the boys with the same sympathy and tenderness that their own mother would have used.” A surviving soldier from California had notified the governor of “the splendid treatment which you and your fellow-towns people accorded the survivors who were landed at Port Ellen.”



Quartermaster Sergeant Otis E. Hutchins
107th Supply Train, 32d Division

Died when troopship *Tuscania* torpedoed by
German submarine U-77 on February 5, 1918.

(left) Otis E. Hutchins. Otis E. Hutchins Post No. 191 of the American Legion in Whitehall, Wisconsin, named in his honor. Dead on Islay. From http://trempealeaucountyhistory.org/?page_id=5222 and <http://ourownfamilystories.blogspot.com/2016/06/otis-edgar-hutchins-hero.html>

Christina (Mrs. John) Campbell, Bayview, Bowmore, on Islay, wrote Miss Ruth Hutchins, sister of Otis Edgar Hutchins of Whitehall, Wisconsin, on October 10, 1918. Otis's body had washed up at Bowmore, been housed in the Round Church, was interred on Islay on February 8, 1918, and would later be reinterred in Arlington Cemetery, Virginia, on October 22, 1920.

In response to Ruth's letter of inquiry, Mrs. Campbell replied:

Dear Miss Hutchins: - Your letter of August 28, regarding your brother's grave is at hand. I understand that you have read a letter I sent to Mrs. Moore at the time of the burial. Both William Moore and your brother were found in the one spot and brought in our machine to the police station, where they were laid out until the funeral day. You can rest assured that both boys had a nice burial, and were laid away in coffins without a bruise, as the spot where they came ashore was nice and sandy. But a great many of the boys had been dashed very much against the rocks. You can see by the photograph I sent Mrs. Moore that the ministers were there praying as we were ready to leave to drive those ten miles to Port Charlotte, to have them buried with the rest. You will see the two coffins on the van, with the American flag, that Mrs. Moore got; also the wreaths are seen. I will get our photographer to make another of those photos and will send it to you. I go down often to see the boys' graves. I have glasses there and

some children attending them with flowers. I brought some pansy roots from Glasgow to plant on the graves.

I would have answered your letter before now but I was on a holiday for a time.

Now in regards to your brother's belongings. He had a ring and a wristlet watch in his possession. In fact, I don't remember what all my husband said he had. But we had nothing to do with those, as the sergeant of the police had to take charge of everything like that, and he did carefully. I was talking to him the other day about those matters, and he feels very much annoyed at you not having received them yet after all the trouble in Islay keeping each boy's belongings separate. The sergeant thinks the American government must have them in their possession by this time. I do hope you will get the articles all right.

I am very pleased to know of you finding out about your brother, as it always kept me wondering if he had any parents that would like to hear about him. I would like very much to have a keepsake of Otis, if you don't mind, a photo of him would be very acceptable as a remembrance, not for myself, but for my children, who took such an interest in the boys. You can always bear in mind that I will look after those two graves as long as I am here and able. Give your mother my deepest sympathy and I hope she will feel pleased at her boy being laid carefully away. I had an inquiry from another mother in America about her boy, and when I inquired about him he had been buried with 43 other bodies in one grave without any coffin, and I felt very much hurt at having to tell her, poor lady. But how many of our own boys have been blown up in the air, never to see or hear anything about them again. But, thank God, there are signs of it coming to an end.

I will be pleased to hear from you again. With kindest regards from my husband and self, I remain, Your affectionate friend. CHRISTINA CAMPBELL.

When William Stevens Prince interviewed Mr. Islay Shanks (obviously named for the island) in 1986, Shanks recalled that one of the *Tuscania* lifeboats had been hauled onto the village green in Port Ellen and he played "boats" on it at age 12 after the war in 1919, and it might have been there the next summer also. Local fishermen in the "When the Boats Went Down" BBC Scotland radio broadcast in 2006 recalled overturned lifeboats with their gunnels ripped out, and rafts, with wooden bottoms and stanchions and canvas sides, on the beach of Islay into the 1940s and early 1950s.



Some of the whisky of Islay

In 2006, native son Lord Robertson: "The fact that whisky today brings so much enjoyment to so many who cannot even pronounce Islay is a matter for rejoicing."

When serving as secretary-general of NATO (October 14, 1999-December 17, 2003), Lord Robertson's official gift to presidents, prime ministers and other officials was Islay scotch. Today Islay is a destination of whisky-lover tourists from around the world.

In Ireland – destination of the destroyers and patrol boats:

From the Boston Sunday Globe, 14 February 1918:

LONDONDERRY HOSPITAL LIST

**Names of the Soldiers From the Tuscania Who
Are Undergoing Treatment**

LONDONDERRY, Feb 9—Following are the names of sick or injured
Americans confined in two hospitals in one Irish port:

Warren A. Blackman

Carl E. Nys

George S. McLean

William M. Pope

John F. Rings

H. A. Sawyer

William H. Venable

E. W. Blaker

Harry Benedict

George E. Scheartz

Julius Levis

R. L. Eustis

Sidney E. Landrum

Virgil Brewer

Glen B. Denison

William Christiansen

Rider L. Leer

Archie McCracken.

Lewis P. Carlisle

William E. Lancaster

Mark T. Gibson

Lewis D. Baker

Willard Griffith
 Charles C. Stoddard
 William J. Lee
 Glove (G. R. Gove?)
 Earl Hickley
 Paul Cosaies
 Walter B. Valinnes
 Wesley L. McCauley Walker
 F. Purdy Fry
 Charles R. Policy
 John N. Stinson
 John L. Bone
 Carl Moler
 Otto P. Hoilge

Charles L. Billingham

W. E. Able
 Willie P. Laslanc
 Clinton Dolph
 Cecil Duke
 Francis Hughes
 Lester L. Smith
 Jake Rossman

Richard Johnston

Howard Kenyon

The names of 47 sick and injured American troops confined in three hospitals at a port on the Irish North Coast follow.:

Basil G. Bailey
 Bruno E. Bluhm
 William C. Brady
 Samuel Comb
 Charles Lemuel Davis
 Earl Wilder Drake
 John Fuller
 Myron Nelson Hayes
 Elmer T. Holden
 Arthur William Liga
 Lloyd Y. Kolb
 Joseph Emmett McDonald
 Robert J. Moody
 Albert I. Nuamin
 Rex C. Orser
 Lawrence Nathaniel Riley
 Herbert D. Taylor
 John Kumorowsky
 Edward James Peterman
 Roman Sandaval •
 Cus Johnson
 Oliver Cote
 Charles Hornecker
 Clarence Johnson
 John Benebeados
 Henry Stanley Burkeson
 Armando Bustichi
 Leslie Dale
 Carl L. Disouke
 Samuel* H. Eddins
 Harrison Bates
 Silva Hensley
Hal Henslry
 Hallie M. Hoselton
 Lee V. Lashua
 John F. McDonnell
 William Francis Mathais
 • Sidney Robert Nail
 Clarence T. Neashim
 William Douglas Pine

George A. Sturlen
 Roy Houston Redding
 Witham B. Curtis
 John R. Phegley
 George Richard Baker
 James C. McAdamy
 Charles Smith
 Roland Edward Duncan

Note: Some of these names (yellow highlights) do not appear on Schwartz's or Fold 3 passenger lists. Corrected versions of the others can be found in the "Index" to this document.

Londonderry, Ireland:

The *Grasshopper* arrived in Londonderry around 3:30 to 4 a.m. on February 6. Eighty survivors were immediately sent to hospitals, noted Fife of the American Red Cross. Those landing in Londonderry were ferried across the River Foyle where the officers were accommodated in hotels and the men in huts and barracks.

About 1,850 of the rescued ended up at the naval port of Londonderry. Lt. Joerns said the Red Cross was waiting at the dock in Londonderry, where the injured and sick were taken into waiting ambulances and the others taken to "warm breakfasts and warm barracks." Fife indicated many of these soldiers had already been ill when aboard *Tuscania*, and had been brought up from sick bay when the ship was torpedoed; others were suffering from injuries or exposure. The officers were taken to the Northern Counties Hotel. Lt. Joerns was given a golf cap by a Red Cross woman and a muffler for his shoulders. He then hastened to the post office to send cablegrams to his family and to his superior officer in Washington D.C. Since censorship prevented him from noting the sinking, he simply wrote "Safe and sound." But for a week, Joerns remained listed in American newspapers as a casualty. Frank Soffin, reported the *New York Tribune*, sent a telegram to his father Israel Soffin, residing at 1447 Fulton Avenue in New York City. His two words – "Arrived safely" – were transmitted, but the censor had let slip by that 26-year-old Frank had sent the message from Buncrana, Ireland.

Ray D. Orebaugh of Indianapolis was about to receive some sad news. Although his family rejoiced to hear he was safe, he had not yet been informed that his mother Mary C. Orebaugh had died the week before, and was buried on January 31, 1918.

Edward Lauer reported not only receiving a British uniform but a British soldier donated his personal mess kit and a razor. Lauer singles out the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers at Londonderry for assisting the survivors, giving them breakfast, blankets and beds. "They provided for our comfort in every way, and we received very fine treatment." Thanks to the Fusiliers were also delivered by Worth L. Bushey, who wrote "I'll swear by them forever, they were sure a fine bunch." As the train carrying Lauer pulled out of Londonderry the afternoon of February 7, bagpipes and the Royal Inniskilling band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," the unit shot their rifles and waved good-bye. "I'll never forget their hospitality."

Hammond Boy On Tus- cania Saved From Death

HOPE ABANDONED FOR IRENE SMITH

Relatives of Spokane Soldier Now
Believe Him Lost With Tor-
pedoed Liner Tuscania.

EXPLOSION VICTIM, THEORY

Was Known to Have Been Powerful
Swimmer—Had Lived 18 Years
in Spokane.

Relatives of Irene H. Smith, a Spokane man on board the ill-fated Tuscania, torpedoed north of Ireland last week by a German submarine, have given him up as lost. His name has not appeared in the list of survivors. Their theory is that he must have been injured in the explosion, for he was a strong swimmer and virtually lived in the water during the summer time. He is believed to have been the only man from the district lost in the disaster. Robert Kime of Wild Rose prairie, reported missing, was reported safe yesterday. He had left the ship at Halifax on account of illness.

Irene Smith would have been 31 in May. He had lived in Spokane 18 years. He was born in Stephen, Minn., the son of John A. and Jessie Smith. His mother died several years ago. His father lives at 2108 Walton avenue with William Smith, a brother, who is in the gas engineering business. Another brother, John Smith, 2120 Indiana avenue, is foreman in the cash and door department of the Western Pine Manufacturing company. Other brothers are Herbert C. Smith, in the navy; James C. Smith, with the Western Pine; Albert C. Smith, in railroad work, and V. R. Smith, who is in the service of the government. He is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Annabelle McCollough, Spokane; Mrs. Lillian Blackwell, Wallace, and Mrs. Rose Hoffman, Bend.

Irene Smith enlisted in December in the 25th engineers and went to Washington. He was exempt from service under the draft, but wanted to join and did not wish to be sent to a cantonment. Mrs. Smith is visiting relatives in Dayton. He is survived by two children. In Spokane he was employed as a shipping clerk by the Sawmill Phoenix at the time he enlisted and he was formerly with the King Cash and Door company.



Irene H. Smith.

(left) Joseph McKee's safety is announced in the Lake County [Indiana] Times, February 11, 1918, reporting on the Hammond, Indiana, survivor. "It is a happy day at the McKee home."

"Hope Abandoned for Irene Smith" expressed too-early despair – Irene Hoyez Smith lived until the year 1962.

Joseph Oddo wrote that the people of Londonderry and the men of the Fusiliers wanted to know the types of soldiers the United States was sending over. Oddo did not think the first reaction of the Irish was favorable. "Perhaps they had not heard that we were survivors of the torpedoed ship. There were tears in the eyes of some and

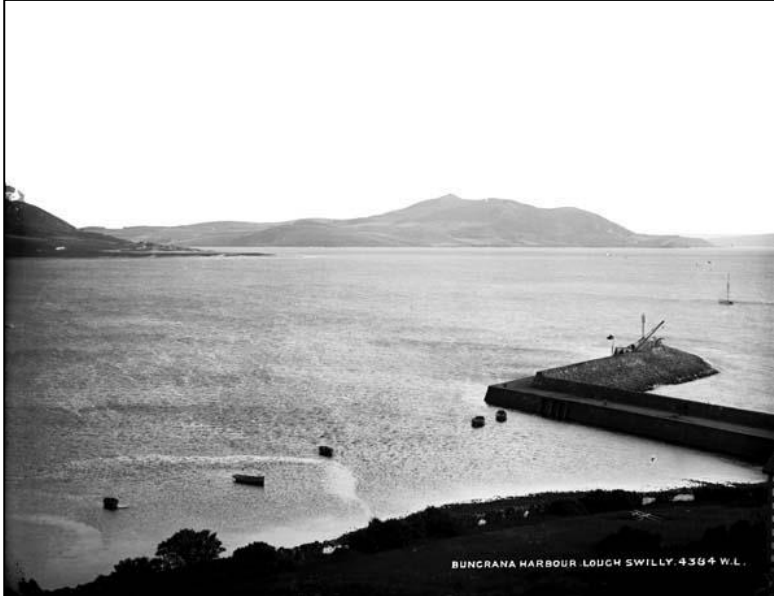
others were laughing at the manner of dress. It was a pathetic sight, but they accepted us for what we were and not how we looked after they learned the true story. We are in the middle of the square in LONDONDERRY and a large crowd has gathered to look us over. Many questions were asked, and many times the ship was sunk over and over again."

Joseph Oddo had twenty cents in U.S. pennies in his pocket. All his "green stuff" gambling earnings had gone down with the ship. A Londonderry civilian offered to give him a coin in exchange for the pennies. Not knowing the exchange value of money, Oddo believed those who told him this was a fine swap, which he found was true when he took his new coin to the local pub – and got a huge glass of stout with it. Oddo described the grandstand used as a backdrop by a Hearst News photographer for a photograph which appeared in the *New York American* on February 7, 1918, with Oddo himself in the front row.

Archie Meredith recalled: "We shipped to Londonderry where we stayed for a day or two, and as we marched through the streets we received an ovation from the people, the likes of which I know we will never experience again. There was a warmth about it that just made the tears come to your eyes. Little children ran into the ranks and marched beside us, placing chubby little fingers into our hands. Men and boys cheered and women sobbed quietly as we passed through the streets."

As Meredith rode through the beautiful green of Ireland, he recalled a few months later, "Every city and village and hamlet seemed to be advised of our coming. People thronged to see us and to welcome us and asked about the loss of life, ever willing to sympathize and regret our sad experience." Meredith also enjoyed looking at the "pretty girls" but decided not to write too much about them, because "I want to come home and remain among those I know."

Buncrana, Ireland:



*(left) Buncrana, Lough Swilly,
County Donegal, Ireland
(courtesy National Library of
Ireland)*

Arrivals at Buncrana, a port about ten miles north of Londonderry, were the men aboard the *HMS Mosquito* and *HMS Pigeon*, beginning around 12:15 a.m. on February 6. Spooner resident Fred Taylor on the *Pigeon* came ashore here. Lee F. Jackson recalled his trip from the *Pigeon* aboard a tug to land. Those who were

able had to march to Camp Luddan, reported “casual officer” Captain Letton of the Engineer Reserve Corps, where the Royal Fusiliers were stationed. The sick and injured were conveyed in motor cars, heading straight to the hospital in Londonderry. Upon arrival at camp, each man received hot soup, bread, blankets and refreshments.

George Ray Stephenson wrote home in June that he had arrived in “Bemerency” around 2:30 a.m. The men were furnished a lunch and then went to bed. Two men in his company had drowned.

“A more decrept looking bunch of soldiers you’ve never seen,” wryly noted Joseph Oddo. The bunks in the billets were described as an uncomfortable arrangement of boards, their pillows being the men’s rolled-up clothing, but on the plus side, he noted, was the “finest irish [sic] stew that any of us had ever taken.” Their hosts were the Royal Irish Cycle Corps, who along with the townspeople greeted them “with open arms” and tea, cheese, crackers and jam. They were furnished with cigarettes, tobacco, pipes and chewing tobacco. “They were all wonderful to us.”

Worth L. Bushey reported landing at Lough Swilly aboard the *Pigeon* around 3:30 a.m. on February 6. Abner Larned said they had a long march in the rain to the barracks there. But along the way – “Oh! Such a reception! Such grips on our hands! Such smiling faces! Such brimming eyes! They made us glad that we had been torpedoed, for that circumstance had brought us to Ireland.”

Lee F. Jackson said upon reaching land, an Irish boy led them about a mile to the camp, where the Y.M.C.A. supplied tea and bread and the men went to bed. "I never saw a country more beautiful than the one we saw at 8 a.m. when we slipped out of the bunk house and viewed good old Ireland" – a land more beautiful than he had heard of in songs and poems. "For she was sure heaven to us refugees that day, as we had left the U.S.A. in snow and ice, and there the farm land was all green."

James R. Rains had arrived in Ireland about 3:30 a.m. and went to a camp where the Irish served them soup and tea. "Must say we were treated nice while there. About ten o'clock we awoke from a good nap and the flowers were blooming and the grass was green and I thought of the old song, 'There's a Pretty Spot in Ireland.'"

Wherever in Ireland 2nd Lieutenant Cecil Alexander Clarke landed, he found himself within three miles of the place where his father was born.

Upon his arrival at the barracks, around 3:30 a.m. according to Larned, he told a British sergeant "with a heart of gold" about Fitzgerald's illness and asked if there was some accommodation, as he did not wish "Eddie" to sleep on the floor. The nearest town was three miles away and it was raining steadily, but the sergeant removed a man off guard and sent him away on a bicycle to locate an automobile. Around 5 a.m. a car appeared, and Larned and Fitzgerald left for a nearby hotel, with Fitzgerald clad in the sergeant's donated overcoat.

At the hotel, Fitzgerald downed two stiff drinks, "dispensed by sweet Irish lasses who devoted themselves to our comfort." While Fitzgerald slept, Larned joined a group of officers around the hotel fireplace, when he walked his military aide, Lt. Joerns. "We greeted each other like long-lost brothers, and the questions flew thick and fast." These were "Where is ...?" and "Did so-and-so survive?" questions. Fitzgerald was eventually hospitalized in Dublin – minus his eyeglasses, which were somewhere in the ocean.

Sgt. Meredith also arrived at Buncrana, Ireland, "in the cold, gray light of the morning" where British troops, "mostly young men, willingly gave up their blankets and their bunks to make us comfortable. We were served with hot soups and good quantities of tea and war bread. Our names were taken and we were piloted to sleeping quarters for a few hours' rest."

Meredith considered himself "most fortunate" when "one lad took me to a thatched roofed cottage just beyond the lines and I enjoyed the hospitality of a real Irish home. ... The mother of the household saw to it that I was warmed and prepared the softest bed in the house for me." Unable to sleep very well after his experience, he was treated with a "bit of food" before rejoining his company.

In 1937, Earl Knight wrote, "Upon our arrival in Ireland, the people did all in their power to make our stay comfortable. Their kind deeds, thoughts and actions will always linger in the hearts and minds of the men on that ill-fated boat and managed to get out alive." This sentiment of gratitude is echoed in the letters of every Spooner man who wrote home.

Well, not totally 100% gratitude from everyone. In 1967, survivor Max W. Friend recalled that he ate overcooked mutton for thirteen days. "I must confess that, even today, I can't look a sheep in the face, especially the rams."

Around 3:30 p.m. on the 6th, British Army Brigadier-General George William Hackett Pain received a telegram from the commander at Lough Swilly that 75 officers and 1,274 other ranks had landed at Buncrana and Londonderry and were being accommodated in overcrowded barracks and hutments. Hackett Pain determined where accommodations were available to relieve overcrowding, and dispatched 10 officers and 466 enlisted men to Randalstown, 14 officers and 355 enlisted men to Carrickfergus, and three officers and 92 enlisted men to Belfast, with the moves to Randalstown and Carrickfergus to be carried out on February 7, and the transfer to Belfast on February 8.

After landing in Buncrana, Edward Weidenkopf Coughlin of Baraboo left that noon for Londonderry, "where 500 more had been landed."

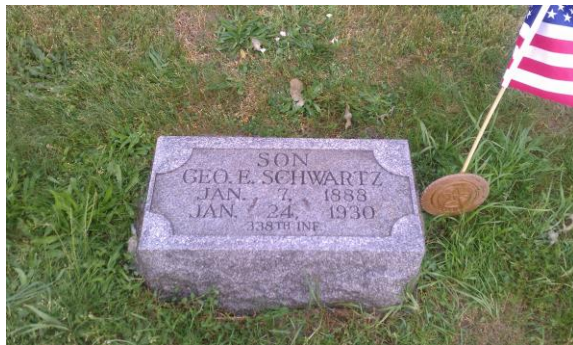
First Lieutenant Max Cecil Fisher recalled the *Mosquito* taking him to Lough Swilly, Buncrana. Captain Harry Letton Sr. said the survivors from the *Mosquito*, not met by a military guide, marched about one mile to Camp Luddan, where the Royal Fusiliers were stationed. They were furnished there with hot stew, bread and blankets. Dick Vineyard complimented the Fusiliers: "I never in my life have seen such wonderful hospitality extended a body of men. They fixed us up with the clothes we were missing, for some of the men were only half clad for they had been in their bunks and had their clothes off and others were without shoes, for they had taken them off so as to swim better."

First Lt. Max Fisher reported that he was part of a detachment that marched from Buncrana barracks the afternoon of February 6 to Ebrington Barracks in Londonderry.



Left: George E. Schwartz, 20th Engineers, F Troop, grandfather of Steven Schwartz

George Edward Schwartz, age 27, of Richmond (Macomb County) Michigan, hit by a life raft thrown from the ship, underwent an operation in Londonderry, Ireland, for an abscess on his brain. He will spend his war hospitalized in a Belfast hospital. George (January 7, 1888-January 24, 1930), the son of William Schwartz, of Company E, 328th Infantry, Camp Custer, Michigan, was drafted in November 1917, entering the Army on November 17, 1917. George is discharged on February 7, 1919, as 15% disabled. His experiences will inspire his grandson, Steven Schwartz, to research the *Tuscania* and create the valuable *Tuscania: An American History* website. Tragically, George will die at age 42 in Macomb County probate court on January 24, 1930, while testifying that he loved his four motherless children, ages one to six years, but was unable to care for them due to illness and unemployment. He was asking that they be cared for by various relatives. Saying to Probate Judge Charles H. Humrich, "I'm sick, Judge. I'm afraid I am going to die," he fell from the witness chair, said "good-bye" to his sister, Mrs. William Bobcean, and died.



*Gravestone of George Edward Schwartz, Mt. Clemens Cemetery, Macomb County, Michigan
Below: Charles Daniel Arendell, in English hospital*



Submitted by Luther Arendell - West Palm Beach, Florida



Foyle Hill Hospital
Londonderry, Ireland
Tuscania Survivors - Feb. 1918

Larne, Ireland:

"Never did dirt look so good to me as it did right then."

--- 2nd Lt. Franklin E. Folts, upon his arrival in Larne, Ireland, from a trawler

About 550 survivors landed at Larne, about 23 miles north of Belfast, Ireland. Lt. Donald Smith, picked up from his life raft, landed in Larne aboard the trawler that rescued him about 8 a.m. Fife of the American Red Cross noted that since news of the torpedoing was received in

advance of the arrival of the survivors, "the people of Larne sat up all night awaiting the boats."



Neptune
could still use
the brush. Tom!

A little salt water bath wouldn't loosen a single bristle, though the razor may have been a bit rusty. But, on the level now, to make them worth while, shouldn't some of you have "staked" the old chap to a good pair of scissors, as well?

Box 702, Williams, Arizona
March 30, 1920

Rubberset Company,
Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen:

"May I not" add my testimonial to your others on Rubberset service? Am sorry I can't send the brush on to you, but that is impossible, since it went down with the *Tuscania* when she was torpedoed off the Irish Coast in February, 1918.

I had my Rubberset for ten years. Thru college, in the southern logging camps, the mountains of the west, and the Canadian lake country. We were inseparable. In warm water or cold, soft or hard—yes, even in coffee—my brush lived up to its reputation. Never loosened; always ready. With its companion razor, it was one of the most prized possessions lost on our ship.

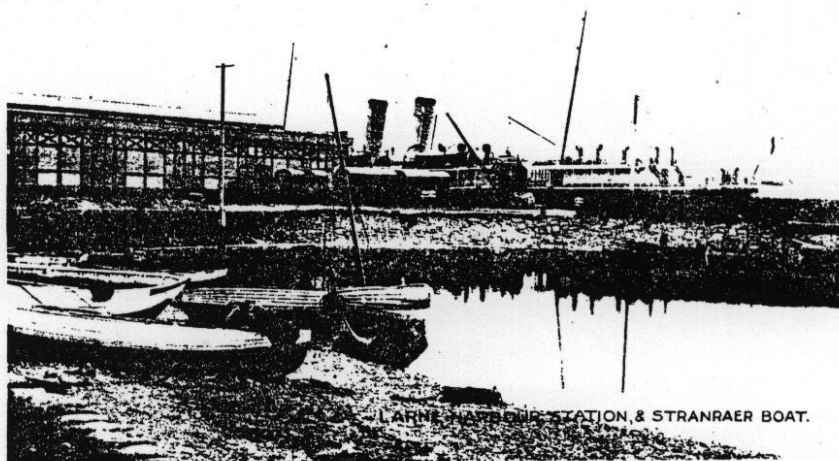
Mayhap Old Neptune, if he has taken to shaving, is using it today in the Irish Sea. If so, I know he's getting satisfaction and need fear no "brush baldness." I wish him well.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) THOMAS P. REID

(This is No. 27 of a series of ads
NOT written by our ad man)

RUBBERSET
 LATHER PAINT
 & AID VARNISH
 TOOTH STUCCO
every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!

In a testimonial letter to the Rubberset Brushes company in a *Life* magazine advertisement (April 7, 1921), Thomas Pattison Reid compliments the service of his razor and shaving brush, used for ten years in all sorts of conditions, but bemoans their loss on the sunken *Tuscania*. Reid and his fellow survivors have lost everything. Their needs are many. The people in Ireland are ready to welcome them.



LARNE HARBOUR STATION, & STRANRAER BOAT.

WHERE "TUSCANIA" SURVIVORS LANDED - 6TH FEBRUARY, 1918.

(S. McMeekin, Larne.)



MAIN STREET LARNE

- McNeill's Hotel, where "TUSCANIA" Survivors were put up. -

National
TUSCANIA SURVIVORS
Association

From the files of Edward T. Lauer

Lt. McNear wrote: "It seems they wakened everybody, expecting us about midnight, and when we landed 6 hours late, they were all ready for us" and survivors were met with "kindnesses, hospitality, and care."

Also arriving in Larne was Captain K.E. Rockey of the U.S. Marine Corps, dispatched by Army headquarters in London. He found Americans had been housed by local people before moving to a British Army camp, and had been cared for with great concern. He also realized that there was not only an English-to-Gaelic language problem. The American troops whose welfare he was charged with overseeing came from a country of immigrants. "Many men did not speak English or know to what company they belonged."

David Young and his 46 companions said they were cared for by warm-hearted Irish folk, who wrapped them in warm blankets and conveyed them in quaint Irish vehicles to two large tourist hotels. There, nurses put them into comfortable beds, dried their clothes and revived them with lots of ham and eggs.

Survivors unloaded by the *Grasshopper* were met with hot tea, "and then talked ourselves to sleep amongst the straw and woolen blankets on our stone barracks floor" as dawn broke. Wayland Kier landed at Larne around 5:30 a.m., where he and three others ended up lodged in a hotel. After being provided food immediately, Wayland got into bed. Waking at 2 p.m. that afternoon, he then enjoyed the entertainment put on for them. The four men in the hotel were appointed military police. In a February 15, 1966, letter, Kier said those Irish lassies needed guarding – and it appears the Americans were quite willing for such arduous duty!

Fife noted: "Every kindness and care were given to the wet and shivering survivors even at the resource-taxing hour at which they came ashore. They were provided with hot food and drink and from all available sources sufficient clothing was gathered to outfit temporarily a considerable number. The service of every physician in the Larne district was requisitioned and the women of the community largely volunteered for the nursing." Approximately 30 of those landed at Larne needed prompt medical care, and were taken to the city infirmary, with the rest quartered wherever space could be found, including the dining room of one of the largest hotels, which the proprietor offered for use and provided mattresses and blankets for over 100 men.

Neal Harrington was complimentary. "The people of the town (Larne, County Antrim) literally received us with open arms, and supplied us with real beds, fresh eggs, milk, butter, real luxuries to us nowadays. They even got up entertainments for us, and the English soldiers and sailors treated us like brothers."

Franklin Folts urged Mrs. LeRoy Taft in Oregon in his March 1918 letter to send personal thanks to his hostess. "Someday when you have lots of time, just write to Mrs. Patrick O'Toole, 72 Main St., Larne, County Antrim, Ireland, and thank her for what she did for me. I tried to, before I left, but it was a mighty poor attempt compared with the treatment I received at her

hands. Believe me, I was sorry to say good-bye to her. It sure increases our faith in life to get acquainted with such people."

The Senior Naval Officer at Larne, Ireland, "considered he was responsible for the welfare of all the survivors at Larne, and that he was making all arrangements for the provision of food, accommodation etc. for them. He also stated that he would look after them until he received further orders from the Admiralty." By telephone, the Senior Naval Officer at Larne so informed Brigadier-General G. Hackett Pain, who left matters at Larne in the hands of the local military and civilians. There were 30 officers and 450 other troops landed at Larne, according to the official report. The men at Larne, accommodated in hotels and private dwelling houses, were entertained during their stay by local residents and Navy authorities. Clothing was collected from units in Belfast and distributed in Larne. "The crew of the 'Tuscania' were clothed by civilian donors."

Not every comfort was provided for, as the 24 "public houses" of Larne – taverns, in other words – decided voluntarily to close until the American soldiers left three days later – "in order that discipline should be maintained in the community," reported Fife. The *New York Times* of February 9, 1918, said "It was thought best to remove temptation from the tired, dazed men." Best for whom, one wonders?

American Red Cross representatives B. Stuart Smith and Edgar H. Wells began signing receipts for needy soldiers for clothing and mess kits, purchased from the stores of the British Army. A large amount of "comfort" supplies and tobacco, purchased in Belfast, were distributed.

On the afternoon of February 7, Brigadier General Hackett Pain ordered all U.S. soldiers transferred from Larne via special train to leave on February 8, at the request of the Senior Naval Officer there, except for those survivors still in the hospital.

One of those hospitalized was Wesley McCalley. Already ill aboard *Tuscania* with pneumonia, he escaped wearing only his underwear, and remained hospitalized until April at Larne.

A memo from First Lieutenant Donald A. Smith to *Tuscania* survivors in Ireland, issued March 23, 1918, advised "Stay in Ireland." Smith was left behind along with four medical officers for six weeks to oversee the approximately 150 sick survivors in Larne, Londonderry, Dublin and Ballymena. Smith told troops to stay in Ireland if they were still convalescing, and to call on the ladies of the American Red Cross for assistance if needed. When recovered, troops were to request a military travel warrant and go to the American Rest Camp in Winchester. Smith jokingly named his office "Headquarters American Army in Ireland."

Randalstown/Carrickfergus/Belfast

On February 7, to relieve overcrowding, 10 officers and 456 other ranks went to Randalstown and 14 officers and 355 other ranks to Carrickfergus. The first party of Americans arrived around 4 p.m., where the men were taken to their huts, and officers to their accommodations,

where bedding was waiting for them, and a meal was served in the dining halls. "The baths were thrown open, and all necessities provided for the troops. The impromptu concerts were organized for the men and everything done to make them feel at home," reported the captain commanding the Scottish Command Depot in Belfast.

Each unit was marched to its accommodations with bands and bagpipes playing, and upon arrival each man received a hot meal and any needed clothing. During their brief stay, noted Brigadier General Hackett Pain, "it is very noticeable the great friendship and camaraderie that existed among all ranks, and I trust they left us with pleasant recollections."

Again, Red Cross representatives Smith and Wells were on hand to supply the needs of soldiers at Randalstown and Carrickfergus. Several resident Americans in Belfast volunteered their services to the Red Cross, appreciated since the last of the soldier patients did not leave for southern England for nearly two weeks. Most of the Belfast American volunteers for the sick were women.

The captain of the Scottish Command Depot carefully itemized the amount of bread, meat, sugar, tea, salt and bacon provided as well as clothing and other supplies, including the issuance of one toothbrush, as well as 178 blankets issued "in lieu of greatcoats."

On February 8, three officers and 92 other ranks transferred to Belfast, around 3:30 p.m. Troops were moved by train.

On February 8, all U.S. soldiers at Larne, except those who were hospitalized, were moved to Randalstown by special trains at 5 a.m. and 5:30 a.m., breakfast having been served at 3:45 a.m. The group consisted of 44 officers and 802 men.

Charles S. Patterson said upon landing at an Irish port, "we were treated most royal by those good Irish folks, they gave us clothes, fed us and gave us beds and entertained us generally. My, they were good to us."

William Stevens Prince wrote: "Major Benjamin Wade, the commander of the American troops, was taken from Larne to Belfast with 546 of his soldiers. While dining with some of them he was handed a message of sympathy from the Town Council. He 'broke down and sobbed like a child for several minutes.' "

Lauer reported leaving Londonderry, Ireland, in the afternoon of February 7 aboard a train, which transported the troops to Carrickfergus, in Northern Ireland. Joseph Oddo – in agreement with the men from Spooner, a major railroad center, who wrote home about European trains with condescension – thought the trains, with their six- to eight-person compartments, were not very comfortable, with hard, upright seats and no heat. Lee F. Jackson said his travel was on "the funniest narrow gauge train," each car having three compartments, each holding eight travelers.

At Londonderry, Lauer's group stayed at Carrickfergus Castle. Lauer said Una Peele and her mother, who operated the canteen at Carrickfergus, County Antrim, Ireland, provided him with stationery and postage, and notified his parents he was safe. Una Peele informed Lauer that the *Tuscania* had been built "right here across the harbor."

The camp at Carrickfergus was named "Camp Sunnylands." Spoonerite Guy Paulson found himself in Sunnylands and wrote his sister, Helen Paulson Sayles, back in Spooner. "I take great pleasure in writing you from the above address." Grateful that he is for the wonderful kindness of the people, and the beauty of the Irish landscape, he is nonetheless trying to write in pencil – "all that I have left" – and he'll write others when he can locate some good paper.

Edward Weidenkopf Coughlin's group of Baraboo soldiers had arrived by train from Londonderry to Camp Sunnylands, "and they sure are treating us fine." Edward was toting a souvenir of his ocean voyage. "I still have a nice white blanket bearing the name of the boat." Speaking of his Baraboo companions, "Of course, the fellows got scattered all around, but we have already collected very nearly every one of the fellows."



Edward Coughlin's souvenir was his Tuscania blanket

Horace Charles Cahoon, Company E of the 107th Supply Train, of Baraboo, said that he was in Ireland with seven other Baraboo boys – Otto William Arndt, Russell William Brodie, Edward W. Coughlin, George W. Hattle, Charles Mattoon Kellogg, Richard Lorraine Mahler and John Francis O'Brien. "We get plenty of things to eat here. The Irishmen are some fellows. We had one of them up on our hut last night and believe me, he could dance. We are treated fine here."

Ralph L. Sanderson of Company E was quite pleased with Sunnylands. "We sleep in barracks and are treated fine by the Irish soldiers. ... They do anything for us, and the eats are fine. Tonight we had meat pie, potatoes, turnips, rice pudding and tea, until we could hold no more, and now they are passing out packages of cigarettes and chewing tobacco." The "big bowls of tea" are sweetened "in spite of the hard times" and served by always-smiling Irish folk. Ireland did not have the wartime food rationing problems present in England.

The *London Times* reported that in Belfast the Royal Irish Rifles band had accompanied the 100 American survivors to their temporary headquarters. The Belfast residents provided the men with "comforts and luxuries," a smoking concert in the town hall (with some of the soldiers performing), and a "considerable quantity of cigarettes" provided each soldier, thanks to funds to purchase them being contributed by the women workers at a local company.

Joseph Oddo found friends and beverages in Belfast. All the girls they met asked them to come home and meet their parents "and to sink the ship/again over a bottle of Irish Moss." He was in

Belfast for two weeks before moving to the coal-mining center of Carrickfergus, where he did not think the locals very interested in Yankee soldiers.

“Still nervous” Dick Vineyard did not appreciate the British custom of placing “torpedoes” (a noise-making detonator) on train tracks, when sending men off to war. “I couldn’t refrain from jumping when the first one went off” as his train pulled out of Belfast.

Survivors Lauer and Spooner resident Fred Taylor sailed over the Irish Sea to Holyhead, Wales. Taylor was transported aboard the HMS *Leinster*, 2,646 tons, a Dublin mailboat, which was later torpedoed and sunk October 10, 1918, the greatest single loss of life – with over 500 casualties - in the Irish Sea. The *Leinster* had just left Kingston (Dún Laoghaire) for Holyhead with 720 passengers, when it was hit by two torpedoes and sank in 13 minutes. It is believed that this act prompted President Woodrow Wilson’s October 14 notice to Germany that all inhuman acts must cease, in response to Germany’s request on October 5 for an armistice. Lauer, who had moved from Carrickfergus to Dublin by train, then marched to the Kingston harbor, traveled on the Royal Mail steamer *Ulster* under the protection of two U.S. destroyers to Holyhead. At Holyhead, Lauer boarded the London & Northwestern Passenger train and arrived at Winchester. George Ray Stephenson recalled his trip to Holyhead on a “fast mail and passenger boat, escorted by two American destroyers.”

Royal Mail Steamer Ulster



Worth Bushey arrived in Londonderry the afternoon of the 6th, moving to Randalstown, Ireland, on the 9th, arriving in Dublin on the 10th, then on to Holyhead, Wales by boat, then by train to Winchester, England, that day.

The American Red Cross had arranged with railway transportation officers of the British Army for the feeding of survivors on their journeys from the various camps in Ireland and England to their ultimate destination in Winchester. The Red Cross reported it took five detachments to move survivors who were not hospitalized to England, each group accompanied by a Red Cross representative supplied with tobacco and other comforts to distribute. The decision to move

approximately 1,900 men from Ireland to Winchester reached the Red Cross in London on Saturday morning. Since British businesses closed at midday on Saturdays and were closed Sundays, the Red Cross scrambled for supplies, relying on the British Red Cross, who offered to supply the American troops from its London warehouses. So 1,900 packets were made up that Saturday, each with towels, soap, razors, cigarettes, stationery, handkerchiefs, gloves, combs and other comforts. By that evening, these comfort packets had been loaded onto a fleet of American Red Cross “lorries” (trucks) and had started their four-hour trek to Winchester. When the soldiers arrived at the Winchester rest camp on Monday morning, their Red Cross parcels were waiting for them.

Late Monday morning, “they were drawn up for inspection in their nondescript clothing and complete new issues of the necessary uniforms were made.” Officers numbering 110 were offered funds by the Red Cross to purchase uniforms and equipment. Seventy-five took up the offer, while 50 more went to London to select their items without charge from Red Cross warehouses.

Oscar Hanson and his group from Alabama were punished for the actions of a former Alabama unit which had “gotten rough” – and drunk - some time earlier in Winchester, “spoiling it for us,” so these *Tuscania* survivors were not allowed to go to town. Frank Marino and Frank Brisbin of Spooner wrote home that they were not allowed out due to mumps in the camp.



Some survivors took advantage of their location to visit Winchester Cathedral (*left*). Albert J. Adams, a National Tuscania Survivors Association associate member from a foreign country in 1939, wrote he was the “verger & guide at the Cathedral where survivors visited.”

Only one party of survivors – fifteen officers and 115 men – passed through London on their way to Winchester. The Red Cross provided them with dinner at the Euston Station Hotel.

Everett Harpham, whose friend Ray Muncaster had died on Islay, was moved to the Royal Army Stobhill Hospital in Glasgow, suffering from multiple injuries, shock and pneumonia. Upon his release, he was given \$10 by the American Red Cross “and an odd assortment of clothing from new friends and well wishers,” wrote his wife Josephine in 1955.



*Employees of the Long-Bell Lumber Co., Tuscania survivors, in Winchester, England.
George Okeson (standing, 2nd from left) escaped only to be murdered in February 1925. (back, left) John Andrew Johnson, Okeson, Max William Friend, Purl Hugh Marshall, John W. Rutledge, (front, left) William E. Barwick, Porter Brown Smith, Vernon Everett Babcock*

After a week in Ireland, Archie Meredith said everyone, no matter their ancestries, claimed to be of Irish descent. That is, until they got to Randalstown, Ireland, which had a Scottish military camp. "I was Irish to the core until our arrival at Randalstown where we greeted by a band of kilties." Suddenly there seemed to be a lot of Scotch descendants amid the American troops.

Although the welcome was "a wonderful thing," Meredith realized the hundreds of young men he saw there had been "made old with two or three years of service – a few months of battle," with some Scottish soldiers wearing uniform bars that indicated they had been wounded six, eight or nine times, an indicator of what faced American soldiers. "Where you are welcomed by such as these, there is something that makes brothers of men. Our disaster was mere inconvenience to what the careworn faces told of the front." Charles S. Patterson said the Scotch and English officers and men were "Wonderful fellows, and when they tell us of their experiences in their quiet unassuming way, and it's hard to get them to talk, our experiences are tame compared to theirs."

"The men were glad to see us," Meredith wrote, "and still they were sorry."

Captain Harry Letton said the survivors who got on the ship heading from Dublin to Holyhead had learned one lesson. "A nervous lot of men ... for everyone claimed a lifebelt the moment they were onboard."

John W. Barnett, an 1894 graduate of Butler College, Indianapolis, Indiana, writing in Katharine Merrill Graydon's *Butler College in the World War* (1920), described his work with the YMCA at the American Rest Camp in Winchester in 1918. "Our men did not tarry long in this camp; only for a few days, except in the case of the *Tuscania* survivors, whom we had for six weeks. It was only a rest camp,—'Yes, we rest our stomachs,' they said, for they were on English rations while there, and English rations during the spring and early summer of 1918 were not very filling. But what English rations lacked, the 'Y' tried to make up. It was a joy to serve these fellows. Many of them were away from home for the first time; practically all of them in a foreign land for the first time; so we tried to help them through the strangeness, complicated by the intricate mysteries of English money; and their appreciation was unbounded. I served them in many ways, but as I look back to it all now I am convinced that the greatest service I rendered was in visiting the sick in the hospitals, for many of them fell ill on the way, with mumps and measles, with colds that in many instances resulted in pneumonia, and with various other human ailments."

They were also ill in more ways than physical, noted David Young in December 1918. "Many of the boys who reached shore in safety were rendered totally unfit for further military service or on account of shock." Archie Meredith told his parents "I have visions every time I close my eyes. It was like a big nightmare, and I lived years in those hours."

The letter of John T. Welch of Texas to Lt. Sheldon L. Rodman, for whom he had served as a military chauffeur, appeared in the *Wichita [Texas] Daily Times* of April 7, 1918. "Everything I owned went down on the ship. Your bag of Bull [Durham tobacco] went with it. I was saving that to use when I got over here. So I am out of luck. Bull costs twenty cents, a small bag, and you can't get it. English tobacco is rotten." He ends his letter with a plea: "Do me a favor — send me some Bull Durham."

Although the local tobacco was not up to Welch's satisfaction, the local Irish people were wonderful. "Believe me the Irish people are there when it comes to treating a ship-wrecked soldier. We had everything one could want. I had steak three times at one meal, also plenty of Bass Ale and double stout."



Archie C. Gillette
Contributed by Darrell J. Gillette

VisualLightBox.com

No doubt Archie C. Gillette, private in the 100th Aero Squadron, was hoping to find some cigarettes after his experience! Archie lives until age 99 years, 2 months.

REVEALED CAUSE OF 'WAR.

The men told it, most of them, as if it were the most amusing event of their lives. True, when they first got here, there was much anxiety and sadness in their hearts, for they didn't know how many of their comrades had "pulled through." But soon word came from Buncrana, a hundred miles from here, and later from Fort Ellen, Scotland, of the landing of many hundreds, and it became plain that but a small fraction of the total had gone down.

"Say," burst out a husky young Michigan lad, beginning with the tail end of the story, "what's that the pacifists always ask, 'What are we fighting for?' Listen. When I get into that front trench in France I'll answer that question! And I bet every one of these fellows, every one of us that went through this thing, will answer it the same way!"

He was still shivering from hours of exposure, though now wrapped in a huge blanket donated by a kindly Irishwoman. But his cheeks glowed with red-hot battle fevers as he spoke. His words epitomized the innermost feelings of all Tuscania survivors.

Their fighting spirit was not quenched by the sinking, but fueled by it, reported this early interview with survivors in the Chicago Examiner, February 8, 1918

[<http://digital.chipublib.org/digital/collection/examiner/id/89412>]

First Photograph of Tuscania Survivors to Reach America



The above is the first photograph of American officers and men who were on the transport *Tuscania* when it was torpedoed on Feb. 5 and sunk off the north coast of Ireland with a loss of more than 100 lives. The photograph was taken in an Irish seaport town where our men were landed, after being picked up by the British destroyers and trawlers, which did the rescue work. The *Tuscania* was a British steamship belonging to the Anchor Line, chartered to the Cunard Line, and serving as a United States transport. Most of the troops on board were National Guardsmen from Michigan and Wisconsin.

(Photo © International Film Service.)

From Mid-Week Pictorial: An Illustrated Weekly, March 7, 1918

Furnished by Cheree Hethershaw to Steven Schwartz – taken in “an Irish seaport town”

Second Lt. Franklin E. Folts likely spoke for many American soldiers when he wrote in a letter: “I sure did fall in love with Ireland. The people there extended to us courtesy that we in the States do not even understand, say nothing about practice. We just don’t know how, that’s all. There was nothing in the world that they were not glad and anxious to do for us, and all the time they were afraid they were not doing enough to please us.”

A quick history lesson for Americans – at the time of the *Tuscania*’s sinking, the entire island of Ireland was part of the British Empire. In 1921/1922, the Republic of Ireland (capital: Dublin, formerly named the Irish Free State) became an independent nation, while Northern Ireland (capital: Belfast) remains part of the United Kingdom at the present time.

In England – gathering spot of survivors:

On February 9, Lauer and the troops went by train to Dublin, then by a mail steamer from Ulster to Holyhead, Wales, then by train, ultimately arriving in Winchester, England.

On February 9, the troops from Carrickfergus and Belfast were transferred to Winchester, while the next day (February 10), men from Londonderry and Randalstown were moved to Winchester. "Belfast Heaps Honors on Men from Tuscania" reported the *New York Tribune* of February 11, 1918, detailing the gathering of troops from Carrickfergus – the ancestral home of Confederate General Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson – and Victoria Barracks. "The Americans were quickly identified in the streets, the variation of their headgear telling its own tale."

Belfast Lord Mayor James Johnson gave a speech at the Great Northern Railway station - "We rejoice that so many of you have been spared" - greeted with hearty American cheers. Immense crowds gathered, even though there had been no advance public notice. The band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." The mayor shook hands with the officers, while Miss Cunningham and her station buffet staff, which included prominent women, spent a "busy twenty minutes" serving tea and sandwiches, and distributing cigarettes.



Tuscania survivors – an image taken from the photograph below on page 230



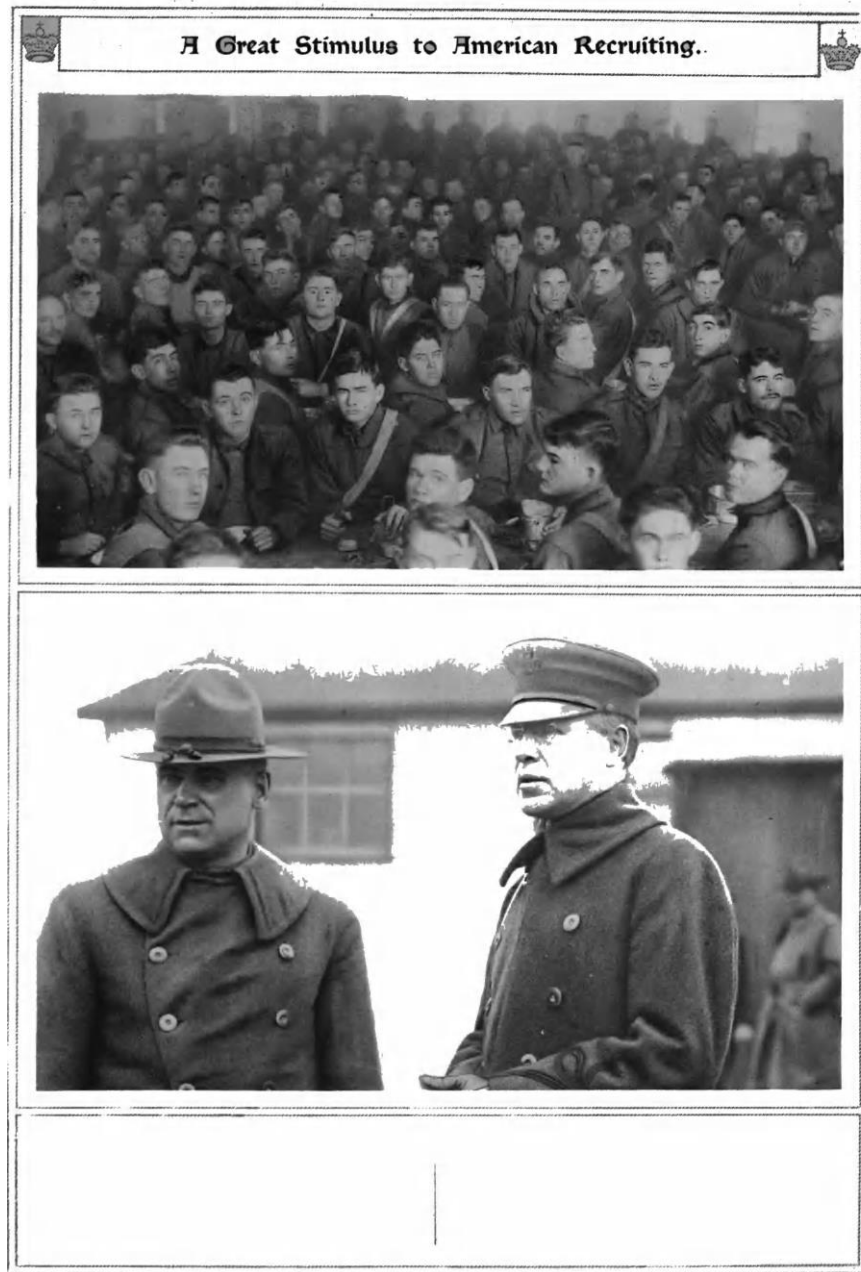
United States troops to Europe. Out of a total on board of 2235 (including 2030 U.S. officers and men, with the crew and passengers), there were 2069 saved by British destroyers. Many of the American soldiers were landed in Ireland, and some in Scotland. Later, a

From "Illustrated War News" – March 6, 1918, issue #91, p. 24

Above: Tuscania Survivors Marching through a British Camp behind the "Stars & Stripes"

Below: Survivors playing "chequers" in an American YMCA hut

https://www.forgottenbooks.com/en/books/TheIllustratedWarNews_10016123



From "Illustrated War News" – March 6, 1918, issue #91, p. 25

Above: Tuscania Survivors – "A Great Stimulus to American Recruiting"

Below: Major Benjamin Wade (right) and his second in command

https://www.forgottenbooks.com/en/books/TheIllustratedWarNews_10016123

Additional copyrighted photographs can be found at www.gettyimages.co.uk/ by searching "Tuscania 1918."



The American Red Cross, British Red Cross, YMCA and military and naval officials rushed to provide comfort supplies, tobacco and food, as the troops made their way to their ultimate destination of Winchester, England. Here, two miles outside Winchester – in Camp Morn Hill, called by the British Winnall Down, a transit/assembly camp for troops moving to France established in November 1917 - survivors received American uniforms and equipment. The British uniforms they had been wearing bore chevrons and other markings which the Americans removed. Edward Lauer took off his British corporal's blouse and received a new issue of American clothing.

Private John T. Welch of Texas described his non-uniform uniform. "I have half an American and the other half Scottish Uniform. I look like a scarecrow. ... You never saw such a collection of uniforms." Welch's replacement uniform (below) appears to have benefited from fine British tailoring, reports its current (2017) owner, "Dave," on his "My WWI Uniform Collection" site, who says this situation is "unusual."

[<http://www.usmilitariaforum.com/forums/index.php?/topic/13350-my-ww1-uniform-collection/page-9>]



John T. Welch's replacement (and nicer!) tailored uniform

Floyd Price said "we looked like a bunch of bums," clad in an assortment of sailors' clothing, civilian duds and American uniforms.



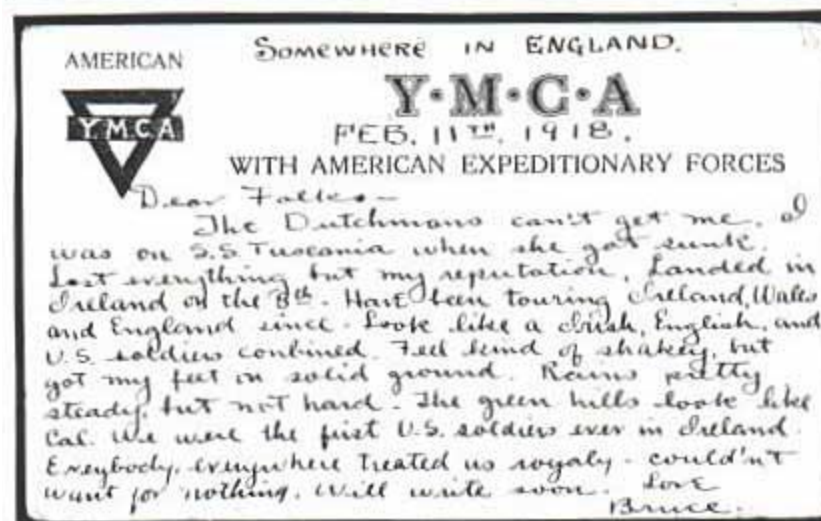
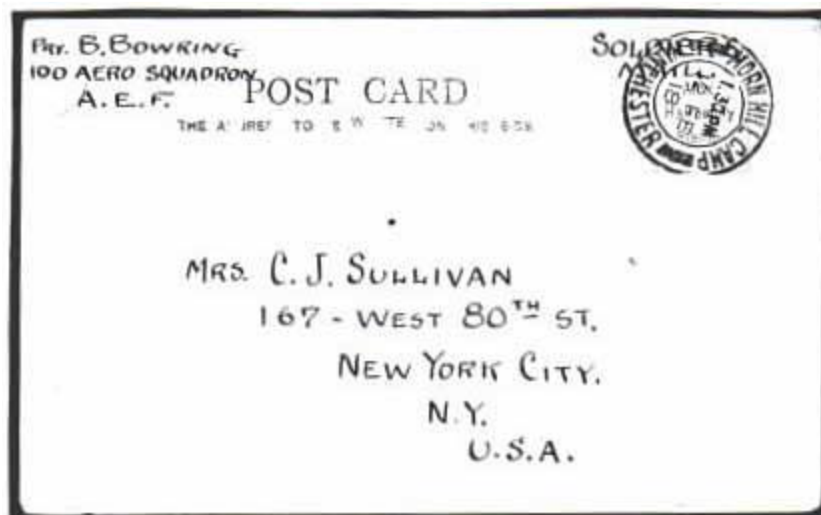
Survivors in a variety of clothing, 15 February 1918 (Britannica Image Quest)

<http://www.kinglibrary.ca/WW1Letters/EarlCampbell%20-%20Army%20Life%2013.php>

Some enlisted soldiers appeared to receive unexpected promotions to officer status, besides switching to another country's army, according to Sergeant William Stoveken. "We're surely a well attired gang too, some of wearing officers blouses and great coats and many of us with English O'coats [overcoats]. Few of us have complete American uniforms but we're all very comfortably clothed and housed."

By the time American soldiers gather to leave Belfast, Ireland, amid bands, crowds and the speech by Lord Mayor Johnson, one American soldier has literally gone from rags to riches. "One soldier, whose sole garb at the time of his rescue was a shirt, was quite proud of his new rigout, which was that of a sergeant in the Royal Irish Rifles."

In his postcard written from the YMCA on February 11, 1918 (below), Bruce Dubell Bowring described his multinational military appearance, a bit ungrammatically: "Look like a Irish, England and U.S. soldiers combined." He added: "Lost everything but my reputation."



Harold E. Robinson's clothing may have been haphazard, but not his resolve. "Of course, we lost all of our equipment, and most of us are wearing some part of the British uniform. I sure wish you could see us now though, we are feeling the best ever. I am enjoying myself as best as I ever could any place out of the USA. I am anxious now to get into it, as we boys all feel we have a personal grudge to settle with old Kaiser Bill, and they all say, 'Let us at him.' "



Camp Morn Hill, Winchester



Lacking the usual natty appearance of Air Corps men, these men are nevertheless of the 158th Aero Squadron. Here we see them at Camp Morn Hill, England, in the makeshift military-civilian garments they donned after their transport, the *Tuscania*, was torpedoed off the coast of Ireland on February 5, 1918

The 158th Aero Squadron, at Morn Hill - not in uniform!

From the American Legion magazine, November 1935, p. 35

archive.legion.org/bitstream/handle/123456789/3437/americanlegionmo195amer.pdf?

Describing the 158th Aero Squadron men pictured above at Camp Morn Hill, Winchester, England, Elmer E. Holmes who supplied the photo wrote in 1935: "Our squadron of 150 men lost 18. The survivors landed in Ireland, Scotland and England. This happy-looking gang had just

reunited at Camp Morn Hill. You will note there is a varied assortment of uniforms – English sailor suits supplied by the sailors of the sub-chasers that picked us up, mixed with English civilian clothes and American uniforms.”

You can watch a 39-second silent video on the Internet available from British Pathé [www.britishpathe.com/video/American-survivors-of-torpedoed-transport-tuscania/query/survivors] showing soldiers who survived the sinking marching down the pavement in an unidentified city. The men are wearing a variety of uniforms, some with wide-brimmed hats, some with caps and some in berets.

Spoonerite Frank Marino landed at Winchester on February 9. In England, Marino and fellow Spooner survivor Frank Brisbin meet Charles E. Lockhart from Spooner. Lockhart wrote his grandmother on April 19, 1918, that “They had some story to tell me.” Since Lockhart had heard both Marino and Brisbin had drowned, he was likely pleasantly surprised to find the two from home.

Spoonerite survivor Guy Paulson ran into soldiers Elmer Meyer and Elmer Wilson from home. “They were sure glad to see me as they read about our misfortune before they left the States. We showed the Kaiser that it takes more than that to scare us fellows.”

Leo Terzia’s letter to his brother Ted from “somewhere in England” written on February 12 supplies happy family news. “I was in the first bunch of 90 that reported at the concentration camp in England and Fris [his brother Fensky, not seen since their separation at lifeboat 13A] came with the next bunch.” The men from Fris’s lifeboat had been picked up by a trawler and landed in Ireland. Revenge was in the hearts of the Louisiana brothers. “We are both feeling fine and are ready to pay Fritz for getting us all wet.”

Company C of the Wyoming National Guard rejoiced on reaching Winnall Down/Camp Morn Hill, “three muddy miles from the train station,” since “For the first time in a month, the men were able to bathe.” Charles S. Patterson noted that officers were given money by the Red Cross to buy clothing and other effects and also given clothing, which was usually an officer’s responsibility to provide as opposed to the government issue given enlisted men. Clothing was provided to both officers and enlisted men.

Franklin Folts wrote to Mrs. LeRoy Taft in March 1918: “There is one other thing I would like to tell you about, and that is what the Red Cross is doing over here. Of course, everything that we owned went down on the Tuscania. I know when I got off that trawler all I had to my name was a suit of clothes, an overcoat and a pair of boots, was soaked through and through with salt water and just about as sorry a sight as one ever saw. A Red Cross agent met us at the wharf and the first thing he did was to hand me \$25 - I didn’t have a cent before - and since then they have been right on the job every minute. They gave us a suit of dry underwear, a cap (you should see me wearing a British Royal Flying Corps cap), toilet articles and even cigarettes. The first few days they fed us and got us places to stay, if we did not have them. They took care of

the enlisted men, too, and as a matter of fact, I don't know what we could have done without them.

"This morning I was talking with one of their agents. Of course, we are naturally quite concerned as to what we are to do for another outfit. There is not an officer in the lot who did not lose at least \$500 worth of stuff, and I know that besides that I lost \$100 in good old American money. There are very few of the men who are in position to replace such a loss and there is no provision in army regulations for refunding us. Naturally we wonder what is to happen. But this Red Cross man said: 'Don't worry, we are working to get you a refund, and anyhow we will see that you get eats and a place to sleep, and don't freeze to death, depend on that.' It's a wonderful institution, the Red Cross, and I wish the people in the States could know just what a great work it is doing."

Leonard Read had parted from friend Stanley Wellman on the port side of *Tuscania* when Stan went off to explore the action on the starboard side. Stan had taken the opportunity to jump onto the last of the three rescuing destroyers, which was departing as he arrived starboard, likely the *Pigeon*. "Both Stan and I thought we were seeing ghosts, when we next bumped into each other days later in Winchester, England."

Some men will go months without receiving pay. And their mail is being sent to their destination in France, so they do not hear from home for months. Many find themselves with nothing to do, except take short or long hikes. Edward Boehmke wrote home on March 10 to his brother that he was definitely resting at his rest camp. He got up at 7 a.m., ate breakfast at 7:30 a.m., sat around until noon when he ate dinner, then sat around until supper at 5:30 p.m. – after which he would attend a YMCA show and then go to bed. "You can see by this, that we are a hard working bunch."

Writing from England on February 10, Richard Mahler warns his mother that she might have to come up with some money just to hear from him. "I lost everything except the clothes I had on my back, so if they collect postage for this letter at the other end you will have to pay for it as I have no stamps or money."

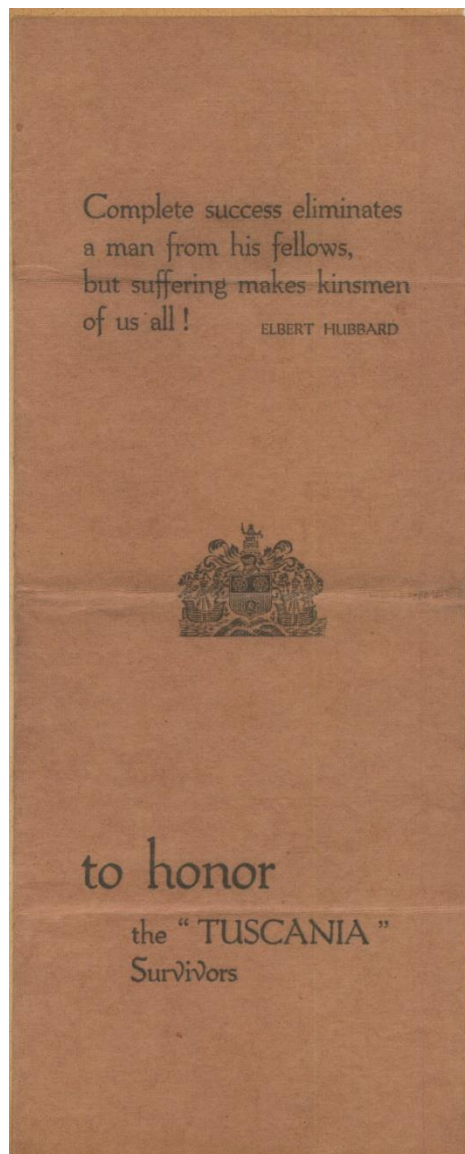
Brothers Leo and Fensky Terzia poured out their woes to their brother Ted in Leo's February 12 letter. "We lost everything we had in the world and it is going to be quite a while before we get outfitted personally like we were, as you know when we left Washington we stocked up on everything we needed. We will be here for some time and it is impossible to get some things that we need, so get busy and send us a complete outfit. So far I do not like the cigarettes from Scotland, Ireland or England and I guess in France they will be the same." They also noted that Walter Hines Page, the U.S. ambassador to England, had received the troops that day. "He certainly made a fine speech."

The "biggest celebration of all," according to Oliver Crump, was the "Gala Matinee" produced by the Palace Patrons Wounded Entertainment Fund at Southampton, where survivors were greeted by Edward Albert Christian George Andrew David, the Prince of Wales, later to rule as

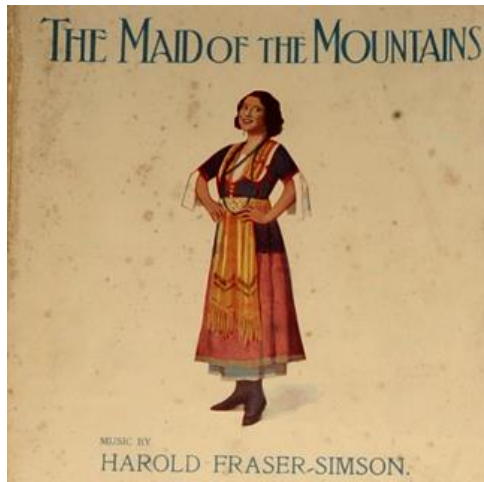
King Edward VIII during 1936 until he abdicated that same year. The *Green Bay Press Gazette* (February 21, 1918) reported that the American troops marched through Southampton led by a band, through streets lined by cheering crowds, amid British and American flags. Harry Kelley recalled that Southampton residents gave them a “wonderful entertainment show” at the Palace Theatre. Shell Lake resident Emil Rauchstadt also attended this show, at which the mayor spoke, with Emil noting it was only a short distance from where the Pilgrims set sail for America. Spooner residents Frank Brisbin and Guy Paulson wrote home about attending the performance.



In Southampton – The “Sammies” at the Palace Theatre entertainment (archives of the Milwaukee County Historical Society)



Cover from the Palace Theatre program, 20 February 1918 (left) – Palace Theatre (right)



One of the selections at the Palace Theatre

A Gala Matinee
given by the
Palace Patrons Wounded
Entertainment Fund

in honor
of a contingent
of the American Army
SURVIVORS
OF THE
"TUSCANIA"

Wednesday
Feb. 20, 1918

PALACE THEATRE SOUTHAMPTON

Proprietors · The Palace, Southampton, Ltd.
Resident Manager · Mr. Will Murray
Acting Manager · Mr. Harry Taylor
Musical Director · Mr. Henry Steele



THE COMMITTEE express their warmest thanks to the Directors and Mr. Will Murray for the use of the Theatre, etc., the Orchestra, Band of the Rifle Depot (by kind permission of the Colonel and Officers), Staff, and the Artistes, all of whom have generously given their services.

Hon. Secretary: J. H. TRIBE
94 ABOVE BAR
SOUTHAMPTON

programme

- 1 March "Vivacity" Steele
- 2 Palace Perfection Pictures
- 3 Dalmere's Table Circus
Fifty performing rabbits, cats, dogs, rats, doves,
and monkeys
- 4 Clara Coverdale presents the
Nine Dainty Dots
In their brilliant spectacle, "The Kilties on
Parade." The real juveniles. Each child a
perfect little artiste
- 5 Selection, "The Maid of the
Mountains" . . Fraser-Simson
- 6 S.Q.M.S. Hidden
Mirth, Magic, and Mystery
and by kind permission of the South-
ampton Hippodrome Directors and
Mr. Harry Yardley
- 7 Tom Waters and Eddie Morris
in their original comedy Irish
classic, "Father and Son"
- 8 Schreck and Percival

- 9 The latest Comedy Revue
"The Love Chase" in three scenes
Sebastian Doubledash, of the Fine Arts Club, London
Cecil Rutland

Fugini, a gondolier · Signor F. Fagandini
Baldini, proprietor of Hotel Venice · Harry Pitt
Wigson, waiter at Hotel Venice · Fred Zola
Mr. Shroud, director of Fine Arts Club · George Ellis
Mrs. Doubledash, wife of Doubledash · Alison Alexander
Fanchette, maid at Hotel Venice · Dorothy Ferdlham
Iolanda, a Venetian · Nellie Newman
Nina, a flower girl · Elsie la Barte
Carmina, a singer · Jenny Robbins

Scene 1 Terrace of Hotel Venice
Scene 2 Deck of S.S. "Gordon"
Scene 3 Fine Arts Club, London

Dances and Ensembles produced by Jenny Robbins
Musical Director · Leon Jesse
Full Chorus of Venetians, Yachting Girls, etc.

Southampton Times Co., Ltd.

The program from the Palace Patrons Wounded Entertainment Fund, Wednesday, February 20, 1918, Palace Theatre – in honor of a contingent of the American Army Survivors of the "Tuscania" [courtesy Guy Rutledge family]

On February 25, cook Harry A. Kelley "took over cookhouse feeding of 1,300 Tuscania Survivors" at Southampton. The American cooks relieved "some overworked British cooks, the Men say they like the food better," which made the British officers "jealous of our success." On March 4, the kitchen was returned to British rule.

ROMSEY
SOUTHAMPTON.

HEADQUARTERS
AMERICAN REST CAMPS IN ENGLAND.

WINCHESTER Feb 13 1918

From: Dear Folks:
To: Just a line to say hello
Subject: and to say I am well and fine.

Of course it seems kind of funny to be
with out ^{our} clothing and things we brought
from America. For we lost everything we had
even money and etc. All I had on was a
shirt and breeches and shoes. I dont know
when we will receive any money but the
American J.M.C.A. has made it possible
to get money from your home bank. So I
guess we will have to do it today. It is
a prom of check. And Lieut Stewart goes good
for it. We dont need very much but it is impossible
to get along with out some. to buy soap, razor
and things like that. I dont know if the
Bank will say anything to you about it, but

Letter home from Baraboo WI resident James Bray, 13 February 1918, from Southampton

Survivors (below) – (back, from left): Ralph Ansel Fletcher, Charles Henry Ineck, John Henry Evans, all from Iowa – front: Verne Bryan Hoyer (Iowa), Edward M. Davis (Minnesota).



SUMMARY PERSONNEL S. S. "TUSCANIA".

Organization :	Identified		Missing :	Accounted for at Winchester :	
	Dead			or in Hospital	
				Officers	Enlisted men
Hq. 6th Bn. :	5	:	0	5	19
20th Eng. :					
Med.Det.20th :	1	:	0	3	15
Engineers :					
Co.D.20th Eng:	39	:	5	5	196
Co.E.20th " :	7	:	1	5	230
Co.F.20th " :	35	:	3	5	206
100th Aero :	9	:	7	5	137
158th " :	9	:	7	8	132
213th " :	4	:	3	6	152
107th Eng.Tr.:	0	:	0	2	72
Hq.107th Sup-:					
ply Train :	1	:	0	6	8
Co.A.107th :					
Supply Train :	3	:	0	1	69
Co.B.107th :					
Supply Train :	1	:	1	1	69
Co.C.107th :					
Supply Train :	1	:	2	1	69
Co.D.107th :					
Supply Train :	1	:	1	1	30
Co.E.107th :					
Supply Train :	1	:	1	1	70
Co.F.107th :					
Supply Train :	0	:	0	1	49
1st Sanitary :					
Sq.32nd Div. :	2	:	0	1	24
2nd Sanitary :					
Sq.32nd Div. :	1	:	0	1	24
Mobile Lab. :					
32nd Div :	0	:	0	2	4
Rep.Det.No.1.:					
	11	:	0	3	157
Rep.Det.No.2.:					
	40	:	5	3	122
Casual Offi-:					
cers. :	3	:	1	47	
TOTAL:	174	:	37	113	1854

U.S. Army account of casualties and survivors, courtesy of Steven Schwartz

Lee F. Jackson was content. He expressed his satisfaction to his mother: "I have the clothes I have on and 50 cents, am well and happy and would not give my experience for \$10,000. Have not been in the army quite two months, crossed the U.S., crossed the ocean and rode on the first troop transport to be sunk and looked at death's door, so am going some."

Wisconsin's Lloyd C. Garthwaite saw the humor in his situation, traveling unencumbered by luggage, in a letter home of February 13. "It is some joke to be touring England with a bar of soap and a Turkish towel for baggage but we are having some time."

From Ireland the troops were transported via Southampton, England, across the English Channel to Le Havre, France, Southampton being the main embarkation port for American troops heading to France. Company C of the Wyoming National Guard reported seeing the sights at Winchester and then proceeding to Southampton for transport to Le Havre, France, on an "obsolete" ship, HMS *Prince George*, on which the rough English Channel crossing was not delightful. "The men are packed like sardines, without sleeping quarters. Everybody without exception becomes violently sick."

The "advance elements," noted Edward T. Lauer, ended up trailing the rest of the troops into France. "Because of our disaster, instead of being the first, we were the last of the [32nd] Division to arrive in the 10th training area."



Tuscania survivors in France -

http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~janeha/lester-photos_artifacts.html

Charles D. Arendell reported that his trip across the Channel was taken in a Chinese cattle boat in March 1918, along with some other *Tuscania* survivors, all packed into the hold. The boat dropped anchor outside Le Havre – and the survivors were not eager to spend one more second below deck on a boat. "As the anchor rattled overboard, the *Tuscania* survivors rose to a man and surged toward the lone companionway. They were still acutely aware of their torpedoing only a few weeks before." Fred Braem noted the kidding of other Army troops on his cattle boat because the *Tuscania* survivors always carried their life belts – until one night the regular troops, thinking they were torpedoed, had to scramble for their own life belts. Braem figured they would have had no chance on that boat; it leaked "like a rowboat" compared to *Tuscania*.

Edward Lauer also traveled via cattleboat from Southampton to Le Havre.

From Le Havre, the troops traveled by train to Chateau Villain where they joined another regiment of the 32nd Division and were tasked with building barracks.

Although they survived the *Tuscania* sinking, some survivors will not return home – dying during the war, usually in France, killed in action, missing in action, dying as a result of wounds or disease or in accidents. Archie D. Roberts lives less than two months, dying March 27, 1918.

Among the known wartime deaths in 1918:

March 27 – Archie D. Roberts

May 23 – Elzie Lewis

May 28 – Mathew Bennett Juan

June 2 – Homer Girtree Harris, Wesley Jackson Stubbs

June 6 - Elmer Lineard Basinger, Benjamin Birmingham

June 8 – Jodie M. Ferguson

June 17 – Earnest Carter

July 16 – Wladyslaw (Walter) Kujawa

July 18 – Benjamin Y. Brittain, Guy Lucion Crawford, Samuel Arthur Jones, Robert Emmit Quinn, Edward Van Hecke

July 19 – Raymond B. Chambliss, Fred Idlett, Walter James Martin

July 21 – Newman James Galloway

July 28 – John Floyd Autry, Carl Albert Moler, Walter Nagel

August 7 – Marcos B. Armijo

August 28 – Leon Seth Herbert

August 29 – John Russell Terry

September 9 – Silva Hensley

September 12 – Roy Earl Rhoades

October 3 – Samuel Howard Eddins

October 4 – Isaiah D. Adams

October 7 – Ernest R. Rogers

October 14 – Everett Herbert Hale

October 15 – Elias Munson (probably in U.S. after returning May 1918)

October 16 – Charles Brush Felton

October 22 – Jesus Guzman

October 27 – Clyde Lindon Pendergraft

November 4 - Charles Lee Burkett, Elmer Esther Jones, Charles Daniel Reynolds, Arthur Rudolph Zybach

November 6, 1918 - Austin Jenkins Sawyer

Dying after the Armistice (November 11, 1918):

December 8, 1918 – Roy Milton White (or November 12, 1918)

December 10, 1918 – Francis John Vine (in New York)

January 2, 1919 – Christino Rodriguez/Rodriquez

January 31, 1919 – Edward F. Parker
 February 1, 1919 – James Karel Brunslík, Donald Martin Duncan
 February 13, 1919 – Alfred Nelson
 March 12, 1919 – Oscar Bee Baker
 March 24, 1919 – George James Sears (or March 19)
 April 15, 1919 – Carl Martin Anderson
 August 25, 1919 – Freddie Johns

Lessons were learned from the *Tuscania* that improved operations of the American Red Cross.

Fife wrote in *The Passing Legions* that the American Red Cross experience with *Tuscania* “made such alert efficiency possible” when the troopship *Otranto* sank off Islay eight months later. “With so many survivors stripped of practically everything, and flung upon its hands for aid in half a distant places, there is little wonder that the Red Cross learned a lesson from this unfortunate ship [*Tuscania*] and was ready for the *Otranto*’s fateful hour almost to the point of foresight.”

He added: “Now we come to the lesson which the *Tuscania* disaster taught the Red Cross. ... And at once the plans for the future were laid, even while the wants of those shipwrecked men were being attended.”

The American Red Cross in the United Kingdom determined that it should be “immediately and adequately prepared to deal with tragic events of this kind” on its own, independent of the British Red Cross or “the hospitality of British camps or of the people of the towns in which shipwrecked men might chance to land.” The association decided to establish five emergency stations on the northern coast of Ireland, with a well-stocked warehouse in each. “The plight of the *Tuscania*’s men made clear the various kinds of supplies required not only at the moment that survivors should land but subsequently.”

Two weeks after the *Tuscania* sank, the American Red Cross had established central warehouses at Belfast, Larne, Ballycastle, Londonderry and Buncrana. To stock these warehouses, it purchased clothing, shoes and toilet articles to outfit 6,000 men. Remembering “this remote place” of Islay, the group sent supplies to Liverpool and secured assurances from the British Admiralty that it would supply a destroyer or trawlers to convey Red Cross representatives and supplies to any disaster. In Belfast, a dozen private cars and volunteer drivers were established as a reserve to move supplies and personnel if needed. A branch of the Red Cross was organized at Belfast.

Hotels and public halls in Larne and Ballycastle were contacted to serve, if needed, for the Red Cross. The Red Cross asked the U.S. Navy to establish equipment warehouses at two locations. It also created the Bureau of Emergency Service to coordinate emergency relief. It set up over thirty emergency stations, to allow the Red Cross to respond to any event on the coast within three to four hours, either by train or motor vehicle.

Fife concluded: "There was no doubt of the value of the lesson of the *Tuscania*."

At Red Cross headquarters in London, a case of black llama-wool socks arrived, forwarded by a fisherman from Islay. The case had washed ashore, and he might well have used the socks himself.



Tuscania survivors in France, 20th Engineers, 16th Company

https://www.google.com/search?q=christopher+eddis+images&biw=1456&bih=734&tbm=isch&tbo=u&source=univ&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwillkoXFrH0AhXINSYKH0PCq0QsAQIGw#tbm=isch&q=tuscania+survivors+images&imgsrc=mnwXjXHPa_2WwM%3A



Tuscania survivors from Oregon, 20th Engineers

<https://www.google.com/search?q=tuscania+1918&sa=N&biw=1332&bih=769&tbm=isch&tbo=u&source=univ&ved=0ahUKEwi5n8z2upzQAhUF2oMKHXQmCHk4ChCwBAqg#imgsrc=ndOmaFUX1DS7mM%3A>

Survivors did not always escape the experience unscathed, as the uneasiness aboard ships transporting them to France indicates. Roscoe Raymond Loper of the 213th Aero died in 1944 from injuries attributable to his being crushed between his lifeboat and the *Tuscania*. Harry P. Letton said it took months “before this sudden apprehension at intensely loud noises left him.” While returning from war in a freighter, the sound of the turning propellers caused him to wake in the night, thinking the ship had been torpedoed. Frank Bayliss of the 107th Engineers had “water phobia” for the rest of his life.

Horace C. Cahoon wrote home to Baraboo, “Tell Grandpa Cahoon that I don’t like sailing worth a **** since last night.” (Insert your own obscenity here.)

Charles G. Bennett of Green Bay, Wisconsin, resident of Montana, pleased to find he had not been seasick on the voyage over, had thought while aboard *Tuscania* of switching his branch of service out of the Army. “I was thinking that the navy would be a better place for me, but have changed my mind. I want to fight an enemy I can see.”

Graham Wortley recalled in 2012 that his grandfather Fred Tarbuck, a 16-year-old steward on the *Tuscania* crew, had placed a tattoo of the *Tuscania* on his arm, to remember his time on the ship and those who lost their lives.

Fifty years later, 76-year-old Oliver F. Crump, who was in the Camp Travis, Texas, unit, said “I can still hear that whistle blowing and the bell ring.” In February 1968, Crump said the memories had not faded. “I dreamed about it the other night.”

Martin D. Bongers, who had enlisted from New London, Wisconsin, fractured his knee when he jumped from the ship to a destroyer. Infection set in, and he was confined to a hospital in France for three months.



In Memory of Tuscania Victim

This Memorial day, as on every Memorial day since the World war, two elderly people, Mr. and Mrs. John De Green, of 2001 N. Thirteenth st. will raise two flags. The American flag and the gold star service flag will float in memory of Mrs. De Green's son, Fred J. Rudolf, who was killed Feb. 5, 1918, when the *Tuscania* was torpedoed on its way to France. The two were disturbed when the picture was taken, because the wind fluttered the flags into the wrong, reversed position.

Flag Will Go Up Again for Her Son Who Died

Her tired hands, as she talks, go often to the tiny gold brooch at her throat which bears the young, laughing face of a boy; her kind, bewildered old eyes, behind their steel rimmed spectacles, seem to wish not to understand what she hears herself saying, as though to utter the words makes true what she would still wish to believe is only a sad dream.

Mrs. John De Green of 2001 N. Thirteenth st. does not understand the reasons or causes for the World war, but raising the American flag and her gold star flag on Memorial day she knows that her son is dead, that he has been for 13 years now, killed when the *Tuscania* was torpedoed. Bending over the bed of bright flowers from the midst of which the flagpole rises, she thinks of Freddy.

Honors, but Freddy's Dead
They have told Mrs. De Green that she is the first gold star mother in Milwaukee. “Freddy was killed,” she says. She received after his death from the French government, bearing the scrawl: signature of Poincaré, a scroll “A la memoire de Fred J. Rudolf, 1st Ban. Squad, 23d Division, mort pour la liberte, hommage de France.” She has from the United States government, signed by Woodrow Wilson, a certificate, “Columbia gives to her son the accolade of the new chivalry of humanity: She keeps and has framed a message from the Milwaukee County Council of Defense, “May the memory of your boy remain your most cherished possession for the nation holds him among her brave sons.” They are fine, high, glorious phrases and she runs her fingers over them.

“Freddy was drowned,” says Mrs. De Green, “on his way to France Feb.

5, 1918, on the *Tuscania*. I saw him Aug. 17 at Camp Douglas. Then Aug. 18 they went away.”
When spring came in 1918 there came a letter for Mrs. De Green. Someone had sent a picture of a grave, bearing a wooden cross; the grave in Scotland where her son was buried. She had been ill but she got up then. “Freddy was killed—and buried so far away from me.”
Flagpole in Yard
She went out into the yard, thinking of that grave of her son in a country she had never seen. She talked to her husband. They set up a flagpole, and around its foot she planted flowers. It was like a little grave.
On Memorial day she raised the two flags over it. Every year since that time, every Memorial day, she has raised the two flags, the United States flag, and the service flag. In October the body of her son was sent home and was buried in Forest Home cemetery. She picked bright flowers and laid them there.
“A Good Boy”
“I got everything Freddy ever sent me,” says Mrs. De Green. “He was a good boy. Always he stayed home nights with his mother. I kept my children home with me nights. We played cards. Once the minister came and we were playing cards and I told him, ‘That’s no sin, when it’s not for money. This way I keep my children home with me.’”
Mrs. De Green’s gold star service flag long ago frayed out. She made another. This Memorial day, as every Memorial day, she will raise it, and looking from the flowers to the flag and back again to the flowers, her eyes, tender and puzzled, behind the misty glasses, says, as she always says: “They say I should forget it, and not be thinking of him always. He was the baby. He was a good boy?”

a picture of her son's grave on Islay, at Kilnaughton, bearing a wooden cross. "Freddy was killed – and buried so far away from me." Going out into her yard upon receiving the letter, she asked her husband to set up a flagpole, which she surrounded with flowers. Freddy's body was sent home in September 1920 to be buried in Forest Home Cemetery, Milwaukee. "They say I should forget it, and not be thinking of him always. He was the baby. He was a good boy."

"If he could only come home again," Fred's mother repeated fervently to the reporter in 1931.

On February 27, 1918, the *Tuscania's* wireless operator, Edwin J. Britt of Brooklyn, New York, married Edna Taylor there, after being home only a few days. Britt had also been the wireless operator aboard the USS *Jacob Jones*, torpedoed and sunk on December 6, 1917. That ship sank in eight minutes, and no distress call had been sent. Then he served on the *Tuscania* - and he was heading to sea again about ten days after his wedding.

Olin R. Thompson of Company F of the 107th Supply Train thought his stunt with three other members of his unit was humorous, but the "victims" did not. In England, some survivors were quartered in a building with corrugated steel walls. "Alcohol was involved" when the four shouting mischief-makers ran along the building's exterior sides, banging on the metal with sticks. "The men thought they were being torpedoed again and they bailed out of the building, three through the door and two to three at a time through the windows." Their sergeant, seemingly unamused, called roll and identified the four missing culprits, who had found a spot to observe the chaos. Once apprehended, the four "had an interesting time doing 'chores' as he put it for the next two weeks," wrote Olin's grandson, Lloyd Thorndyke.



In a variety of hats, outside a corrugated metal building – Guy Rutledge kneeling at far left

Reflecting in his journal of August 1956, Leonard Edward Read wrote an essay he titled "The Unseen Hand," not intended for publication, but now available on the Internet (https://history.fee.org/media/4495/ler_journal_1956_08.pdf). He counted as "unseen hands" the hand of the soldier who had prevented him from falling overboard on *Tuscania*, the hand belonging to the soldier who told him about one of the last lifeboats available, and his rescue by a trawler that appeared from the darkness.

Today, more than thirty-eight years later, when I get to fretting about the atom, the hydrogen and cobalt bombs, about the socialism and communism sweeping America as well as the rest of the world, about inflation, about opportunities for my family in the years ahead, and about my own impotence in coping with such massive problems, I reflect on that night when I was "all by myself" on a sinking ship in the middle of a cruel and cold sea. And I conclude from this impressive experience that some forces may be at work, some actions in play, that, from where I now stand, are not seeable.

The hope that springs eternal in the human breast is not unfounded. There is the Unseen Hand.



One month after *Tuscania*'s sinking – on March 5, 1918 - Edward, the Prince of Wales, visited the shipyards of Glasgow. He met with 154 merchant marines who had survived torpedo attacks. Among them were the two Anchor Line stewardesses, Mary Corson and Flora Collins, *Tuscania* survivors.

left: The Prince of Wales, hard at his ship-riveting job, March 5, 1918

On March 8, 1918, the U.S. Senate published in Calendar No. 277, 65th Congress, 2d Session, Senate, Report No. 305, "Uniforms and Equipment Lost on Board the *Tuscania*," parts of a telegram from General Pershing to War Department Secretary Baker. In it, Pershing wrote: "Officers and soldiers who were aboard *Tuscania* lost all uniforms and equipment exclusive of clothes they wore. Soldiers will be supplied necessary clothes and equipment by Quartermaster Department. Case of officers more difficult." Pershing urged an immediate joint resolution be passed allowing the donation of \$400 maximum to officers to replace items. Baker noted that a similar clause should be placed as an amendment to pending Senate 3527. The amount of \$400 was deemed sufficient for *Tuscania* survivors as well as for "such cases arising in the future." (https://books.google.com/books?id=qLQqAAAAAYAAJ&pg=PA105&lpg=PA105&dq=tuscania+1918+congress&source=bl&ots=_oEEzRTyI1&sig=NHcdMia6dpG6l2w9Fpz5NQhROVE&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjN18-IkZXRahXJ34MKHcO_Dx0Q6AEINjAF#v=onepage&q=tuscania%201918%20congress&f=false)

Communications – or lack thereof – created some cases where “casualties” were alive and well. One can only imagine the surprise of Frederick Kearney Sauer, who, having been told his brother Leon Nicholas Dawson Sauer had perished in the sinking, encountered Leon walking down the streets of Paris.

Pearl Noles Lambert of Texas was also shocked. She had received the War Department telegram informing her that her husband, Marion Franklin Lambert, was a casualty. And then she began getting his letters, written from France. Mrs. Lambert phoned the War Department to ask them why she had been notified of his death. Within one day, the Army confirmed Marion was indeed alive in France.

The father of Elvin Otto Stephens had already received his supposedly dead son’s war risk insurance check, but had not had time to get into the distant town to cash it, when Elvin’s letter arrived telling his family he had survived the sinking.

For one month, the family of John J. Summers of New Berlin, New York, believed him dead until a telegram arrived, reporting he had been in a Scottish hospital for some time.

When the U.S. War Department sought out Mrs. Carl C. Smith in Newton, Iowa, to tell her that her husband was safe, consternation arose. What and who is Mrs. Smith? Turns out Carl Smith and Mabel McKee had been secretly married since January 6, 1917 – his 24th birthday. The *Waterloo [Iowa] Courier’s* February 18, 1918, headline: “Tuscania Tragedy Reveals Romance.”

Charles Shapiro wrote home on February 16, 1918, “We haven’t heard from all our boys, and sad to say some of those that were at the house for dinner on Thanksgiving Day are no more.” Charles’s mother, Mrs. Ethel Shapiro, had hosted a dinner for his comrades at her apartment at 140 West 16th Street in New York City on Thursday, November 29, 1917.



The Shapiro apartment building



The sinking of the *Tuscania*. This British transport, which carried American forces, was torpedoed by a U-boat off the coast of Scotland on Feb. 20, 1918, with a small loss of life.

Part 17: The Burials



San Francisco Chronicle, 9 February 1918

Some of the bodies of *Tuscania* casualties will never be found. The names of these missing-in-action soldiers will be commemorated on memorial plaques in England, France and in their hometowns. But on the isolated island of Islay, it will be left to the Ileachs (the residents of Islay, pronounced "ee-lichs") or Ilich to bury the dead of the American Army and the *Tuscania* crew.

The Isle of Islay website recalls how the women of Port Ellen, huddled in groups, stood weeping in the streets as the bodies of the dead were taken by cartload through town to the temporary mortuary in the public hall. The bodies were laid out in the Drill Hall to be identified and prepared for burial. There were 183 bodies, and approximately 132 survivors.

The women wept as if the boys were their own sons, reported Islay sisters Jetty and Bella Shanks. The pain was great because the boys were truly that – young men.

The cemeteries:

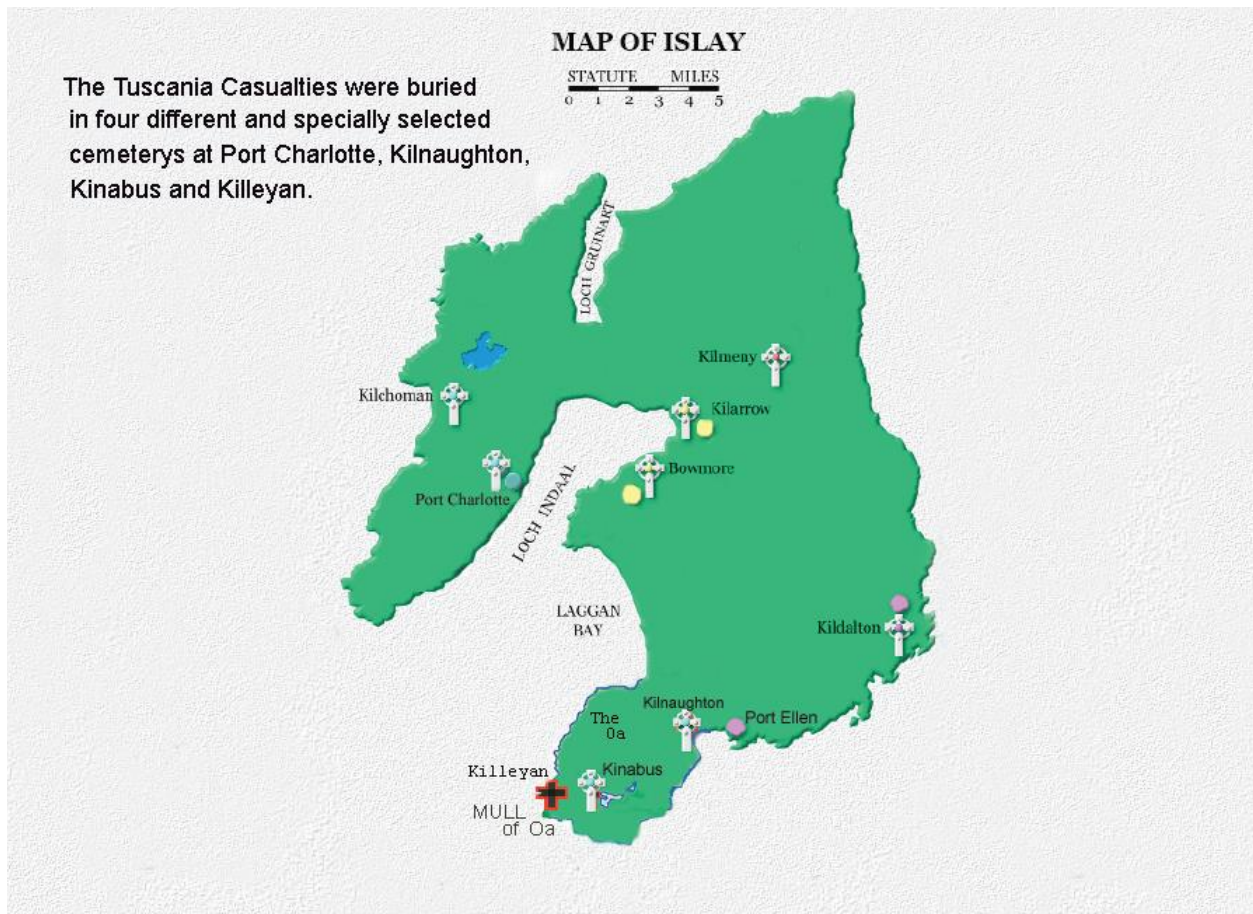
The graves will be dug by the residents, on land donated by residents. The coffins will be constructed by Islay carpenters at a local distillery. The carts that carried the bodies were

provided by farmers and tradespeople. The mourners at the burials were local people, who, according to Les Wilson, resident of Islay in 2017, were able in their “dignity and reverence” to grieve the loss of their own sons, brothers, husbands, relatives - lost in the war in distant lands - whose funerals they could not attend, buried in graves they could not visit. There were more than 6,000 residents of Islay during the war; over 200 of their young men were its casualties.

The bodies were interred in four cemeteries on Islay, since they had come ashore in widely separated areas. Three of these cemeteries were newly prepared. The bodies of the dead on Islay were buried in new cemeteries at Kilnaughton (two miles west of Port Ellen) and Killeyan, at Kinnabus on the Oa, and at Port Charlotte. At one location, 34 soldiers were buried in two mass graves.

According to Fife’s book *The Passing Legions* on the American Red Cross, Iain Ramsay of the Kildalton estate deeded the title for the three Tuscania cemeteries at Killeyan, Kinnabus and Kilnaughton to the American Red Cross. Hugh Morrison donated the cemetery at Port Charlotte, just south of town at what is now Port Mòr, and later provided the land for the cemetery at Kilchoman [pronounced *Kil-HOME-un*] to inter 315 *Otranto* dead; that property was also deeded to the American Red Cross. Fife of the American Red Cross totaled on the Oa ten *Tuscania* graves at Killeyan and 36 at Kinnabus, 87 interments at Kilnaughton at Port Ellen, and 50 at Port Charlotte.

Killeyan and Kinnabus cemeteries lie along the cliffs, just below the Islay monument to the *Tuscania* and *Otranto* dead. Kilnaughton Cemetery is about four miles to the northeast. Port Charlotte and Kilchoman are to the northwest, Port Charlotte approximately nine miles and Kilchoman about twelve miles from the Mull of Oa.



In 1918, Islay had about 5,000 people (since 1,000 of them had been called to war), 1,400 horses, 11,000 cattle, 81,000 sheep – few cars or trucks - no electricity, no telephones - and its 10 distilleries allegedly had been closed by order of the Central Liquor Control Board as a wartime measure.

Body identification:

Although men had identification tags, their units and likely some other information had not yet been placed on some tags, which the *Daily Long Island Farmer* of February 8, 1918, deemed a “pathetic failure.” Although the disk itself was made of metal, a dog tag of the time was worn around the neck with a cotton cord, which may have broken. Other reports question the presence of any “dog tags.” Some bodies were identified through descriptions or letters found in pockets. Local policeman Malcolm MacNeill, who traveled the island by bicycle, carefully noted any possible identifying mark in records discovered many years later.



The World War I dog tag of Adelard J. Durand (1888-1957), Company E enlistee in Spooner, who was transferred to another unit a few hours before others left camp to wind up on the Tuscania.

Adelard was a resident of Scott Township, Burnett County, Wisconsin, adjacent to Washburn County, and later a resident of Spooner. The aluminum tag was worn with a cotton cord. From "My Father, in France" by John Durand, 2006.

<http://www.puzzleboxpress.com/pp%20food%20for%20thought/My%20Father,%20in%20France.pdf>

According to the U.S. Army Center of Military History, 35 men were identified later by fingerprints, like "Body No. 7," identified by his prints as Joe Cochran of Lawton, Oklahoma. The *New York Times* of February 28, 1918, reported on the exhumation of 45 bodies from their burial spots on Islay for fingerprint examination. Two American officers from London who came to obtain fingerprints found it impossible to obtain some due to the condition of the bodies.

The creation of military identification tags containing fingerprints corresponded with the U.S. entry into World War I (WWI). While no detailed account exists regarding the use of fingerprints to identify U.S. war dead from WWI, there are documented cases involving the use of fingerprints for casualty identification. One such instance concerns the sinking of the SS *Tuscania* in 1918. The *Tuscania* was transporting American troops to Europe when it was torpedoed by a German U-boat, killing approximately two hundred of the twenty-two hundred soldiers onboard. Because of the swirling seas and rocky coastline off the Scottish island of Islay, many of the recovered bodies were damaged beyond recognition, but could be identified through the use of fingerprints.⁸ From WWI onward, fingerprints have played a principal role in U.S. military victim identification efforts.

From Forensic Dentistry, 2nd Edition, 2010, edited by David R. Senn & Paul G. Stimson.

25 TUSCANIA VICTIMS IN LIST

Finger Prints Identify Number Reported Missing at Sea.

Yesterday's casualty list contained 55 names. 25 of them soldiers lost in the sinking of the Tuscania. These were reported as missing at sea, but have been positively identified by finger prints taken from the bodies.

The following are the Tuscania victims:

Privates George A. Altwien, Verner C. Branland, Joe Cochran, Leonard H. Dethman, Rosendo Diaz, Elton L. Edmondson, Florencio Erras, Edward C. Feyrer, Sixton Flores, Guadalupe Garza, Edward C. Grahame, Frank Kossath, Joseph Marlin, Roy Muncaster, Ben V. Owens, Clarence Paul, Juan A. Perez, Ondis Powell, Cirilo Rodriguez, Richard Schulze, Arthur Straach, Patrick H. White, Paul A. Williams, Jose Ybarra and Cook Clyde C. Pelley.

Washington Post reporting on fingerprint identification, March 31, 1918 – one of those identified was “Sixton Flores” (actually Sixto Flores), whose parents emigrated from Mexico to the U.S. in 1880



Sixto Flores
Contributed by Joe Flores

The slightly gruesome account (“bit of torn flesh”) from Finger Print Magazine, June 1923:

John O. Simon, F. P. E., of the Marquette branch prison, in a fine article contributed to a local paper, speaks of the disaster of the U. S. Transport **Tuscania**, in February, 1918, “when hundreds of crushed and mangled bodies were cast up on the beach. Thirty-five bodies remained unidentified, **only**.” Mothers,

wives, sweethearts, fathers—all were frantic with the fear that they would never be able to find the bit of torn flesh that was all that remained of their loved ones, but the War Department worked wonders, and not a single body was impossible to identify. Needless to say, the identification was made wholly through the finger prints. The work was prosecuted under the able direction of Mr. Walter S. Kaye, Supt. Bureau of Identification of the U. S. Army.

A. G. O., 201 - S. D.

1st Ind.

War Depart., A. G. O., March 26, 1918 - To the Commanding General, U. S. Forces in England.

1. The finger prints referred to hereon have been identified as follows:

PORT CHARLOTTE

No. 1, Private Florencio Erras	-	Camp Travis Detachment No. 2.
" 7, Private Joe Cochran	-	" " " " "
" 8, Private Clarence Paul	-	" " " " "
" 13, Private Jose Ibarra	-	" " " " "
o " 15, Private Edgar C. Barnes	-	" " " " 1
This soldier was reported as identified in your HQ-64, Feb. 16, 1918.		
" 18, Private Sixton Flores	-	Camp Travis Detachment No. 1
" 23, Private Elton L. Edmondson	-	" " " " 2
" 25, Private Patrick H. White	-	" " " " "
" 28, Private Arthur Straach	-	" " " " "
o " 29, Private Henry Oxford	-	" " " " "
This soldier was reported as identified in your HQ-63, Feb. 15, 1918.		
" 30, Private Edward C. Grahmer	-	158th Aero Squadron.
" 32, Private Cirilo Rodriguez	-	Camp Travis Detachment No. 2
" 35, Private Paul A. Williams	-	" " " " "
o " 36, Private James F. Sparkman	-	" " " " "
This soldier was reported as identified in your HQ-63, Feb. 15, 1918.		
" 40, Private Juan A. Perez	-	Camp Travis Detachment No. 2
" 41, Private Rosendo Diaz	-	" " " " "
" 42, Private Richard Schulze	-	" " " " "
" 44, Private Ben V. Owens	-	" " " " "
" 46, Private Guadalupe Garza	-	" " " " "
" 47, Private Ondis Powell	-	" " " " "

MULL OF Oa

o " 2, Private Lieght A. Wright	-	100th Aero Squadron.
This soldier was reported as identified in your HQ-64, Feb. 16, 1918.		
o " 3, Private Joe R. Redfield	-	Company D, 6th Bn, 20th Engrs.
This soldier was reported as identified in your HQ-66, Feb. 23, 1918.		
" 8, Private Joseph Marlin	-	Camp Travis Detachment No. 1
" 19, Private Roy Muncaster	-	Company D, 6th Bn, 20th Engrs.
" 32, Private Peter Dethman	-	Company E, 6th Bn, 20th Engrs.
" 33, Cook Clyde C. Fahley	-	158th Aero Squadron

KILMAUGHTON

" 23, Private Frank Kossach	-	Camp Travis Detachment No. 1
o " 37, Private William A. Dinter	-	Company D, 6th Bn, 20th Engrs.
This soldier was reported as identified in your HQ-63-February 15, 1918.		
" 71, Private Edward C. Feyrer	-	Camp Travis Detachment No. 1
" 77, Private George A. Altwien	-	" " " " 2
" 82, Private Verner C. Branland	-	Company D, 6th Bn, 20th Engrs.

Names of casualties identified by fingerprints, 26 March 1918, War Dept.

I have left until the last what I consider is the most interesting piece of work the War Department has done since the installation of the finger print system of identification.

When the news of the sad and disastrous sinking of the American transport "*Tuscania*" on February 5, 1918, off the Irish coast was flashed over the cables, deep, hushed silence stole over the earth. The firesides of hundreds of homes were tensed to the highest degree for they knew that upon that fated vessel their beloved sons had embarked to face the shot and shell of the enemy. Hundreds of gruesome, pale-faced forms were washed ashore and piled in heaps upon the beach. A cablegram from the Adjutant General requested that the finger print records be made and forwarded to the War Department, at once, of all the bodies that could not be definitely identified, and in response to that cable, the finger print records of thirty-five were received. A very careful and exhaustive comparison of those records was made with the records on file in the office of the Adjutant General with the astonishing and marvelous result of positively identifying thirty-four out of the thirty-five.

As thirty-five was the total number sent as representing those who were unknown, it means that out of the entire crew, none were left unknown, for as a complete roster of all persons on board was on file ashore, after deducting those who were known, and those unknown who were positively identified by means of their finger print records, the name of only one unidentified man was left, thus clearing up the entire list, as the last man's name was divulged by the roster.

This, in itself, is sufficient recompense to pay for all the time, money and labor that has been put into the system, or that may be so spent for years to come, as money, in the above instance alone, can **never** balance its indebtedness to the finger print system of identification.

"The Value of Finger Print Records to the Individual and to the Country," address by Walter S. Kaye, Superintendent of the Bureau of Identification, U.S. Army, in September 1921, from Finger Print Magazine, February 1922

The flag:

The day before the first burials, the residents of Islay realized there was no American flag available. Four women and one man from Islay House helped make the flag: Mary Armour, Mary Cunningham (according to Smithsonian Institution records and Laird Hugh Morrison, or Florence Hall, according to William Stevens Prince), Jessie McLellan (or McClellan, according to Prince), Catherine MacGregor and John MacDougall. According to one story, the women sewed through the night, using as their model a small silk "wallet-sized" handkerchief depicting the Stars and Stripes obtained from a sergeant. Although the handkerchief source story is often repeated, the second story, related by Laird Hugh Morrison of Islay, is that the sewing group relied on an encyclopedia belonging to Mrs. Forbes, wife of the factor (in American terms, the manager) of the laird's estate. The book provided information to the estate's joiner, John MacDougall, as to the flag's appearance, and he made the plan. (In American usage, MacDougall would be termed a "finish carpenter.") This flag, 37-by-67 inches, was used at all the Islay funerals and is shown in photographs of the interments. It was sewed at Islay House, the residence of Laird Hugh Morrison. The women completed their work around 2 a.m. In 2017, the Islay Quilters began sewing a reproduction flag, completed January 20, 2018, to be used to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the end of World War I, held in Islay in February 2018 (for *Tuscania*), May 2018 (main event) and October 2018 (*Otranto*). The May event featured the Princess Royal (Princess Anne), her husband Vice Admiral Sir Timothy Laurence (co-chair, Commonwealth War Graves Commission), Robert (Woody) Johnson, the U.S. ambassador to

the U.S., Lord George Robertson of Port Ellen, British and U.S. dignitaries, Smithsonian Institution officials, and community events such as the May 3rd program at Bowmore, an American bluegrass music concert, the Centenary Wood (tree) project, and a flower garden containing the official flowers of the U.S. states. The Quilters and schoolchildren also sewed U.S. state flags for those states with casualties. The website for the commemorations is www.ww100islay.com. The events of 2018 on Islay to remember those of 1918 are described in *Appendix D Islay Remembers ... 2018* of this document.



Left: Marian Senior (left) & Myra Prentice, of the Islay Quilters in 2017, re-creating the 1918 flag sewed by Islay islanders. The women sewed in one of the outbuildings of Islay House, where the original flag was sewn. Right: Jenni Minto with the Wisconsin flag. Photographs by, and courtesy of, Les Wilson of Islay.



Islay House, whose first stage of construction was begun in 1677 by Sir Hugh Campbell – also called the White House (Tigh Bàn)



*Laird Hugh Morrison, discussing the Otranto disaster with Captain Battle of the U.S. Army
[from the Library of Congress files -*

<https://www.loc.gov/photos/?fa=location%3AScotland%7Clocation%3AIslay&st=slideshow#slide-13>



The flag with its 48 stars, sewn by residents of Islay for burials on their island, currently in the possession of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. Item accession number: 62494. "Collector" identified as President Wilson, The White House, Washington, D.C." Photograph by, and courtesy of, Les Wilson, of Islay



Jenni Minto (left) of the Museum of Islay Life, Islay, Scotland, with Smithsonian Institution senior curator Jennifer Locke Jones, of the Division of Armed Forces History, and the Islay flag. At the Smithsonian, Washington, D.C., March 2017. Photograph by – and courtesy of – Les Wilson.

Islay's American flag, hand-sewn on a sorrowful night a century ago and preserved by the Smithsonian for the past century, serves today as a potent reminder of the goodness that can be found in the hearts of ordinary human beings, and inspires them to do extraordinary things in the face of adversity.

- Richard Kurin, Smithsonian.com, April 30, 2018

Islay Laird Hugh Morrison presented this homemade flag to Frank M. America, the first American reporter to arrive at Islay after the sinking. In turn, Frank M. America, on the London staff of the Associated Press, presented it to Melville E. Stone, the Associated Press general manager in New York City, who then

sent it by parcel post to President Woodrow Wilson, who had placed it in the Smithsonian Institution by June of 1918.

The Smithsonian's June 27, 1918, release about the donation of the flag indicated it had been placed on exhibit in the entrance hall of the older museum building (the Arts and Industries Building).

The *Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, 1918*, on page 24 discussed two flag donations that wartime year:

The second, received through President Wilson, is an American flag made at Islay House, Scotland, by Jessie McLellan, Mary Cunningham, Catherine McGregor, Mary Armour, and John McDougall, for use at the funerals of American soldiers lost with the transport Tuscania, February 5, 1918. Mr. Frank M. America, of the London staff of the Associated Press (the first American to arrive at Islay on this occasion), was asked by Mr. Hugh Morrison, the Scotch landowner, at whose residence, Islay House, the flag was made, to send it to President Wilson to be placed in some museum or institution of his selection. Mr. Morrison took a prominent part in the Tuscania relief work and donated the land for two cemeteries, in which American soldiers are now at rest. The flag, which is 37 by 67 inches in size and shows plainly by its design that it is handmade, was transmitted to the President by Mr. Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, New York City. It was accompanied by three photographs, one of the group of five makers of the flag, one of Mr. Hugh Morrison, and one of Mr. Colin Campbell, of Port Ellen,

who provided clothing and did everything possible to make comfortable the American survivors from the Tuscania who landed at Port Ellen, and arranged for the burial of 133 Americans whose bodies came ashore in his neighborhood.

Islay resident Lee Wilson included in his 2018 book, *The Drowned and the Saved*, the letter written by Laird Hugh Morrison at the request of a Smithsonian official a decade after the *Tuscania* burials. It provides details on the flag and its constructors.

Dear Mr. Havenel,

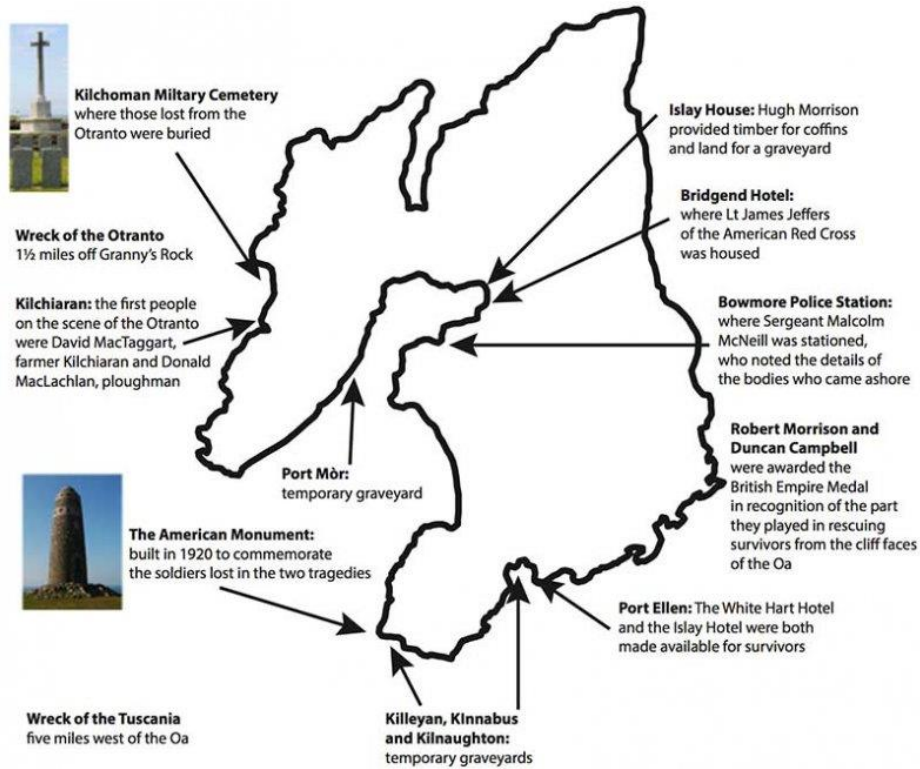
I delayed answering your letter of June 11th until I returned to Islay and was able to consult our old Housekeeper, Miss Mary Armour, with regard to the American Flag which was made in this house at the time of the disaster to the transport Tuscania in 1918. At four o'clock on the evening before the funeral of the victims of the Tuscania disaster, I asked Miss Mary Armour if it was possible to make an American Flag to carry at the funeral. Mrs. Forbes, the wife of the then factor of Islay estate, had an Encyclopaedia where John MacDougall, the estate joiner, got all information as to the size of the Flag and the correct number of stars and stripes. John made a plan from which Miss Mary Armour and her helpers, Jessie MacLellan, Mary Cunningham and Catherine MacGregor, were able to cut the cloth to the right dimensions. There was no time to send for suitable material and the stars and stripes were made of white cotton calico; the blue part of figured calico turned outside in; and the red stripes of Turkey twill, all purchased at the local merchant's in Bridgend. Jessie MacLellan and her Mother cut the stars and sewed them on the blue. The Flag was completed about 2.a.m. next morning. At the funeral, an American survivor carried the Flag. I should like to add that I remember how anxious everybody in Islay was to show every possible honour to the soldiers of the United States who had come over to fight for the cause of the Allies in the Great War.

Yours sincerely / Hugh Morrison

Smithsonian secretary Charles Doolittle Walcott had written to Morrison: "The many thousands of people who visit the Museum each year will view this flag with hearts full of gratitude and will ever cherish the memory of the fact that it was through the sympathetic thoughtfulness of your countrymen that there floated over our men in the last act of their supreme sacrifice that flag for which they had given their all." The next month, Walcott authorized, in what Richard Kurin, the Smithsonian's ambassador at large, described in 2018 as "a rare occurrence," the flag to be taken to Memorial Continental Hall, near the White House, to be held and photographed at a Daughters of the American Revolution meeting, which prompted the DAR women to send an American flag to the women of Islay. The flag was moved to the newer National Museum of Natural History building at the Smithsonian, and displayed for at least 10 years, but then was moved to storage. A daughter of one of its seamstresses photographed it at the Smithsonian for her mother on Islay in 1927.

"There was no American flag available for the services. It didn't seem proper to bury a soldier so far from home without the comfort of the Flag, for which he gave his life. The answer was not slow in coming. It came from the generous hearted mothers of the village of Port Ellen. They would make a flag, with their own hands, just as Betsy Ross had made the first one. They searched their homes and found the necessary red, white, and blue. They cut out the white stars and tenderly sewed them on the field of blue." – Arthur Siplon

Private John B. Fleming of California reported that his comrades in the 158th Aero Squadron had asked for the flag as a souvenir. He reported to the *San Francisco Chronicle* of December 19, 1918, "But the villagers, who turned over their homes to us, wouldn't part with it, and when we left the town for France it was flying from the masthead of the little building they used as a Town Hall."



From WW100 Scotland Commemoration on Islay page
<http://blog.islayinfo.com/article.php/ww100-scotland-commemoration-islay>



Group picture taken at Kilieyan, Mull of Oa, Islay.

Left to right, standing:

1. Annie Morrison,
2. Robert Morrison, who received the O.B.E. (Order of the British Empire) Medal.
3. Lieutenant White, U. S. Army.
4. Mr. R. J. Walker of Glasgow, Scotland, Architect of the Monument at top of Cliff, Mull of Oa.
5. Mrs. Morrison, (seated).

NOTE: Mr. Robert Morrison received the O.B.E. Medal for going over the rocks (cliff), supported and suspended by a rope and saving a man from the ill-fated TUSCANIA.

Mr. Olin Campbell also received the O.B.E. Medal. Mrs. Annie Campbell, assisted by her sister, gave 90 or more Survivors food and hot tea, also clothing and warmth.

Division of History
 Acc. 62464
 Acquired Deposit

Collector President Wilson,
 Address The White House,
 Washington, D.C.

HISTORY OF COLLECTION.

American flag made at Islay House, Islay, Scotland, by Jessie McLellan, Mary Cunningham, Catherine McGregor, Mary Armour, and John McDougall, and used on the occasion of the funerals of American soldiers lost with the transport Tuscania. *Mr. Frank M. America of the London staff of the Associated Press, who was the first American to arrive at Islay on this occasion, was asked by Hugh Morrison, the Scotch landowner at whose residence Islay House, the flag was made, to send this interesting relic to President Wilson with the request that it be placed in some museum or institution to be selected by him; also three photographs.

No. Cards 14

ASSIGNED TO 13-180

CARD CATALOGUE MADE June 7

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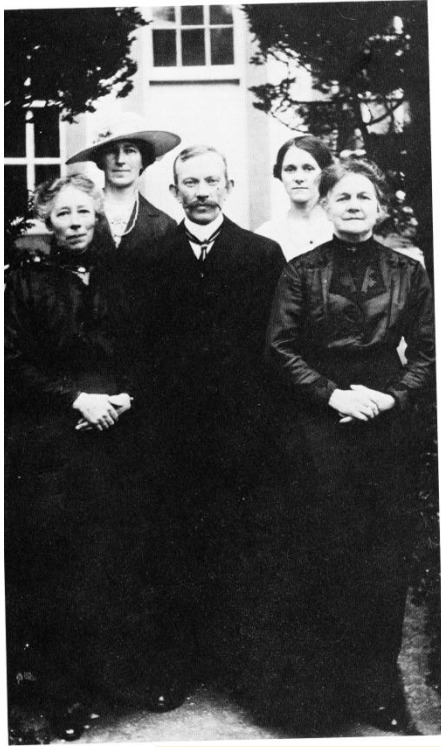
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President

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The flag's Smithsonian Institution accession card – with “President Wilson, The White House” identified as the collector. Photograph by – and courtesy – Les Wilson of Islay.



Left: The five flagmakers from Islay (from William Stevens Prince's Crusade & Pilgrimage, p. 46) – from left: McGregor, McClellan, McDougall, Cunningham, Armour. (Surnames and spellings differ in accounts.)

The sewing of the flag was memorialized in her poem, "The Dead of the Tuscania," by Katharine Lee Bates with the words:

*Who all night long before the burial labored,
Stitching with mother-tears a Starry Banner
That so their flag might wave above them,
Lying at their supreme salute of loyal dying*



The handmade American flag next to the Union Jack at Port Mòr (Port Charlotte) cemetery in Islay.

From Cameron's Souvenir Album. His caption: The Graves at Port Charlotte (U.S. Army Captain and British Navy-Man with Flags)



The flag made by the Scots in a burial procession



The funeral procession at Port Charlotte – from Cameron's Souvenir Album
http://www.islayinfo.com/images/lookingback/funeral_tuscania_portcharlotte.jpg

At Port Charlotte:

The first funerals were held at Port Charlotte on Saturday, February 9. The funeral procession from Port Charlotte was headed by the crew of HM Yacht *Sea Fay*, which had been requisitioned and armed by the Royal Navy. They provided a firing squad, along with Islay volunteers. Two bagpipers contributed their services. They played the centuries-old Scottish babpipe lament, "Flowers o' the Forest." Fifteen American soldiers were pallbearers. Two clergymen came from many miles to conduct two services, one employing Scottish church rites and one Episcopalian.

Les Wilson in his 2018 book, *The Drowned and the Saved*, eloquently described the scene, copied here with his permission.

"A photograph by Archibald Cameron, Islay's skillful and hard-working photographer of the time, reveals the grim solemnity of the funerals. The cortege makes its way through Port Charlotte from the temporary morgue at the village's distillery to Port Mòr, a field on the loch side just half a mile away. The dead travel on the backs of open lorries. Everyone else is walking. The weather is clearly terrible. The wet road shines, an umbrella is carried aloft over a surpliced clergyman, and people are hunched up against the rain and wind. Two pipers lead the way, followed by two or more ministers. A few yards behind them come four trucks bearing the dead, and behind them a throng of dark-clad mourners. Hardly a soul stands by the roadside watching the cortege pass – they are all part of it, following the dead to the hastily laid-out cemetery. Perhaps 400 people turned out to mourn that day."

The *Oban Times* of Oban, Argyllshire, Scotland, wrote in its February 23, 1918, issue: "Many sad scenes have been witnessed in Islay when wrecks have brought the dead to the wild shores, but no one can remember any tragedy of the sea which so deeply stirred the feeling of all as the interment Saturday, 9th of February of the brave young men from America who lost their lives when coming to fight for us."

There were 25 American survivors left behind to assist the local Scots in "digging the graves into which the Khaki-clad troops tenderly placed their dead comrades."

The Port Charlotte burial ground land was provided by the Laird of Islay, Islay House estate owner Hugh Morrison, at a site close to town chosen personally by him. Morrison also ordered trees cut from his estate for the manufacture of coffins. Ileauchs report the fortuitous arrival of a ship from the mainland, carrying timber. James MacTaggart, an Islay carpenter, maintained a daily diary. Its humdrum reports – the ones for Monday and Tuesday, February 4 and 5 reported getting wood ready to make carts – suddenly change to more tragic tasks:

Thurs: Making coffins for bodies of American soldiers washed ashore at Port Charlotte. Drowned of SS Tuscania which was torpedoed by a German Submarine off north coast of Ireland. (had to work overnight)

Frid : Making crosses for soldiers' graves.

Sat: At soldiers' funeral.

Mon. Feb. 11. Finishing graves.

Siplon wrote: "It was an overwhelming task to ask this small village [Port Ellen] to assume funeral arrangements for such a large number ... They did not hesitate."

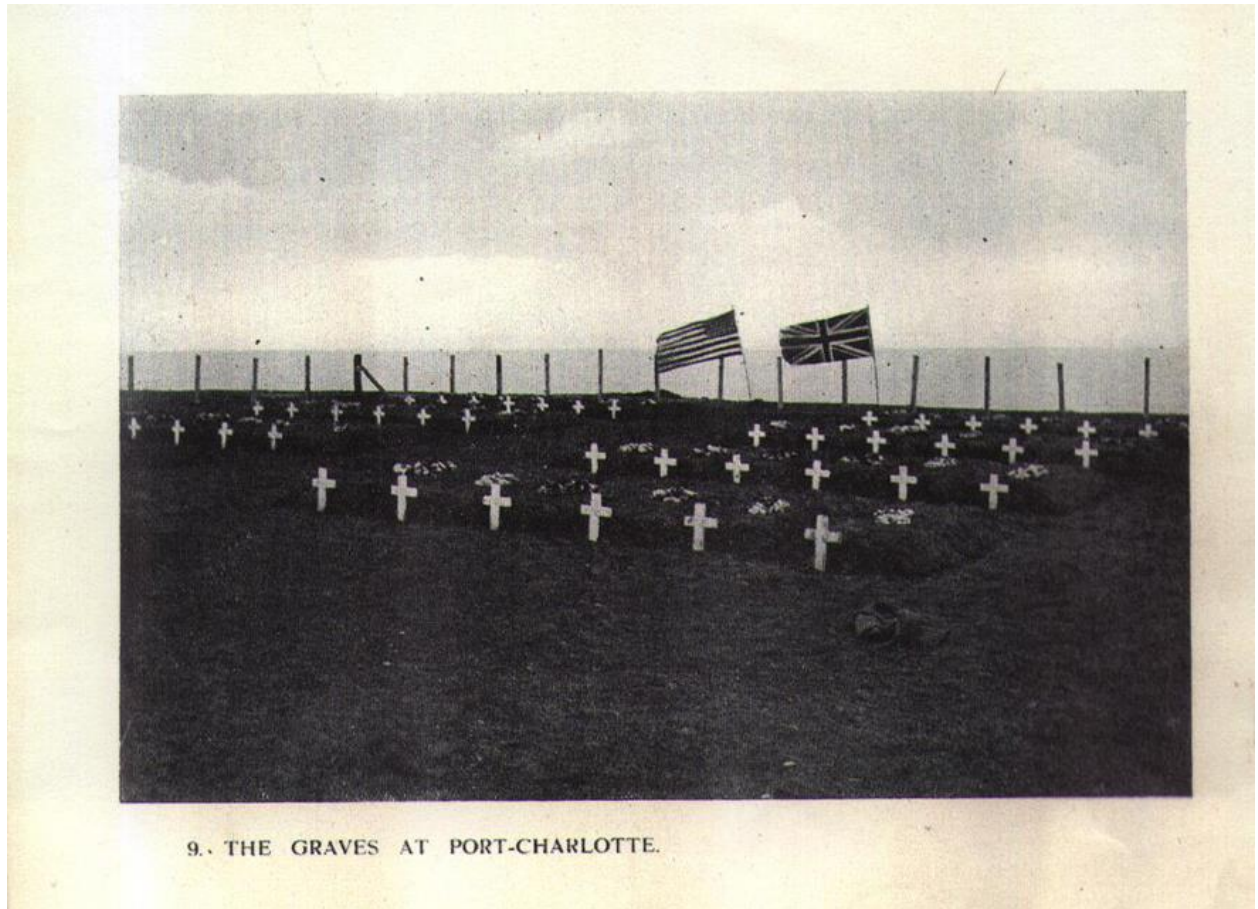
Captain David D. Hall wrote: "The kind Scottish people were very tender in their care of both the living and the dead and lavished a profusion of flowers on the caskets of those who were no longer with us."

Photographer Archibald Cameron also took a photograph of a "later funeral" at Port Charlotte on February 14, 1918.

Reference Numbers to Graves of American Soldiers at Port Charlotte, Islay.

No. of Isle		No. of Isle	
1.	Private Florencio Erras, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	26.	Private Bill J. Williams, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
2.	" Jesse M. Rhodes, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	27.	" Fletcher Odel Pledger, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
3.	Captain Leo. P. Le Bron, Engineer Reserve Co.	28.	" Arthur Straach, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
5.	Unidentified.	29.	" Edward C. Grahmer, 158th Aero Squadron.
6.	Private Jas. A. Price, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	30.	" Henry Oxford, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
7.	" Joe Cochran, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	31.	" William E. Vickers, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
8.	" Clarence Paul, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	32.	" Cirilo Rodriguez, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
9.	" Claud W. Walker, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	33.	" J. J. Buckley, 20th Engineers.
10.	" E. L. Rosett, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	34.	" J. B. Bishop, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
11.	" Geo. W. Tomlins, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	35.	" Paul A. Williams, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
12.	" Ethan Oren White, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	36.	" Jas. F. Sparkman, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
13.	" Jose Ybarra, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	37.	Unidentified.
14.	" Oscar Lee Smith, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	38.	"
15.	" Edgar C. Barnes, 1st Overseas Replacement Co.	39.	"
16.	Unidentified.	40.	Private Juan A. Perez, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
17.	" Geo. Moreno, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	41.	" Rosendo Diaz, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
18.	Private Sixton Flores, 1st Overseas Replacement Co.	42.	" Richard Schulze, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
19.	" Tulla B. Thompson, 1st Overseas Replacement Co.	43.	Captain Philip V. Sherman, Engineer Reserve Corps.
20.	" Walter L. Whittington, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	44.	Private Ben O. Owens, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
21.	Captain Philip K. Lighthall, Engineer Reserve Corps.	46.	" Guadalupe Garza, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
22.	Private W. R. Wilson, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	47.	" Ondis Powell, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
23.	" Elton L. Edmondson, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	48.	" Wm. Arthur Moore, 100th Aero Squadron.
24.	" Daniel Trobridge, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	49.	Sergeant Otis E. Hutchins, 107th Supply Train.
25.	" Patrick H. White, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	50.	Corporal Clifford Norris, 107th Supply Train.
		51.	Private Frank Sharpe, 107th Supply Train.
		52.	Unidentified.
		53.	"

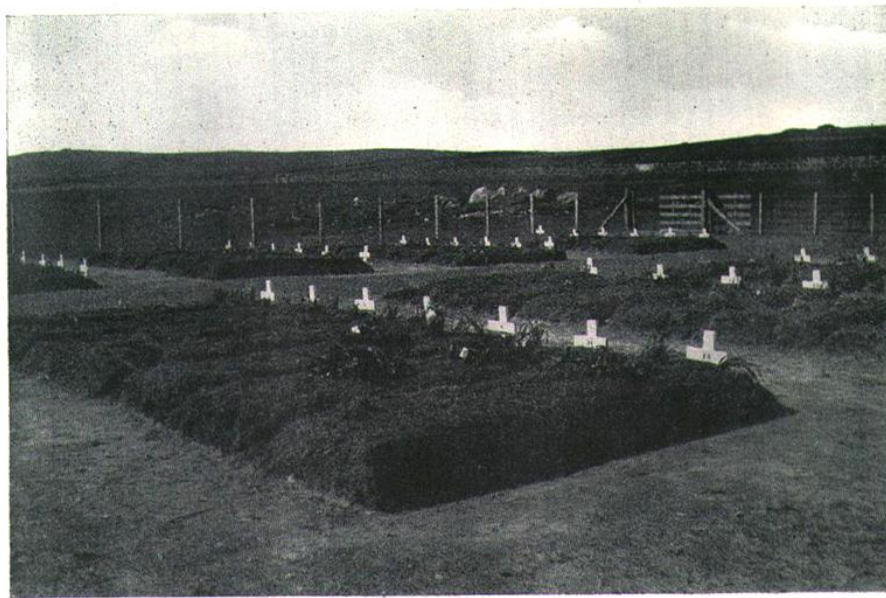
Cemetery maps and lists of burials from the Glasgow Islay Association's *Photographic Album of the American Soldier's Graves in Islay*.



9. THE GRAVES AT PORT-CHARLOTTE.

The graves at Port Charlotte, showing the Islay-made flag, from Cameron's Souvenir Album

The cemetery at Port Mór (Port Charlotte) was on a raised beach only yards from Loch Indaal.



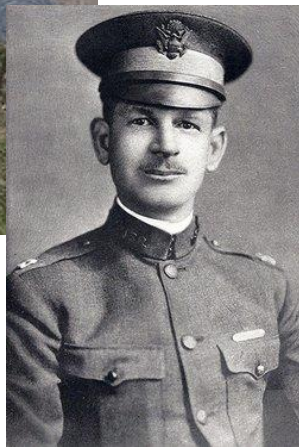
19. THE GRAVES AT PORT CHARLOTTE, showing the three Captains' Graves in the foreground

Graves at Port Charlotte. The caption notes three captains buried here, they being Leo Parrott LeBron of Oklahoma, Philip Kilburn Lighthall of New York, and Philip Vincent Sherman of Vermont - from Cameron's Souvenir Album



Captain LeBron's headstone – "Lost on the Tuscania" - in Oakland Cemetery, Keokuk (Lee County), Iowa. The bodies of Captain LeBron and Captain Sherman were returned from Port Charlotte in August 1920.

in Canada in 1885. His Northfield Washington life on the Tuscania while at sea"



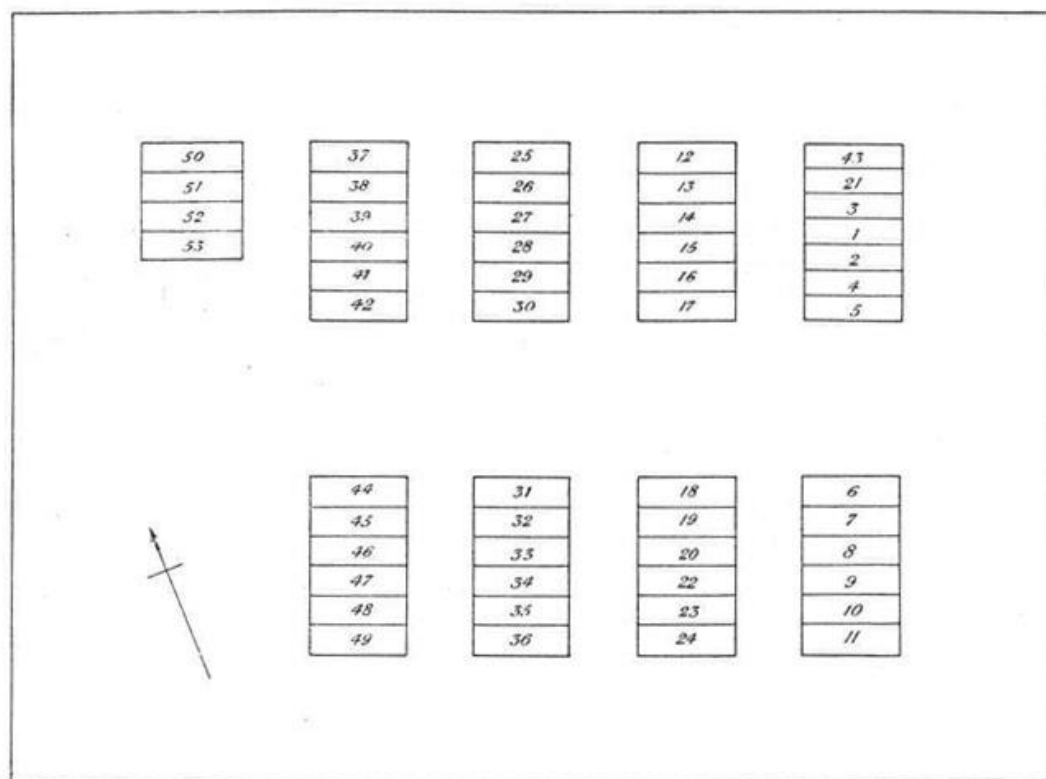
>Captain Philip Vincent Sherman, born tombstone in Mount Hope Cemetery, County), Vermont, reads: "He lost his torpedoed by an enemy submarine





Graves of American Soldiers at Port Charlotte, Islay.

The graves at Port Charlotte – from the Photographic Album



Arrangement of Graves of American Soldiers at Port Charlotte, Islay.

Map of burials at Port Charlotte – from the Photographic Album



Patrick H. White - Islay, Scotland Grave
Courtesy of Gary Lewis



Patrick Henry White
Contributed by Gary Lewis

Patrick Henry White, age 22, of Dallas, Texas, buried at Port Charlotte, Grave #25



American Soldiers' Graves at
Port Charlotte, Islay



Graves of American Soldiers at Port Charlotte, Islay.

Port Charlotte burials - from the Photographic Album

At Kilnaughton:



Kilnaughton and the strand – the American Cemetery across from Port Ellen (archives of the Milwaukee County Historical Society)

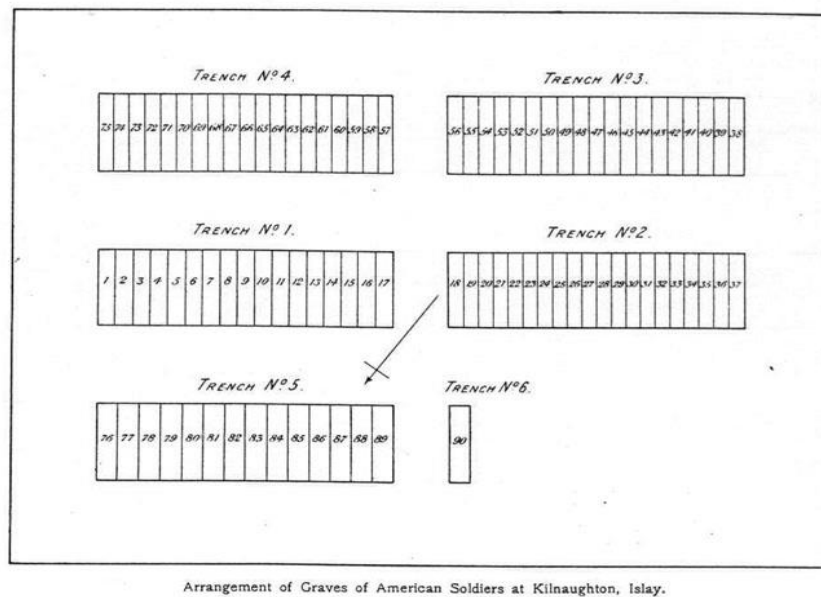
Below: Cameron's Souvenir Album



8. CEREMONY AT KILNAUGHTON.—The Salute.

13/2/18.

On Wednesday, February 13, an honor guard of soldiers and islanders led by a piper playing a lament marched from Port Ellen to Kilnaughton Bay, a grassy slope above the beach, with British and American flags, to the new cemetery two miles west of Port Ellen. There an honor guard of Islay men fired three volleys as a salute over the flower-covered graves. "The burial was at the water's edge at the base of rocky cliffs and was picturesque in the extreme."



At Kilnaughton - from the "Photographic Album of the American Soldiers' Graves in Islay" by the Glasgow Islay Association, with lists of casualties and maps of grave locations.

At Kilnaughton Military Cemetery, the body of Homer Llewellyn Anderson of Cumberland, Wisconsin, was buried in Trench 4 (top left), grave 57 (the last one on the right), on February 9, 1918. The body was disinterred at the request of Homer's father Frank Anderson, and reburied November 19, 1921, in Lakeside Cemetery, Cumberland (Barron County), Wisconsin. Buried next to Homer at Kilnaughton was Manuel Rames, of Maui, Territory of Hawaii.



Bullet fired at Kilnaughton Military Cemetery when the Tuscania dead were buried with full military honors – at the Museum of Islay Life, donated by Anne McGilvery. To the bullet's left is

a chain from one of the Tuscania's lifeboats. Photograph by Marilyn Gahm, May 2018.

Reference Numbers to Graves of American Soldiers at Kilnaughton, Islay.

No. of Lair.		No. of Lair.	
1.	Private T. W. Herman, 20th Engineers.	28.	Private T. E. Lewton, 20th Engineers.
2.	" L. B. Reeder, 20th Engineers.	29.	" T. E. St. Clair, 20th Engineers.
3.	" Wm. C. Keown, 1st Overseas Replacement Co.	30.	" Arthur W. Collins, 20th Engineers.
4.	" L. Roberts, 20th Engineers.	31.	" G. Lankeman, 20th Engineers.
5.	" Orvel N. Casper, 2nd Sanitary Squadron.	32.	" J. W. Cheshire, 20th Engineers.
6.	" E. H. Duffy, 20th Engineers.	33.	Sergeant Gerald M. Glover, 20th Engineers.
7.	" J. C. Wood, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.	34.	Private Frank Brune, 213th Aero Squadron.
8.	Corporal W. R. Johnson, 20th Engineers.	35.	" Milton Tully, 20th Engineers.
9.	Private H. E. Page, 20th Engineers.	36.	" Edwin R. Berkly, 20th Engineers.
10.	" G. R. West, 20th Engineers.	37.	" William A. Dintor, 20th Engineers.
11.	" T. Tuttle, 20th Engineers.	38.	" Philip E. Wiegand, 20th Engineers.
12.	" Walter F. Brown, 20th Engineers.	39.	" Gustas Willard Wilson, 20th Engineers.
13.	" Clarence W. Short, 158th Aero Squadron.	41.	" C. N. Davidson, 20th Engineers.
15.	" Raymond Butler, 20th Engineers.	42.	" Arthur N. Harvey, 107th Supply Train.
17.	" G. V. Zimmerman, 20th Engineers.	43.	" C. M. H. Besner, 20th Engineers.
18.	" John Edwards, 20th Engineers.	44.	" B. O. Weeks, 100th Aero Squadron.
19.	" George H. Reinhart, 20th Engineers.	45.	" Henry F. Speidel, 213th Aero Squadron.
20.	" Walter Crelling, 158th Aero Squadron.	46.	" David C. Renton, 20th Engineers.
21.	" William F. Bennett, 20th Engineers.	47.	" Julius D. Wagner, 20th Engineers.
22.	" G. E. Swanson, Co. "F," 20th Engineers.	48.	" Wm. J. Trageser, 20th Engineers.
23.	" Frank Kossaeath, 1st Overseas Replacement Co. (Identified by finger prints.)	49.	" Alfio Lecari, 20th Engineers.
24.	" William P. Morin, 20th Engineers.	50.	" Percy A. Stevens, 20th Engineers.
25.	" Clyde G. Jenkins, 20th Engineers.	51.	" W. W. Wright, 20th Engineers.
27.	" Raymond T. Hurst, 1st Overseas Replacement Co.	52.	" Marcus B. Cook, 20th Engineers.
		53.	" G. N. Bjork, 20th Engineers.

Reference Numbers to Graves of American Soldiers at Kilnaughton, Islay—*Continued.*

No. of Lair.		No. of Lair.	
54.	Private John C. Johnson, 20th Engineers.	72.	Private Samuel P. Riggs, 158th Aero Squadron.
55.	" Frederick Allen, 20th Engineers.	73.	" Norman C. Crocker, 20th Engineers.
56.	" Manuel Rames, 20th Engineers.	74.	" P. A. Agren, 20th Engineers.
57.	" Honor L. Anderson, 107th Supply Train.	75.	" J. J. Byrne, 20th Engineers.
58.	" Fred. M. Linton, 20th Engineers.	76.	" Fred. J. Rudolph, 1st Sanitary Squadron.
59.	" Jack R. Gurney, 20th Engineers.	77.	" George A. Altwieen, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co. (Identified by finger prints).
60.	" J. L. Perce, 20th Engineers.	78.	" Herman Rupp, 158th Aero Squadron.
61.	" Elmer L. Cowan, 20th Engineers.	80.	" Thomas A. Llewellyn, 20th Engineers.
62.	" Wm. F. M'Murray, 1st Overseas Replacement Co.	81.	" James A. Scheiss, 20th Engineers.
63.	" Sam. H. Penticost, 1st Overseas Replacement Co.	82.	" Verner C. Brandland, 20th Engineers. (Identified from papers).
64.	" Russell F. Bennett, 107th Supply Train.	83.	" Fred. T. Benefiel, 20th Engineers.
65.	" Robert F. Warren, 20th Engineers.	84.	" Eugene W. Snyder, 20th Engineers.
66.	" *L. W. Camont, 20th Engineers.	85.	" Sidney W. Bernitt, 20th Engineers.
67.	" Wm. J. Dregs, 20th Engineers.	86.	" Frank Reilly, 100th Aero Squadron.
68.	" L. Sims, 20th Engineers.	87.	Unidentified. Finger prints taken.
69.	" J. P. Hawley, 1st Sanitary Squadron.	88.	Finger prints taken. Believed to be Earl O. Weisenberger, 107th Supply Train.
70.	" W. Matthews, 20th Engineers.	89.	Unidentified.
71.	" Edward C. Feyrer, 1st Overseas Detachment Co. (Identified by finger prints).	90.	*Private Carrol J. Scully, 158th Aero Squadron.

* These two names do not appear on the Official Regimental Records which have been received; their correctness is therefore doubtful.

Since the above footnote was written, it has been ascertained that Private L. W. Camont is an error for Private L. W. Ozment. Private Scully's name is correct as it stands above, but we are informed that Private Samuel P. Riggs should be Private Samuel P. Ridge.

The index to the graves in Kilnaughton shows Cumberland (Wisconsin)'s "Honor" [Homer] L. Anderson's grave in Trench 4, number 57, and the grave of Rice Lake (Wisconsin)'s James A. "Scheiss" [Schleiss] in Trench 5, number 81

Islay girl Isabelle Macgilvary had watched the funeral cortege leave Port Ellen on February 8th for Kilnaughton: "It was very emotional to see the bodies, stiff as statues in their splendid uniforms carried out of the Drill Hall and laid reverently on the lorries. Coffins were unobtainable for such a number, almost 100."



The graves of James LeRoy Pierce (#60), Elmer Luther Cowan (#61) and William Franklin McMurry (#62) at Kilnaughton

Buried in Kilnaughton Cemetery, which lies near the Kilnaughton Military Cemetery, is Duncan Campbell, the Mull resident who rescued survivors from the rocks.



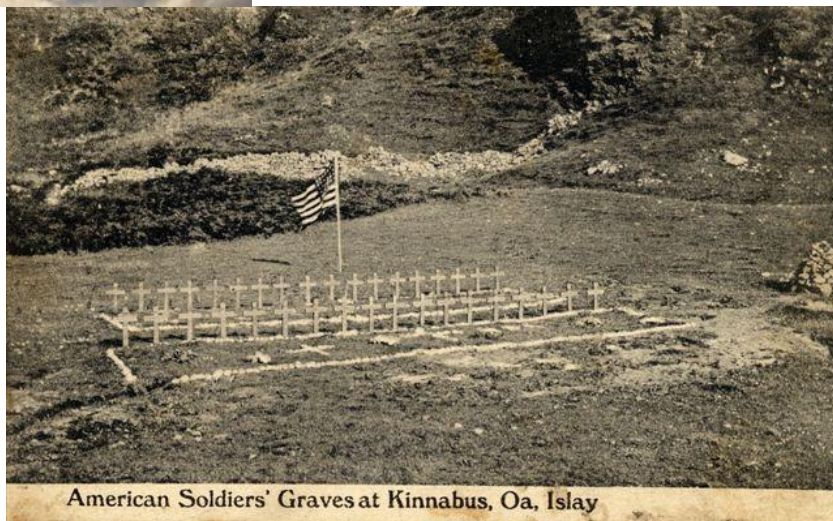
Elmer Luther Cowan, the star athlete of Victor High School, Victor, Montana, enlisted in his senior year. His captain wrote his family about Elmer's final moments on February 5: "On this particular day Elmer was well and in fine spirits and when we were struck, marched to his lifeboat station with coolness, got off in the boat assigned to him and got safely away from the ship. All went well with the boat until the shores of the Isle of Islay were reached, just off the Scottish coast. ... Elmer's body was recovered the next day."

Below: from Cameron's Souvenir Album

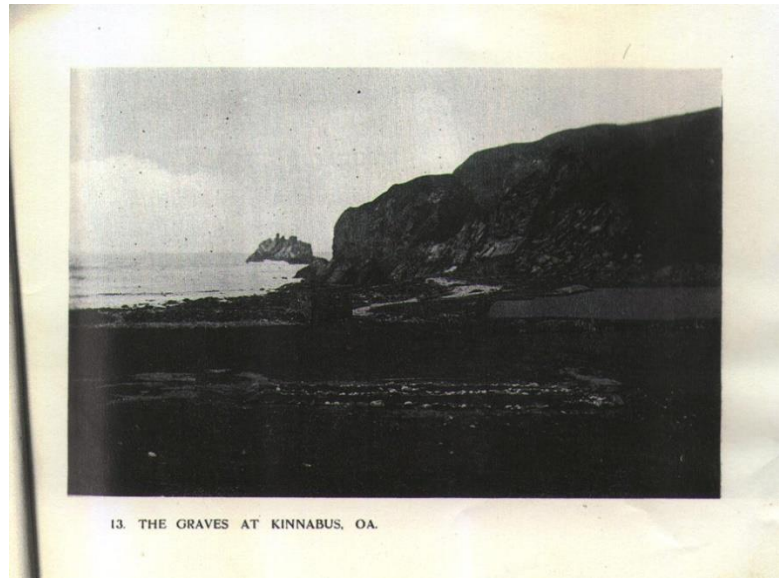


17. KILNAUGHTON BAY. (Soldiers' graves in centre of Photo.)

At Kinnabus:



Sgt. Major Henry Alexander Skinner, who became an American citizen in February 1917, having immigrated from England, buried at Kinnabus, Grave Number 30



13. THE GRAVES AT KINNABUS, OA.

The graves at Kinnabus, on the Oa – Cameron's Souvenir Album

Arthur Siplon attended the funeral at Kinnabus to grieve the loss of his friend, Wilbur Clark, dead at age 18, buried in grave number 16. "When the last mournful note of 'Taps' floated away the ceremony came to an end. The folds of the homemade flag whipped smartly in the winter's chilling wind. Proudly it flew on a foreign shore, an unusual flag – made by the kindly hands of Scotch mothers to honor the sons of mothers they never knew." In later years, Siplon said that his letter to Wilbur's family, informing them how he died, was one of the hardest things he ever did.

18	17	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
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36	35	34	33	32	31	30	29	28	27	26	25	24	23	22	21	20	19
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Arrangement of Graves of American Soldiers at Kinabus, Islay.

From the Photographic Album

Reference Numbers to Graves of American Soldiers at Kinabus, Islay.

No. of Lair.		No. of Lair.	
1.	Private Harry Carpenter, No. 139, 100th Aero, Potomac 111, R.F.D. No. 1.	19.	Private Roy Muncaster, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers. (Identified by finger prints.)
2.	" Leigh Wright, 100th Aero Squad. (Identified by finger prints).	20.	" Wesley W. Hyatt, Co. "D" 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.
3.	" Joe R. Redfield, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers. (Identified by finger prints.)	21.	" Gunder G. Austad, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.
4.	" John A. Laake, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.	22.	" Wm. Van Smithpeter, 2nd Overseas Replacement Co.
5.	" R. Calarese, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.	23.	" Wm. H. Raisner, 213th Aero Squad.
6.	" O. L. M'Coy, 158th Aero Squadron.	24.	" Fred. M. Unger, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.
7.	" Unidentified, no disc—slender, dark hair.	25.	" Frank Dragota, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.
8.	" Joseph Martin, 1st Overseas Replacement Co. (Identified by finger prints).	26.	" John C. Robinson, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.
9.	" Stanley R. Augspurger, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.	27.	" S. Edgar Callom, 1st Overseas Replacement Co.
10.	" E. A. Houston, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.	28.	" T. S. Wassore, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.
11.	" Stanley L. Collins, 100th Aero Squad.	29.	Private F. Church, 100th Aero Squadron.
12.	" Joseph G. Maystruck, 213th Aero Squad.	30.	Sergeant Henry A. Skinner, 1st Class 158th Aero Squadron.
13.	" Otto Ray, 2nd Casual Co.	31.	Private Nathan B. Short, Co. "D," 20th Engineers.
14.	" Martin Columbus Hill, 1st Overseas Replacement Co.	32.	" Leonard H. Dethman, Co. "E," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers. (Identified by finger prints.)
15.	" Claire Metzenbauer, Co. "A," 107th Supply Train.	33.	" Clyde E. Pelley, 158th Aero Squad. (Identified by finger prints.)
16.	" Wilbur W. Clark, 100th Aero Squad., 1604d Canson Street, Jackson, Mich.	34.	Corporal Clea Barginstock, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.
17.	" John Eichhammer, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers, Easy Grand Forks, Minn.	35.	Unidentified.
18.	" Ben Barker, 1st Overseas Replacement Co.	36.	"

At Killeyan:



*Cliff at the Mull of Oa and bay
where the lifeboats came in –
Killeyan cemetery on the flat ground
(archives of Milwaukee County
Historical Society)*



3 CEREMONY AT KILLEYAN, O.A.

11 2 18

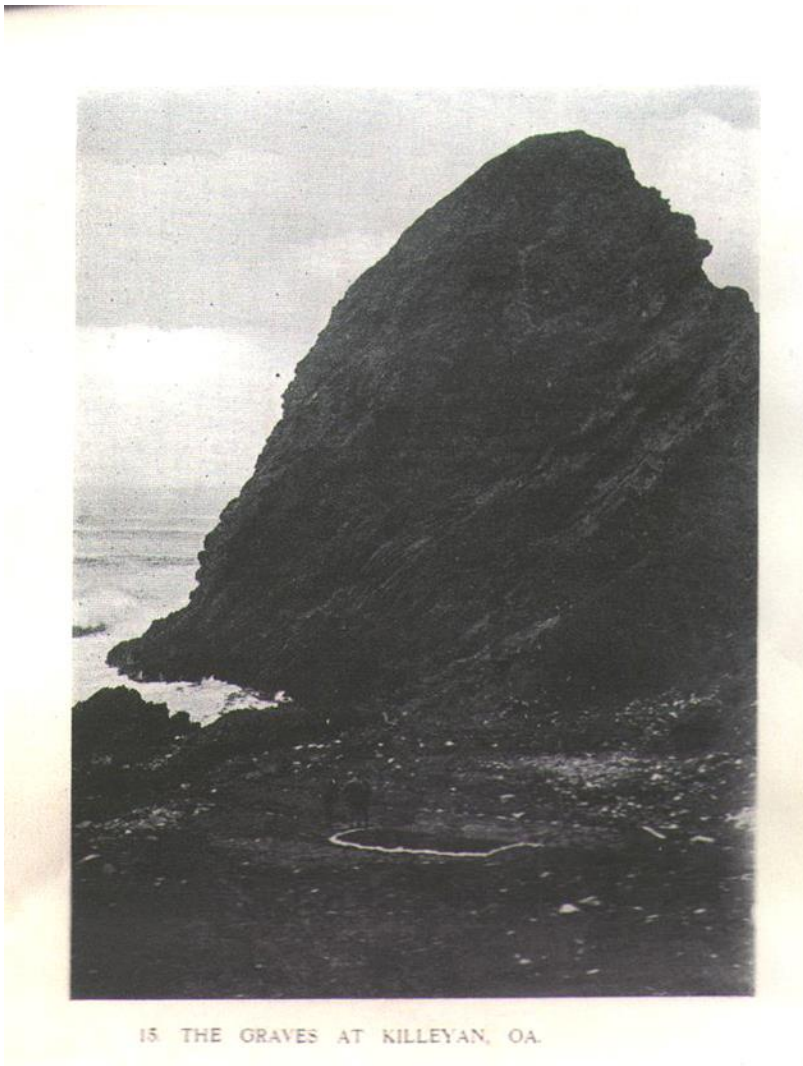
U.S. Soldiers among "The Star-crossed Banner"

At Killeyan, Cameron's Souvenir Album photograph – Monday, February 11, 1918

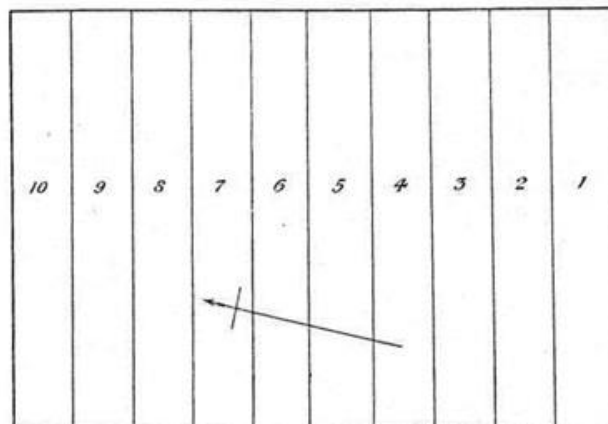


A clearer version of Cameron's photograph at Killeyan, February 11, 1918 – soldiers singing "The Star-Spangled Banner"





*The graves at Killeyan on the Mull of Oa,
From Cameron's Souvenir Album*

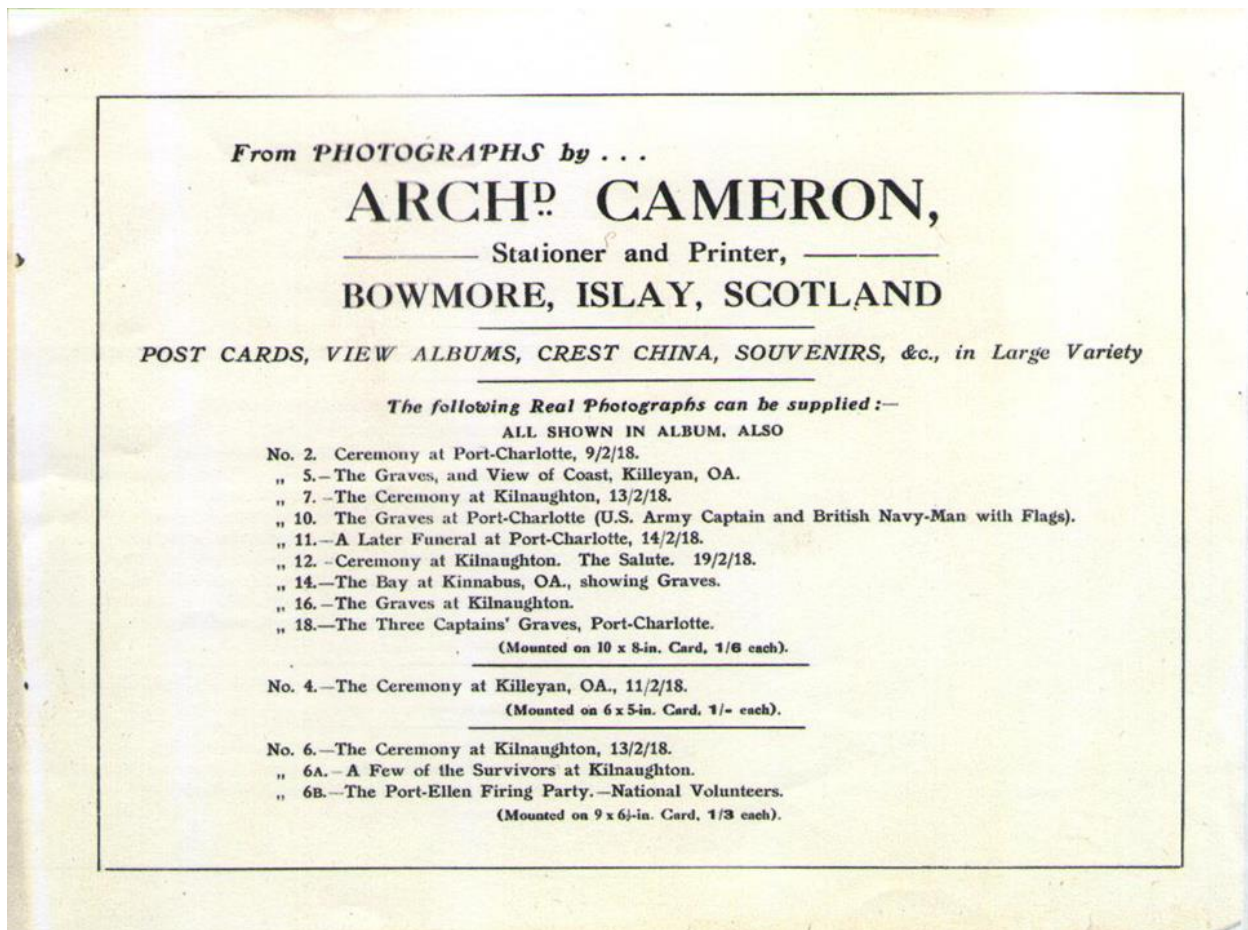


Arrangement of Graves of American Soldiers at Killeyan, Islay.

Reference Numbers to Graves of American Soldiers at Killeyan, Islay.

No. of Lair.		No. of Lair.	
1.	Private John Sloss, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.	6.	Private Alva N. Collins, Co. "D," 20th Engineers.
2.	" Riley F. Murray, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.	7.	" Claud Bradley, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.
3.	" H. G. Bates, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.	8.	" J. B. Crow, Co. "D," 20th Engineers.
4.	" Anthony Abboni, Co. "B," 107th Supply Train.	9.	" D. E. Inglehart, No. 54, 158th Aero Squadron.
5.	" Winston A. Hartsook, Co. "D," 6th Battalion 20th Engineers.	10.	" A. S. Gillespie, 100th Aero Squadron, Los Angeles, Calif.

The photographs:

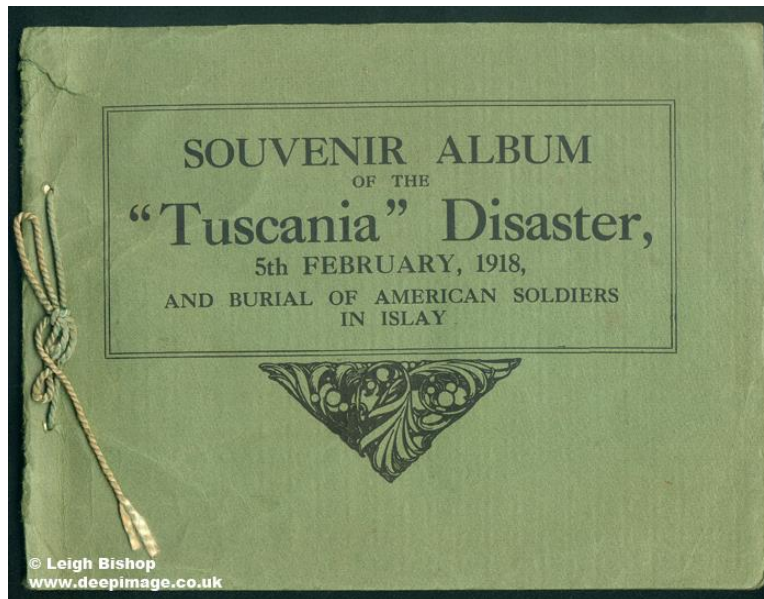


The only photographer within twenty miles, bookseller/printer Archibald Cameron from Bowmore, Islay, photographed the burials. Photographer Cameron quickly published a "Souvenir Album of the Tuscania Disaster, 5th February, 1918, And Burial of American Soldiers in Islay."

Cameron's photographs had an effect. "Touched by a picture of the unmarked graves," President Woodrow Wilson cabled the U.S. ambassador to Great Britain, Walter Hines Page, and asked Page to buy flowers to be placed as Wilson's personal floral tribute, reported the *New York Times* of March 21, 1918.

Any quick Internet search on *Tuscania* will produce Cameron's cemetery images among the results.

Another photograph book was the *Photographic Album of the American Soldiers' Graves in Islay*, from the Glasgow Islay Association. It offered cemetery maps and burial locations of the dead.



Cameron wrote: "A shudder of horror went through the hearts of our fellow-islanders, as in the grey dawn of morning they found the shores strewn with the bodies of the unfortunate victims of the dastardly outrage. Sympathetic hearts and loving hands were not wanting to pay due honour to the gallant dead. The bodies were tenderly collected and every means taken to procure their identity."

Coming home to die:

Tombstone: Thomas & Marion (McNab) Sloss and son John



Tuscania casualty John Sloss, of the U.S. Army, had been born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1885. Dead on Islay, he was first buried at Killeyan, Mull of Oa, on February 11, 1918. His body was exhumed in 1922, to be buried on May 26, 1922, at Lochwinnoch Cemetery, Linthills Road, Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire County, Scotland. His death had returned him to his homeland. He is listed as one of the "Famous Scots" at the FindaGraveinScotland.com website

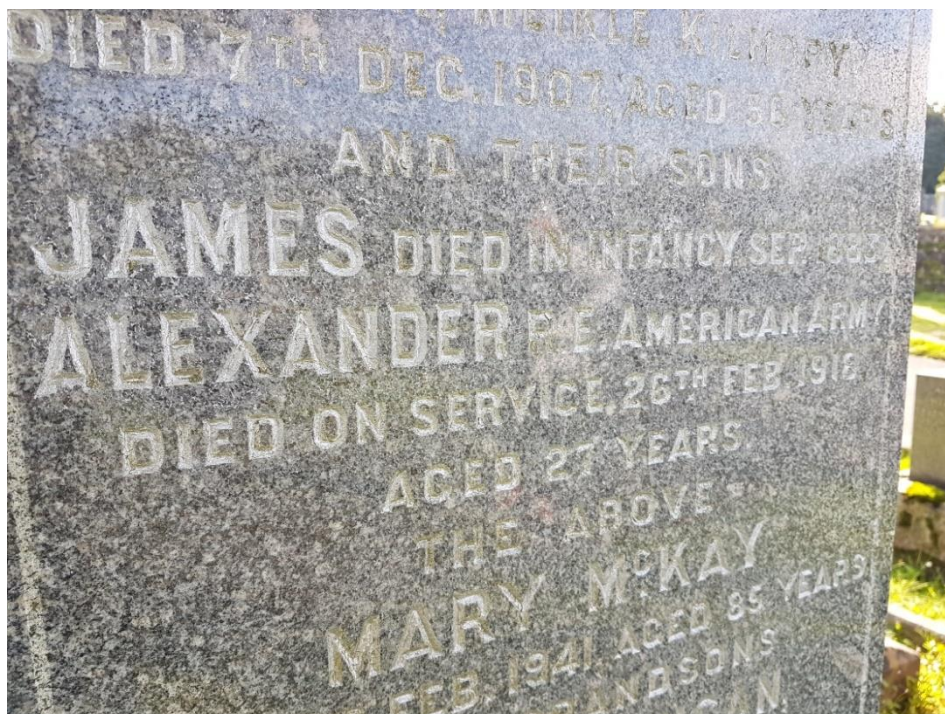
(<http://www.findagraveinScotland.com/grave/famousGrave/68696>).

Scotland native Alexander McAlister, age 27, from Rothesay on the Isle of Bute, which lies east of Islay, also had crossed the ocean to the United States, then sailed back on the *Tuscania* to actually die in his hometown. When McAlister registered for the draft in June 1917, he was a "horseman" for Washington State College [now University] in Pullman, Washington. His tasks were a herdsman for the state college farm, and a groom for the show animals. Alexander died on February 26, 1918, at Robertson Stewart Hospital in Rothesay, where he had been transferred from Ireland after rescue by a destroyer (*Glasgow Herald*, 1 March 1918), and was buried at the Rothesay Churchyard, Argyll and Bute, Scotland, on March 15, 1918. Alexander was the son of James and Mary (MacKay) McAlister of Meikle Kilmory. Alexander's mother,

Mary, had given birth to 11 children and raised prize-winning Ayrshire cattle after she was widowed in 1907. The McAlister farm was almost destroyed by a fire in November 1968.

The image shows two documents side-by-side. The left document is a '2040 REGISTRATION CARD' for Alexander McAlister, No. 46. It contains personal details: Name (Alexander McAlister), Age (27), Place of birth (Rothesay), Date of birth (November 27, 1890), and other information. The right document is a 'REGISTRAR'S REPORT' for the same individual, No. 2547. It includes a photograph of Alexander McAlister, his signature, and the date of registration (June 5, 1917). Both documents are from the Washington State Archives.

Alexander McAlister's June 5, 1917 draft card from Whitman County, Washington



Alexander McAlister's family tombstone in Rothesay, Isle of Bute, Scotland, noting "R.E. American Army / Died on Service, 26th Feb 1918 / Aged 27 Years"
Photographs on Bute by, and courtesy of, Les Wilson of Islay



The McAlister farm at Meikle Kilmory, Isle of Bute, Scotland. Photograph by, and courtesy of, Les Wilson of Islay, September 2017



The McAlister farm at Meikle Kilmory, Isle of Bute, Scotland. Photograph by, and courtesy of, Les Wilson of Islay, September 2017

Identification continues:

Bodies continued to come ashore. In a letter of March 21, 1918, police officer Sergeant MacNeill, one of only four police officers on Islay, noted that ten bodies had come ashore since February 13. He had only been able to identify five of them; three of the identified bodies were headless. Statistical Officer from Headquarters, Base Section No. 3, AEF in London, 2nd Lieutenant Paul N. Wilson wrote to the Adjutant General on April 24, 1918 [in error dated 1917] that he had first arrived on Islay on February 6 but “the work was so hurried that it was impossible to remain to get complete information as to the exact burial place of every man.” Returning on April 26, 1918, the officer learned a body had been found the night before. The soldier’s body lacked an ID tag but his underwear was stamped “Co. A, 107th Supply Train.”



EARL WEISENBERGER

Born April 30, 1893. Entered the service at Chippewa Falls, Wis., June 4, 1917, as a private in Co. A, 4th Wis. Inf. Trained at Camp Douglas, Wis., and Camp McArthur, Waco, Tex. Sailed on Tuscania. Drowned when boat was torpedoed Feb. 5, 1918.

Since only one man – Earl Odearl Weisenberger, of Chippewa County, Wisconsin – was missing from Company A, it was decided this was his body. The April visit showed “that all the graves are well taken care of, and that crosses have been erected over about one-third of the graves, the others having been fenced in and well mounded.”

Isabelle Macgilvary remembered the playing boys from Port Ellen jumping on and off an upturned lifeboat that had beached there opposite the United Free Church (now St. Columba Hall) – until the day when one of the boys peered under the boat and saw a human hand. There were two bodies of American soldiers under the boat, caught underneath the seats.

Port Ellen Station
26th December 1918.

Sir,

With reference to the information asked for overleaf I beg to inform You that the property found on the body of Milton (C. Talley) victim of Tuscania disaster and buried No. 36 in Allington, is as follows:

- One gold ring.
- One cigarette case.
- One watch.

So far as I remember only 37 of those bodies buried in Allington were coffined.

Your obedient servant,
Alexander MacLean,
Constable.

To Lieut. Macmillan,
Bowdoo B.

Port Ellen Constable Alexander MacLean, writing to the family of Milton Charles Talley on December 26, 1918, following their mailed inquiry about Milton's personal effects (gold ring,

cigarette case, watch), noted Milton's burial in Kilnaughton. The constable thought only 37 of the bodies buried in Kilnaughton had been coffined. MacLean had been contacted by Bowmore police officer MacNeill, after receiving a letter from Milton's mother, Mrs. S. Talley, in Union City, Tennessee. She explained: "I lost a precious boy when the *Tuscania* was sunk."

Graves – care, *Otranto* and exhumation

A Scottish newspaper recounted the sad scene of the interment of "the brave young men from America, who lost their lives when coming to fight for us. The people of this district did all that was possible to render assistance in the sad work of reverently disposing of the remains and showing all honor to the United States."

"On a rocky headland overlooking the sea, a final resting place was prepared, a spot where the ocean air of Scotland would pass over on a westerly course toward home, where the Irish Sea in its more placid moments would lap ceaselessly at the foot rocks until the coming of eternity," recounted Siplon.

Captain Hall wrote: "Poor fellows, they are now sleeping this last sleep with the solemn music of the ocean, beating against the sturdy rock cliff. This will be their requiem."

American Red Cross representatives visited the "carefully fenced in" cemeteries following the original burials to ensure the graves were being well cared for. Five hundred pounds sterling had been furnished to the Glasgow Islay Association in a perpetual trust to ensure permanent maintenance. "Local agencies on the island have given the cemeteries a great deal of attention and never, from the very first, have the graves been bare of flowers or evergreens and American flags," noted Red Cross author Fife.

After the Armistice on November 11, 1918, "In pursuance of instructions from 'G.H.Q.,' the Home Communication Service undertook the long task of registering and photographing the graves of the 2,500 American soldiers buried in Great Britain and arranging for the erection of suitable crosses above them. Copies of these photographs will in time be sent by the Red Cross to the families of the men," wrote Fife. Photographers were also instructed to report on the general state of all cemeteries so that rehabilitation work could be undertaken immediately, if needed.

On Memorial Day, May 30, 1919, "the Red Cross made services in the Islay Cemeteries an especial feature of a day which was celebrated in every corner of Europe in which Americans were gathered," wrote Fife. Flowers were scattered off the western shores of Islay "so that the tide might sweep the blossoms out to the scenes of destruction and tragedy." Fife continued: "On distant Islay, the shepherds and fisherfolk gathered with the same reverential enthusiasm for the memorial services that they had shown when the dead of the troop ships were buried on their island."

In addition to Memorial Day ceremonies at Kilchoman for the casualties of the *Otranto*, "more than five hundred persons attended the services which were conducted in Kilnaughton

Cemetery, by the Rev. James Mackinnon, rector of Kilnaughton Parish Church, assisted by three other ministers. A small organ, which had been borne many miles, was set up in the center of the cemetery and a body of 150 school children led the singing of hymns and the two national anthems [*The Star-Spangled Banner* and *God Save the King*]. Each of these children carried a small bouquet of flowers and at the close of the service they marched in single file to the large American flag which flew in one corner of the cemetery, opposite an equally large British 'Union Jack,' and there placed their blossoms which, later, were laid upon the graves."

At Port Charlotte, Killeyan and Kinnabus, where it was not possible to hold ceremonies, Red Cross representatives and a committee of Islay women "visited each and decorated the graves of the Americans with flags and flowers."



Memorial Day (May 30) on Islay, 1920 – from the New York Tribune June 20, 1920
<http://blog.newspapers.library.in.gov/hoosiers-lost-and-found-at-sea-the-sinking-of-the-tuscania/>

But eternal rest at the ocean's side as Siplon and Hall described was not to be. The *Photographic Album of the American Soldiers' Graves in Islay* by the Glasgow Islay Association, had written: "In numerous homes in America, Islay will now be a household word, and to many of our kinsmen across the seas it will be the scene of loving pilgrimages in the coming years." That was the plan – until the bodies were moved.

In March 1919, U.S. House of Representatives member W. Frank (William Francis) James of Michigan introduced a bill to return the 171 (or 182) bodies buried on Islay to Arlington National Cemetery.



HMS Otranto

But Islay had been struck with another disaster, another loss of American troops, mostly from the Fort Screven, Georgia, training camp, and crewmen aboard the 12,124-ton *HMS Otranto*, which sank off the west coast of Islay when rammed by another ship in its convoy, the *Kashmir*, on Sunday, October 6, 1918, in a Force 11 gale, a little over a month before the Armistice. Both ships had left New York City on September 25, 1918, and were been traveling

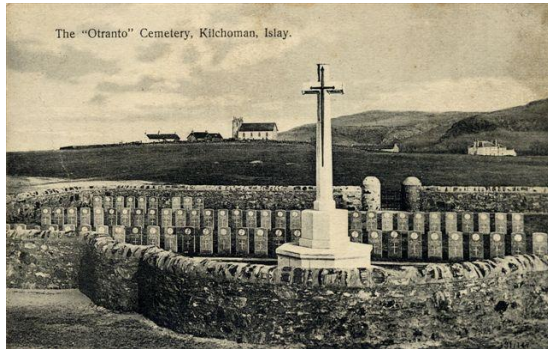
at a high rate of speed. The *Kashmir* had correctly identified Islay as the Scottish coast, but *Otranto* mistook Ireland for Scotland. In spite of (or because of) evasive maneuvers, signal flags and sirens, the two collided, each assuming the other would head a different way. The *Kashmir* tore a large gash 15 to 16 feet deep in *Otranto* and rendered its engines useless. Aboard *Otranto* were 380 crew, two YMCA officers, 701 American servicemen, 36 French Breton fisherman rescued from their fishing boat, *Croisine*, that had collided with *Otranto* on October 1st and the French captain's dog. The ship had also carried the H1N1 virus of the "Spanish flu," the vicious influenza pandemic that would kill 50 to 100 million people worldwide, 3 to 5% of the world's population. Burials at sea occurred on the Atlantic voyage. *Kashmir* left for Glasgow, following orders, following the collision.

Although almost 600 men (of them, 313 Americans) were rescued from the sinking *Otranto* by the comparatively tiny 896-ton *HMS Mounsey* in a heroic display of seamanship by its captain, Lieutenant Francis W. Craven, and his crew, almost 500 men remained on board. The *Mounsey* could hold no more. The 100 afflicted with influenza had no chance of survival; they could not propel themselves off the ship, nor be thrown down to fall onto the deck of the *Mounsey*. Lifeboats could not be launched due to the weather conditions. Many men had died while attempting to jump to safety. Others had been crushed between the *Otranto* and its rescuer. As reported in a particularly gruesome account, their remains, pounded into an unrecognizable and mingled mass, were on the sides of the *Mounsey* when it came into port, and the bodies were sorted through to find identification tags.

Just off Kilchoman Bay on Islay's north coast – so close *Otranto*'s passengers could see grazing sheep, cattle and the church on the cliffs - the drifting, disabled *Otranto* struck *Bothna na Caillieach* (Old Woman's Reef), tearing open her hull and breaking the ship in two. Men and wreckage were now driven into the narrow gullies off Machir Bay. Some bodies and wreckage were found on the shore piled fifteen feet high. There were 470 casualties, many of them buried on Islay. Only 21 soldiers arrived on Islay alive. They had not succumbed to the hazards

of inhaling seawater or sand, or been crushed by wreckage or rocks. The number of survivors on Islay was further reduced to 19 when one rescued sailor died within hours, and one rescued soldier died nine days later, of pneumonia.

The sinking of the *Otranto* was the worst convoy disaster of World War I. Islay was now the site of the first troopship torpedoed and sunk in a convoy, and the worst loss of life.



Casualties of the Otranto, buried at Kilchoman, Isle of Islay. Kilchoman had one church, three dwellings and a schoolhouse at the time. The men and women of Kilchoman carried bodies on their backs up the long, steep paths from the ocean.

A new cemetery was made at Kilchoman. By the time of the *Otranto* sinking in October, 1918, there were only three coffins available on Islay, and a scarcity of wood, so those bodies were buried in shallow trenches and covered with a light layer of sod, blankets and flowers – as the local carpenters worked feverishly to construct additional coffins. *Otranto* casualties were placed in the coffins as soon as each batch of coffins was completed.

Islay carpenter James MacTaggart, whose daily diary had recorded the disruption of his daily work routines when the *Tuscania* sank, now noted a change from his usual work of making a cart that previous Saturday. From Monday, October 7, through Wednesday, October 9, he was at Kilchoman recovering the bodies from the *Otranto*. On Thursday, October 10, he made coffins for the officers; on Friday he attended their funerals. From Saturday, October 13, through Thursday, October 17, he made coffins at Bruichladdich Distillery for the soldiers. He and other carpenters worked day and night to ensure that each man had a coffin. Sergeant MacNeill of the police continued to catalog 383 bodies which continued to wash ashore, even into December – mangled, decapitated, and more and more decomposed.



Today at Kilchoman, there are no bodies of Americans. Remaining are 74 graves, all of British military, 71 of them victims of the *Otranto*. There are 31 identified men, including *Otranto* captain Ernest Davidson. *Tuscania* wireless operator ("telegraphist") John Jenkins, age 20, is buried at Kilchoman (*left*).

All 489 American bodies on Islay, from the two ship disasters – all except one body – were exhumed starting on July 1, 1920, upon the arrival on site of the Graves Registration crew. Following a U.S. War Department survey indicating the majority of the next-of-kin of dead servicemen buried in Europe wanted the bodies of servicemen returned to the United States, Congress passed a bill authorizing the expenditure in spring 1920. The Laird of Islay asked that the bodies remain on

his island and promised to look after them forever, but in vain. Graves of British crew members remain in Islay cemeteries.

The 2007 BBC Radio recording by Lord George Robertson of Islay relates that the exhumation work employed old fishermen on Islay. A large supply of whisky was needed to allow the workers to cope with the “dreadful job” of exhuming the dead, many wrapped in canvas, buried two years earlier. Archie Livingstone (Erichie Dubh, “Black Archie”) was one of the old fishermen who assisted with exhumation. “He said the only thing that kept them going was that there was a distillery manager, or managers there,” recalled Port Ellen fisherman James McFarlane about Archie, “who supplied them with ‘strong drink’ – he didn’t call it whisky – just ‘strong drink,’ and kept them plied with it. Without that they could never have faced it – it was horrendous.”

The *New York Times* reported on August 1, 1920, that by the end of a week the task of relocating all the bodies from Islay to Liverpool would be completed. The number of bodies totaled approximately 300, with 250 having already arrived in Liverpool by the steamer *Gronigen*, which had returned to Islay by July 31 to complete the removal. The ship allegedly removed the bodies in lead-lined coffins.

The remains were either repatriated to the United States or to Brookwood American Military Cemetery, 25 miles southwest of London, in Surrey. Many of the *Tuscania* casualties now crossed the Atlantic for the second time, this time heading across the sea to cemeteries and second burial ceremonies, sometimes in Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia, and sometimes at their homes.

At one time, Brookwood was the largest cemetery in the world. The portion containing graves of American servicemen was deeded to the U.S. government on June 21, 1924. There are 32 (60?) *Tuscania* casualties either buried there or whose names are on the Tablets of the Missing. The coffins had to be carried down steep trails cut into the rocks of the Islay cliffs, or lowered by ropes and tackle to a barge, which then conveyed them to a transport standing offshore. Islander Mr. Islay Shanks, when interviewed in 1986 by William Stevens Prince, remembered a “Dutch coaster from Groningen loading long, white packing-cases at the pier” as the bodies were relocated. With the removal of the bodies, the cemeteries at Port Charlotte and Port nan Gallan (Killeyan and Kinnabus) vanished.

Brookwood:

At Brookwood American Cemetery, in Woking Bureau, Surrey, England, there are 12 *Tuscania* burials, marked by crosses. Inside the marble walls of the chapel at Brookwood American Cemetery, under its stained-glass windows, are the names of 563 soldiers and sailors, with 20 of the missing listed being from the *Tuscania*.



PERKINS JAMES R	PVT	MEDICAL DEPT	SEPT 30 1918	ARKANSAS
PERKINS WILLIAM JR	PVT	20 th ENGINEERS	OCT 6 1918	OHIO
PERRY GEORGE C	PVT	FIELD ARTILLERY	FEB 5 1918	NEW YORK
PICKING WELTY M	PVT	CASUAL DETACHMENT	SEPT 30 1918	OKLAHOMA
POWELL BLURRY W	PVT	FIELD ARTILLERY	FEB 5 1918	OHIO
REASER LEE	PVT	COAST ARTY CORPS	SEPT 30 1918	PENNSYLVANIA
RECKER JOSEPH H	PVT	58 th INF 4 th DIV	MAY 23 1918	GEORGIA
ROBERTS WILL	PVT	FIELD ARTILLERY	SEPT 30 1918	WEST VIRGINIA
ROWLAND HOYT H	PVT	COAST ARTY CORPS	SEPT 30 1918	OHIO
SALITIER WALTER G	PVT	FIELD ARTILLERY	SEPT 30 1918	GEORGIA
SCHILL CHARLES HENRY	PVT	58 th INF 4 th DIV	MAY 23 1918	NEW YORK
SCOTT JAMES F	PVT	FIELD ARTILLERY	SEPT 30 1918	OHIO
SEGER ROBERT J D	PVT	COAST ARTY CORPS	SEPT 30 1918	GEORGIA
SEIBOLD PIRL	PVT	FIELD ARTILLERY	SEPT 30 1918	OHIO
SELLARS COLEY L	CORP	COAST ARTY CORPS	OCT 6 1918	FLORIDA
SHEPPARD ORLANDO W	PVT	COAST ARTY CORPS	OCT 6 1918	GEORGIA
SMITH EDWIN A	PVT	COAST ARTY CORPS	OCT 6 1918	GEORGIA
SMITH ELLIS M	PVT	20 th ENGINEERS	FEB 5 1918	ARKANSAS
SMITH HARRY E	PVT	100 th AERO SQUADRON	FEB 5 1918	OKLAHOMA
SMITH WILLIAM G	PVT	CASUAL DETACHMENT	SEPT 30 1918	OHIO
SNYDER THOMAS RUSSEL	PVT	FIELD ARTILLERY	FEB 5 1918	WISCONSIN
SPENCER WILLIAM B	CORP	107 th SUP TRAIN 32 nd DIV	FEB 5 1918	CANADA
STAFFORD MAURICE	PVT	COAST ARTY CORPS	OCT 6 1918	SOUTH CAROLINA
STEWART WILLIAM T	PVT	FIELD ARTILLERY	SEPT 30 1918	GEORGIA
THOMPSON L J	PVT	COAST ARTY CORPS	OCT 6 1918	OHIO
TODD LUMMIE	PVT	FIELD ARTILLERY	OCT 6 1918	OHIO
TRUESDALE ULENN	PVT	COAST ARTY CORPS	SEPT 30 1918	SOUTH CAROLINA
VANDIVER JOEL	PVT	FIELD ARTILLERY	SEPT 30 1918	CALIFORNIA

World War I Brookwood American Cemetery & Memorial (left) - Note the February 5, 1918, dates at Brookwood (right)



The Brookwood grave of Private Edwin Ray Berkey, Minnesota, 20th Engineers, died 5 February 1918

Missing in action - courtesy of Steven Schwartz's research; some names are misspelled.

Names in black are commemorated at Brookwood; those with yellow highlights are commemorated at Suresnes American Cemetery and Memorial, in France. See the following table for more information on Brookwood burials/commemorations.

Unidentified Bodies of United States Soldiers

Of the 37 U.S. Army soldiers who disappeared the night the *Tuscania* sank, eleven of these men lay in the graves marked as "Unknown" at Brookwood Cemetery located in England. The other 26 men were simply lost at sea.

James R. Patillo
 Reed C. Davis
 Dudley H. Marsh
 Harry E. Smith

Ellis M. Smith
 Charles P. McVey
 Raymond Roessler
 Vincent A. Gorman

John M. Crowley
 Charles L. Wayne
 Tommie W. Cook
 Frank L. Kirk

Clarence W. Allen
 Dale M. Fish
 Ruben Cohen
 Gregg Gehring
 Alexander J. Dunn
 Lambert M. Mocker
 William O. Geyer
 Benjamin G. Omsted
 William B. Spencer

Alfa L. Rice
 William G. Smith
 Richard F. Dreyer
 Richard A. Nineheart
 Hans M. Eriksen
 Thomas E. Hudgeons
 Mathew Latham
 Alcide Carollo

William Binnie
 Adolph Bartolomeo
 Julius Notkowitz
 George C. Perry
 Carl C. Rader
 Lucio Ramos
 Bernard L. Tullington
 Arthur Christian Junker

At Brookwood: **red text** indicates burial of body; **black text** indicates name on plaque
 (compiled by Marilyn Gahm)

Surname	First	U.S. state	Tablet of Missing	Plot	Row	Grave	Findagrave
Allen	Clarence Walter	Michigan	X				56503081
Austad	Gunder G.	Minnesota		A	2	7	56503095
Bartolomeo	Adolph	New York	X				56503102
Bates	Henry Garrett	Oregon		A	4	11	56503104
Berkey	Edwin Ray	Minnesota		A	3	17	56503114
Binnie	William	Minnesota	X				56503123
Carollo	Alcide	Wisconsin	X				56503190
Cohen	Rubin	New York	X				56503215
Crowley	John M.	California	X				56503242
Dreyer	Richard F.	New York	X				56503296
Droogs	William Ira	Idaho		A	4	7	56503297
Fish	Dale M.	Minnesota	X				56503337
Gehring	Gregg	Ohio	X				56503366
Geyer	William Orville	Virginia	X				56503369
Kossaeth	Frank	Texas		A	4	15	56503550
Latham	Mathew (listed as Matt)	Virginia	X				56503564
Mocker	Lambert M.	Tennessee	X				56503684
Patillo	James R.	Arkansas	X				56503763
Paul	Clarence	Louisiana		A	3	15	56503765
Perry	George C.	Oklahoma	X				56503771
Rupp	Herman	New York		A	4	9	56503844
Sims	Irvin Montgomery	Texas		A	4	2	56503885

Smith	Ellis M.	Arkansas	X				56503894
Smith	Harry E.	Maryland	X				56503897
Smith	William G.	Missouri	X				56503899
Speidel	Henry Fred	New York		A	4	5	56503906
Spencer	William B.	Wisconsin	X				56503907
Stevens	Percy Arthur	Oregon		A	4	14	56503920
Warren	Robert Frazer	Washington		A	4	4	56503996
Wayne	Charles Leo	California	X				56504001
Williams	Paul A.	Colorado		A	4	3	56504031
Wilson	William R. (buried as W.R.)	Texas		A	4	1	56504052



*Tuscania section at
Brookwood, October 2017.
Photograph by, and courtesy
of, Les Wilson of Islay*



*Kilnaughton Military
Cemetery today, emptied of most of its
burials, Commonwealth War Graves
Commission (<http://www.cwgc.org/find-a->*

[cemetery/cemetery/2047720/KILNAUGHTON%20MILITARY%20CEMETERY,%20KILDALTON%20AND%20OA,%20ISLE%20OF%20ISLAY](#)). Roy Muncaster's grave is the white tombstone to the left of the entry gate. He was originally buried in grave 19 at Kinnabus.

Burials of the crew – and the last American grave – on Islay:

According to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, Kilnaughton Military Cemetery “was made in 1918 to bury the dead of the S.S. Tuscania, and 4 Commonwealth crewmen from that vessel are now buried here and 1 American soldier. 84 American graves, mainly of the 20th Engineers, who were passengers on the S.S. Tuscania, have now been removed. There is 1 unidentified burial, lost in the S.S. Tuscania, here.” The unidentified burial is likely of the “Unknown Negro,” as the burial was first termed. The cemetery now has scattered headstones among empty land because of the removals. Remaining at Kilnaughton are the graves of British crew members - some of them “known unto God” burials - and the grave of American soldier Roy Muncaster, the only white headstone, topped by crossed marble logs, to designate his forestry role.



Contributor: Mavis Gulliver, Islay, Scotland 2007



Contributor: Mavis Gulliver, Islay, Scotland 2007

Left: The gravestone of James Logan, Tuscania crew member, dead at age 14, a “trimmer” – who worked inside the coal bunkers to keep the coal level (“trim”) and shovel it down chutes to the firemen, who fed the coal into the furnaces of the Tuscania – at Kilnaughton Military Cemetery, Islay – Right: George Simpson, steward, age 41

Logan: <http://findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GScid=2248636&GRid=116038884&>

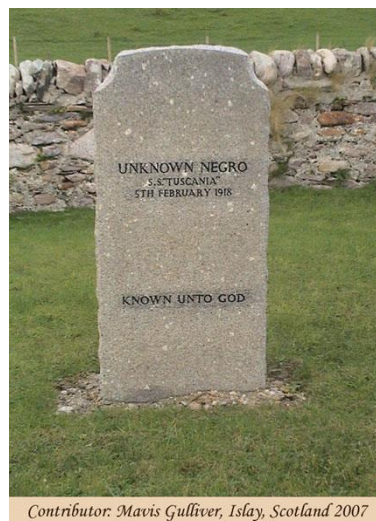


Contributor: Mavis Gulliver, Islay, Scotland



Contributor: Mavis Gulliver, Islay, Scotland, 2007

Left: Grave of Tuscania crewman Charles Mullen, age 58, at Kilnaughton Military Cemetery. He left behind his widow, Alice, in Glasgow. Right: Fireman/greaser Harry Stewart, age 29 –Mullen: <http://findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=qr&GScid=2248636&GRid=112957744&>



Contributor: Mavis Gulliver, Islay, Scotland 2007

The original headstone of a mixed-race Tuscania crew member – the “Unknown Negro” – “Known unto God” – in Kilnaughton Military Cemetery, Isle of Islay
<http://findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=qr&GScid=2248636&GRid=116041921&>



The original headstone in Kilnaughton was replaced with one bearing the heading “A Sailor of the Great War,” the original being deemed “inappropriate.” He remains “Known Unto God.”

The original “Unknown Negro” headstone likely marked the grave of a mixed-race crewman – perhaps a mixed-race fireman from Paraguay - or possibly an American soldier of Hispanic or Native American origin. Les Wilson wrote: “Progressive thinking questions whether the colour of a man’s skin was ever worth mentioning.” The alteration of the tombstone from the “Unknown Negro” to “A Sailor of the Great War” was discovered in 2014 by George Robertson (Baron Robertson of Port Ellen), Britain’s former Defence Secretary and the tenth secretary general of NATO, who grew up a mile from this cemetery as the son of the local policeman, and often visited it growing up. While serving with NATO, Lord Robertson told U.S. Secretary of State, General Colin Powell, an African-American, about the “Unknown Negro” tombstone. [http://www.thesundaytimes.co.uk/sto/news/uk_news/WWI/article1481361.ece]



Entrance to Kilnaughton Military Cemetery, Commonwealth War Graves Commission



*Grave of Roy Muncaster, Kilnaughton, Isle of Islay
[http://findagrave.com/cgi-](http://findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GSln=muncaster&GSfn=roy&GSbyrel=all&GSdyrel=all&GSob=n&GRid=24438756&df=all&)*

[bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GSln=muncaster&GSfn=roy&GSbyrel=all&GSdyrel=all&GSob=n&GRid=24438756&df=all&](http://findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GSln=muncaster&GSfn=roy&GSbyrel=all&GSdyrel=all&GSob=n&GRid=24438756&df=all&)

The only American soldier still buried on the Isle of Islay is Roy Muncaster, born March 14, 1892, in Colorado. When he enlisted, he was a forest ranger of the Quinault District at the Olympic National Forest, out of Seattle, Washington. Roy died just a month shy of his 26th birthday.



Roy Muncaster's grave, photograph by and courtesy of Les Wilson of Islay

Lt. Donald Smith in his memoirs noted how Roy along with Sergeant Harpham had worked for an hour trying to launch lifeboats, with Roy sliding down the ropes into the last lifeboat with about 60 men. Harpham was so ill in the boat that all he could do was “dip water to keep us from foundering,” while Roy rowed – “very cool and courageous all through the terrible experience,” recalled Harpham - as their boat drifted and was rowed from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. “The men sat in water up to their knees, which made constant bailing necessary to avoid sinking. Just before we struck, Ray slapped me on the back and said, ‘Cheer up, Harp, we will get the Kaiser yet’ ” – the last words Harpham heard him speak. At first thinking their lifeboat was nearing a wooded island, they realized that they were nearing cliffs, and they could not row fast enough to avoid being sucked onto them. Their lifeboat was “dashed to pieces” on the rocks of Islay, Harpham reported in a letter home.



Harpham and eight others on his boat survived out of the 60 aboard. In a letter to a friend in America, Harpham wrote: “We laid together by a large rock, in the wind, and had to listen to the moans and groans of our dying comrades till daylight. About twenty corpses had washed ashore beside us when daylight came and we were rescued by a Highlander.” Harpham was “badly bruised and nearly frozen” and had hit his head, and remained hospitalized for weeks. In a letter to his brother, Harpham wrote he “had not the slightest idea of getting out of the mess alive.” In 1955, Harpham and his wife Josephine Evans Harpham of Portland, Oregon, traveled to Islay, particularly to see the American Monument.

(left) Roy Muncaster, from findagrave.com

While Muncaster’s friend Harpham survived, Private Muncaster’s dead body, minus a life preserver, floated in the pounding Islay surf. His parents William J. and Elizabeth Muncaster, both born in England, requested that Roy’s body

lay in Scotland undisturbed. The Islay folks assured them his grave would be treated as one of their own. Roy’s grave in Kilnaughton Military Cemetery, Grave No. 95, is maintained by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission in a unique arrangement, his being the only American body which remains on Islay. In 1938, it was reported that his grave was decorated on Memorial Day, May 30, under the auspices of the Overseas Memorial Day Association in London. A flag and laurel wreath were sent to P.M. Campbell in Port Ellen to place on the grave that year. His father, Duncan Campbell, was one of those decorated for his work in assisting casualties on Islay.

In July 1918, the United States Geographic Board approved the name of Muncaster Mountain for a previously unnamed peak in the Olympic Mountains of Washington, in the district in which Muncaster had been assigned as a ranger. The peak at 5,910 feet is currently (2017) ranked as the 911th highest peak in the state of Washington. It is located north of the Quinault River and south of the Rustler River. Muncaster Mountain was first successfully climbed in 1941. It is at 47.6379 degrees north, 123.5121 degrees west in Jefferson County, Washington. Muncaster Mountain lies east of Mount Lawson, south of Mount Christie and northwest of Mount Olson.



Muncaster Mountain - photo by Don Abott, from
<http://www.climbersguideolympics.com/peaks/quinault-group/muncaster-mountain>
 Latitude: N47.63795, Longitude: W 123.51203



left: Muncaster Basin – Washington Trails Association (<http://www.wta.org/go-hiking/trip-reports/tripreport-2007080516>)

below: Muncaster Mountain from Mount Christie

https://www.google.com/search?q=muncaster+mountain+washington&tbm=isch&tbo=u&source=univ&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjTiN-U07bXAhXL1CYKHT_UB7QQsAQIQQ&biw=1080&bih=732#imgsrc=RPSuMAASOcnSHM:





The burial of Tuscania men, Feb 1918



BURIAL OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN ISLAY.
6A. A FEW OF THE SURVIVORS. AT KILNAUGHTON CEMETERY. 12/2/18.

*Survivors wore British military, naval and civilian clothes, often for several weeks.
They are carrying the flag made by the Ileachs.*

The above photograph was sent to the U.S. National Archives by George Volz of St. Paul, Minnesota, the hatless man in the second row at the far right. Volz is awarded the Croix de Guerre by France, reported the University of Minnesota alumni magazine, for "his splendid courage in twice leaving the safety of the life boat and striking out alone to save the lives of two comrades." Volz, a University of Minnesota agriculture student, had actually pulled Boyd Hancock out of the sea into his lifeboat, and jumped into the water to rescue a second man. The only *Tuscania* crewman in their lifeboat was washed overboard.

Islay and the United States:

On February 26, 1918, Major General George T. Bartlett, the senior U.S. Army officer in Britain, summarized the Islay-United States interaction.

"One hundred and forty four men put ashore at various points on Islay Island, Scotland, and it is believed that considerable loss of life occurred in making a landing on this rocky coast. Two of these men subsequently died. One hundred and seventy-seven dead bodies were washed

ashore at scattered points on Islay Island, one hundred and forty-five of these have been identified and finger prints have been taken of the remaining thirty-two unidentified bodies; all bodies have been buried with military honors, graves marked with a wooden cross with grave numbers marked thereon. Many bodies were found without identification tags and a few with blank identification tags. One officer and 66 men are still carried as missing, making a total loss, identified and missing, as four officers and two hundred and eight men. Working conditions on Islay Island were found to be difficult due to lack of material, transportation, labor and inaccessibility. The Military, Naval and Civil authorities, the inhabitants of the Scottish and Irish commands gave the most sympathetic aid to the sick and casualties, assisted in every way practicable to afford the dead proper burial with military honours, and received the survivors with enthusiastic receptions, warm hospitality and generous kindness.”

It is an interesting sidelight in Islay-United States relations that one visit by a U.S. ship to Islay a little more than 100 years earlier was not met with such hospitality as shown to the survivors of *Tuscania* and *Otranto* on the part of the Ileachs. Editors of *Islay Voices*, Jenni Minto and Les Wilson, included the account of William MacDonald in his *Sketches of Islay* (1850) about the visit of the ship *The True Blooded Yankey [Yankee]* under Captain Joshua Hailey to Islay on October 4, 1813. Islay had found itself caught up in the U.S. War of 1812 against the British. A “piratical vessel” (privateer) outfitted by a Rhode Island (U.S.) resident, a Mr. Preble of France, the *Yankee* cast anchor near Skiba (now Port Charlotte), burned the 20 to 30 merchant vessels in port, and departed with its spoils. An alternative report indicates the “Year of the Burnt Ships” occurred at Bowmore.



Left: True Blooded Yankee, shown on a one-crown coin from United Kingdom territory Tristan de Cunha, 2012, population less than 300

Minto and Wilson’s *Islay Voices* (page 259) reprints a poignant reflection and summary of the interaction of *Tuscania* and Islay, written in 1936 by Seton Gordon in his *Highways and Byways in the West Highlands*:

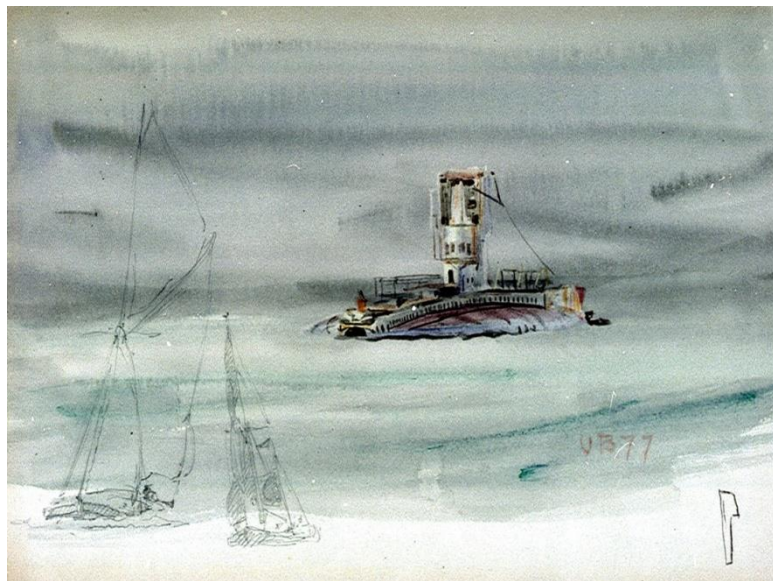
... upon the wild rocky coast of the Mull of Oa, at the south-west end of the island, there is a sense of sadness and gloom, even in calm sunny weather when the ocean is undisturbed by storms. Perhaps an echo remains here of that night during the Great War when disaster overtook the liner “Tuscania” while she was conveying American troops to France. No more inhospitable shore for a wreck can be imagined. Great precipices overhang the sea. Jagged rocks project hungrily from the water’s surface beyond the cliffs. It was little wonder that hundreds of American soldiers, and many British seamen also, met their deaths in that great disaster. Here and there, in rocky coves above the reach of the tide, the “Tuscania’s” life-boats lie, their wood bleached and splintered by rocks. Could they speak they might tell of a dark night of heavy seas and the black fangs of merciless rocks rising up in their path, to overwhelm them and those who crowded them. On the high ground looking over the sea here is a great tower, erected by the American Red Cross to the

memory of those who had journeyed across the ocean to fight in France, and had lost their lives in that sea disaster before they had reached the land they had sailed overseas to defend. It was in keeping with the sadness of the place when a grey seal, lying on a skerry out to sea, lifted up his head and howled mournfully from time to time. His cries, sung as a cronach or dirge, carried a full mile inland over the heather.

Part 18: The Aftermath

In Germany:

Meyer and his U-boat crew were oblivious to the excitement and international news reports created by the sinking of the *Tuscania*. The submarine left the North Channel on February 13, entering the North Sea on February 18, rendezvousing with *UB-97* on February 19 on the return voyage. *UB-77* had been cruising 23 days when it arrived at its home port of Bremerhaven, Germany, on February 21, 1918. The crew learned then that on February 7, 1918, the British Admiralty had dispatched a wireless message that the *Tuscania* had sunk.

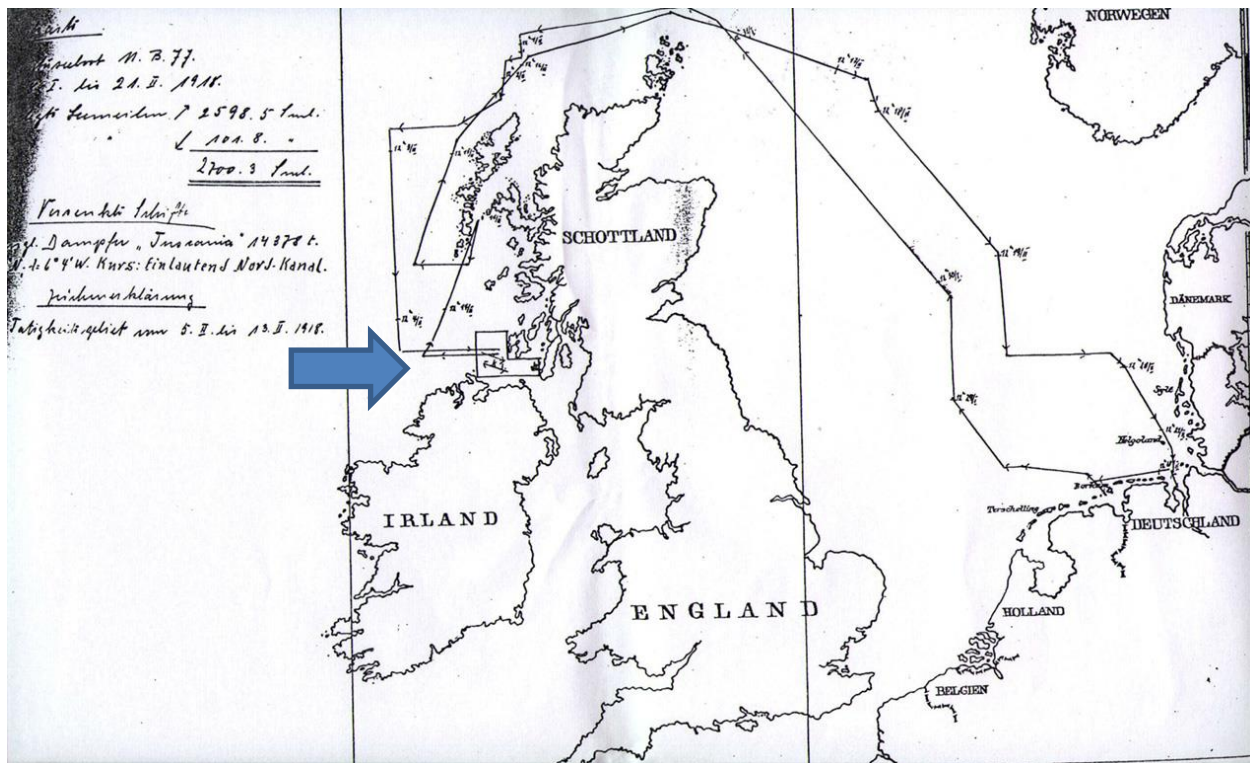


UB-77, by British artist William Lionel Wyllie, with sketches of two Thames barges added -
In the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, England
<http://collections.rmg.co.uk/collections/objects/119169.html>

On February 24, 1918, the German Admiralty issued this communique: "Among the sunken tonnage was the British transport *Tuscania*, 14,348 tons loaded with American troops. The *Tuscania* shortly before the entrance into the Irish sea and despite a most effective convoy

guard was cleverly shot out from among a large troop transport, at the head of which it was steaming." Not quite accurate, as the *Tuscania* was never at the head of the convoy, but certainly a proud declaration.

Earlier, two Berlin newspapers – *Germania* and *Deutsche Tages Zeitung* - had expressed "surprise that the big transport only carried approximately 2,400 men," reported the Associated Press in a February 10, 1918, story. "'Germania' adds to this the assertion that the sinking of the *Tuscania* gave the United States a hard blow which for a moment 'threatened to unbalance Secretary of War Baker.'" Even so, *Germania* concludes, "we do not underestimate the importance of American assistance, but we shall nevertheless look for further U-boat successes." The Germans were attempting to figure out troop strength in Europe at the time. The Cologne (Köln) *Volkszeitung*, noting this was the first time a troop transport had been sunk by a U-boat, wrote: "Never a ship carrying such a large number of troops to Europe has been hit. This may be due to the fact that large transports have not yet crossed the Atlantic, or at least very seldom."



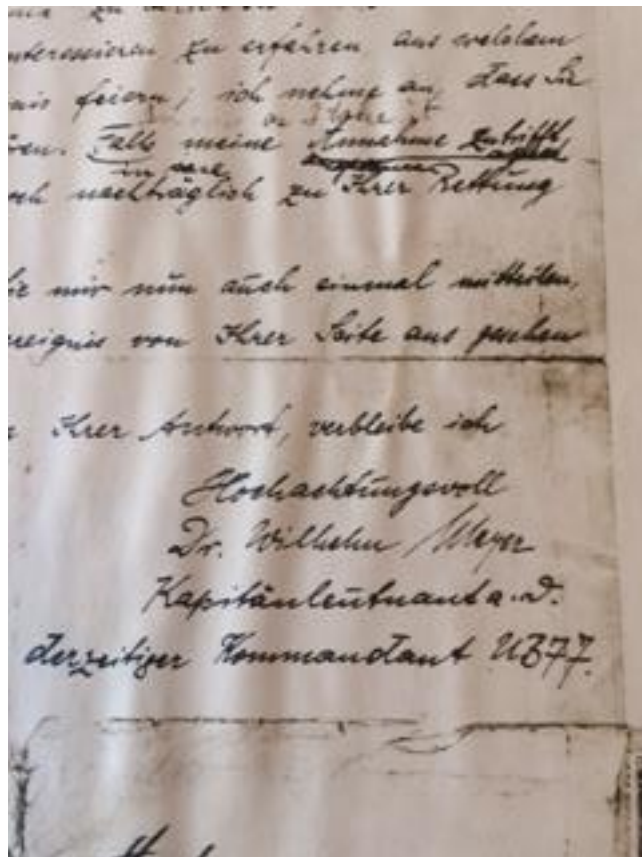
From UB-77's logbook ("Kriegstagebuch") – map showing the site of the torpedoing of the *Tuscania* (L-shaped box to the northeast of Ireland, arrow added)

On March 31, 1918, Meyer and his crew on *UB-77* struck again, torpedoing a British ship, the 20,904-gross-ton *HMS Celtic*, with the loss of six lives. The *Celtic* did not sink but had to be towed into port at Liverpool. Because of Meyer's two successful attacks on the *Celtic* and *Tuscania*, his name appears twice on any list of the largest ships damaged in World War I.

Ironically, *Tuscania* survivor Karl Hjalmar Hultenius had emigrated from Sweden aboard the *Celtic* in April 1912, and at least five survivors will sail back from war on it.

Meyer's next command was that of SM *U-78*, a German UE I submarine often employed in laying mines, for which he was captain from April 27, 1918, to May 24, 1918. He was the fifth captain of this submarine, but according to British Naval Intelligence, this sub did not seem to have been seaworthy until June 1918, and during Meyer's captaincy no activities are recorded. *U-78*'s next captain, Johann Vollbucht, and his crew will be lost when *U-78* is torpedoed and sunk October 27, 1918, by British submarine HM G2.

Writing to Leo Zimmermann on November 22, 1929, Meyer said: "Unfortunately of my other U-Boat cruises I can tell you but little, than I have undertaken but few others and nothing out of the ordinary occurred."



Left: Dr. Wilhelm Meyer's signature in letter to Leo V. Zimmermann, January 1929 – Milwaukee County Historical Society archives

Meyer was born June 5, 1888, in Malstatt-Burbach, which had merged with other villages in 1909 to form Saarbrücken. He was the son of Ferdinand Karl Moritz Meyer and Sabine Marie (Schindler) Meyer. He became a "Seekadett" (sea [naval] cadet) in the German Navy on April 3, 1907. He was promoted to Fähnrich zur See (midshipman) April 21, 1908, and to Leutnant zur See (junior lieutenant) on September 18, 1910.

Meyer served on the cruiser SMS *Freya* and the battleships SMS *Elsass* and SMS *Schlesien* from 1909 to 1911, then went to Africa as an ordnance officer aboard the merchant raider *Möwe* in 1912-1913. Meyer was promoted to Oberleutnant zur See (senior lieutenant) on September 17, 1913.

During 1913 and 1914, he was sometimes on sick leave.

From 1914 to 1917 he served aboard the battleship SMS *Grosser Kurfürst*, on which he participated as a turret commander in the largest naval battle of World War I, the Battle of Jutland (called by the Germans the Battle of Skagerrak), fought May 31-June 1, 1916. Both sides claimed victory in this battle, the last ever fought solely by battleships, which counted almost 10,000 casualties. Aboard the British Royal Navy ship HMS *Unity* in this battle was Lieutenant Thomas Balfour Fellowes, later to command the *Mosquito*, which will rescue survivors from the

Tuscania that Meyer torpedoed. For his service in the Battle of Jutland, Fellowes is awarded the Russian Order of St. Stanislaus, 3rd Class.

Meyer then attended U-boat school, serving first on the *U-46*. He was promoted to Kapitänleutnant on August 20, 1917, taking command of *UB-77* on October 2, 1917. Following his successful sinking of the *Tuscania* and damaging the *Celtic*, Meyer became a torpedo officer on *SMS Kronprinz Wilhelm*.

In a November 22, 1929, letter, Meyer wrote that “The submarine surface was arduous and dangerous work” with a 50 percent probability of not returning from a mission. “It was a serious and noble duty, that the Fatherland required.” Mines, underwater nets, destroyers, motorboats, armed sub chasers, “flying machines and airships” – all, noted Meyer, were “combined to exterminate us.” The *German Submarine War 1914-1918* notes that about one-half of the lieutenant-commanders and about one-third of the lieutenants and sub-lieutenants in the submarine service died in warfare.



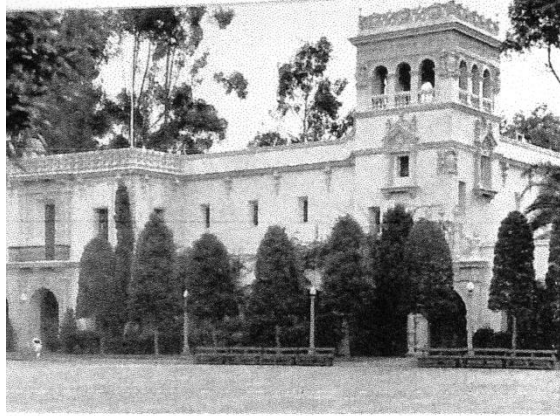
Left: Wilhelm Meyer and the UB-77 crew



Wilhelm Meyer – left:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M7DLjdc4Ms8> – right:

from the collection of Steven Trout



American Legion War Memorial Building, Balboa Park, San Diego, California - from:

AMERICAN LEGION WAR MEMORIAL BUILDING

<https://www.sandiego.gov/sites/default/files/legacy/digitalarchives/pdf/collections/balboapark/museumsandattractions/aquidetobalboapark.pdf>

According to the booklet, *A Guide to Balboa Park San Diego, California*, published in 1941 as part of the “American Guide Series,” page 23, the exhibit on the west wall of the American Legion War Memorial Building in Balboa Park was described as: “The torpedo at the southwest corner of the floor was taken from the German submarine U-153, which sank the English troop transport *Tuscania* during the World War.” This statement is not correct, as *UB-77* sank the *Tuscania*. Two options are that this is a torpedo from *U-153* which was not involved with the *Tuscania*; or the torpedo was taken from *UB-77*, likely when it was scrapped. This exhibit is no longer in place, as the building is currently (2017) used as rental space. In response to inquiries made in 2017, the San Diego History Center and the Veterans Museum at Balboa Park reported they were unable to determine the present whereabouts of the exhibited torpedo.

A few weeks before the November 11, 1918, Armistice ended hostilities, the German Imperial Navy ordered its entire High Seas fleet to engage the British fleet, to place Germany in a better bargaining position when peace negotiations began. The crews of several German ships, believing this naval action might prolong the war and cause their deaths, mutinied on October 29, 1918. One of those mutinous ships was the SMS *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, with Meyer aboard. Admiral Franz von Hipper abandoned the naval operation and returned to port, where continuing unrest, including Communist uprisings, resulted in control of the fleet passing to the Workers’ and Soldier’s Councils. “The government promised the mutineers that the fleet would not be sent out on sacrificial sorties,” wrote Mark T. Simmons in *Military History* magazine.

Following the Armistice in November 1918, the SMS *Kronprinz Wilhelm* and most of the German fleet – 74 ships – disabled their armaments or discarded them. On November 21, 1918, the German ships were met by the Grand Fleet, 250 warships from Britain, the United States and the other Allied navies. That evening, the British ordered the Germans to haul down the German naval ensign (flag) and not to raise it again without permission. The German ships were escorted to the Scapa Flow, a body of water northeast of Scotland in the Orkney Islands and site of the chief British naval base. Here the ships – and the men aboard, including Meyer – waited for seven months during the period of negotiations leading to the Treaty of Versailles.

By December 13, only 4,565 men remained on board the German fleet from the 20,000 who had been on board on their voyage to the Scapa Flow.

Naval historian Arthur Marder described the condition aboard the interned ships as “one of complete demoralization.” There was lack of discipline, good or plentiful food, recreation and prompt, uncensored mail. Those aboard were forbidden from going ashore or visiting another German ship. Tobacco was limited and there was no dental care. Rear Admiral Ludwig von Reuter had to request a change of his flagship from the *Friedrich der Grosse* to the *Emden*, because the *Friedrich*’s sailors who belonged to the revolutionary Red Guard kept stomping on the roof of his cabin and he could not get any sleep.

The German men were bored. They also grew increasingly irritated at gawkers who came out in small craft to stare at them. In defiance, on May 31, 1919, they commemorated the third anniversary of the Battle of Skagge Rak (Jutland) by hoisting the German naval ensign and the revolutionary red flag, in opposition to British orders.



The German fleet interned in the Scapa Flow

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scuttling_of_the_German_fleet_in_Scapa_Flow

German Rear Admiral Ludwig von Reuter believed the British were going to seize the captured ships on June 21, 1919, the original deadline the Allies had given the Germans for negotiations, when the terms of the Armistice were to expire. He had been ordered by his commanding officer that the ships should never be seized by the victorious Allies, if peace terms had not been determined.

The deadline for signing the Armistice, however, had been delayed until June 23. But the British allowed the Germans access to only four-day-old newspapers. On June 20, von Reuter was reading “old news” and unaware that on that day, June 20, the deadline had been extended to the 23rd. The June 16th *London Times* notice of the ultimatum to Germany to accept the terms or the Allies would resume hostilities was no longer accurate.

Taking advantage of the nice weather forecast and the calm seas, the British decided to depart the Scapa Flow at 9 a.m. on June 21 for naval exercises.

Around 10 a.m. the morning of the 21st, Rear-Admiral von Reuter, on deck in full-dress uniform replete with his medals, gave orders to scuttle (sink) the German ships. Reuter ordered a series

of code flags – first, “stand by for signals,” then “Make Paragraph II. Acknowledge” (the secret code phrase ordering the scuttling) and then “Condition Z – scuttle!” The German ensign now flew defiantly on each’s ship mast.

During the months of seeming inactivity, the German sailors had been busy sabotaging their own ships – welding open doors, laying explosive charges, throwing keys and tools that operated equipment overboard. Now internal waterpipes were broken, seacocks were opened, portholes loosened, watertight doors flung open, and use made of the large hammers left scattered around the ship next to valves.

Around noon, the *Friedrich der Grosse* was observed listing to starboard. The British naval maneuvers were cancelled at 12:35 p.m., fifteen minutes after news of the scuttling reached them. Orders were radioed ahead that all available ships should prevent the German ships from sinking. The British ships returned at full speed to the Scapa Flow, arriving at 2:30 p.m. to see only the large ships still afloat. The German crews had left their vessels in lifeboats, and frustrated men aboard some British boats shot at some of them. Nine German sailors and the captain of the *Markgraf* had been killed and about 16 wounded aboard lifeboats rowing toward land.

At 1:15 p.m. Meyer’s ship – SMS *Kronprinz Wilhelm* – sank in the Gutter Sound of the Scapa Flow of its self-inflicted wounds. Seven wrecks remain below the waters, administered by the Ancient Monuments and Archaeological Areas Act of 1979, and they remain a popular scuba diving site, accessible through dive permits.



SMS Kronprinz Wilhelm, interned in the Scapa Flow, 1919, and now still beneath its waters

The 1,774 Germans from the scuttled ships were taken by battleships to Invergordon, Scotland. Vice-Admiral Sir Sidney Fremantle declared them prisoners-of-war for having broken the Armistice terms and sent them to prisoner-of-war camps at Nigg, Scotland. Von Reuter and some of his officers were personally berated by Fremantle for their dishonorable actions. The Germans stood during their reprimand “with expressionless faces.” Although British newspapers decried this treacherous act, many German naval officers likely agreed with their Admiral Reinhard Scheer: “The stain of surrender has been wiped out from the escutcheon of

the German Fleet. The sinking of the ships has proved that the spirit of the fleet is not dead. This last act is true of the best traditions of the Germany navy.”

Meyer was a prisoner of war of the British until February 1920; he was discharged from the German Navy on March 8, 1920. He earned the Iron Cross Second Class and the Hanseatic Cross for his naval service.

Under the terms of the Armistice, German submarines were to be surrendered to Rear-Admiral Reginald Tyrwhitt at Harwich, an east coast port in England. German plans to scuttle the submarines were negated when the Allies threatened retaliation if they did so. Beginning November 20 and 21, 1918, German submarines began to arrive at Harwich, handed over to British crews twenty miles from the mouth of the harbor. British sailors brought the submarines into port with the German crews standing on top; the German naval ensign was hauled down and replaced by the British White Ensign. By April 18, 1919, there were 150 German submarines moored in a line on the river Stour there. Eventually 176 submarines were surrendered.

The submarine *UB-77*, which had gone on a total of seven patrols, was surrendered to the victorious Allies on January 16, 1919, (alternative date: January 1) at Harwich. Its surrender was a bit tardy. The “Minutes of the Meeting of the Supreme War Council” detailed actions of this group’s meeting held February 12, 1919, in Paris, France, attended by American, British, French, Italian and Japanese representatives. One of the American representatives was President Woodrow Wilson. In the minutes is included an entry dated December 13, 1918, from the Breaches Committee, discussing “Non-compliance on the Part of Germany with the Terms of Armistice.” The committee asked Germany why several submarines – including *UB-77* - had yet to be surrendered.

“XXII. Submarines U. 80, U. 82, and U.B. 77 have still to be towed to Harwich. Five submarines in Spain, one in Norway, one in Holland, have still to be surrendered.” This was followed by “Germany’s Reply.”

“We do not yet know the reason for the non-internment of submarines U. 80, U. 82, and U.B. 77. Inquiries are being undertaken with a view to their immediate surrender.” Germany’s response ended with: “In no case can the fact that the vessels have not been surrendered be interpreted as an infringement of the Armistice conditions.”

(<https://history.state.gov/historicaldocuments/frus1919Parisv03/d66>)



"U-boat Avenue" at Harwich

Captain Meyer grieved. The *Milwaukee Sentinel* (January 5, 1933) quoted Meyer as saying "The U.B. 77 saw 32 months of service unscathed. It was a tragedy that it was handed over to the British as a result of the Armistice terms." The U-boat was sold for scrap in March 1919 and dismantled in 1921 or 1922 in Swansea, Wales, by Messrs. George Cohen, Sons and Co. of Commercial Road E., London, along with 24 other submarines.

"A couple of thousand of us wanted that submarine sunk. Sorry, but she wasn't. She was surrendered after the Armistice and was broken up in England for the scrap," complained Donald A. Smith in 1925.

After the war, Meyer studied at Heidelberg and Würzburg, pursuing a doctorate ("doctor rerum politicarum") in economic and political science, occasionally working at a bank in Saarbrücken to supplement his income. After a bout with rheumatism, he continued studying at Frankfurt-am-Main. From 1927 to 1939, he was a deputy director at an educational institution in Saarbrücken, where he taught commerce.

In 1939, when listed as an honorary member of the National Tuscania Survivors Association, Meyer resided at 67 Breitestrasse in Saarbrücken, Germany.

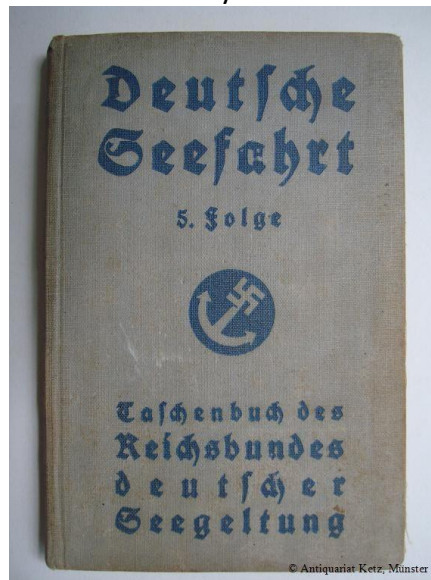
With Hitler's Third Reich now involved in World War II, Meyer became a manager at the German naval intelligence office in Soest, Westphalia. During 1942-1943, he was employed at the German Naval Academy in Kiel. While at this job in 1942, he married Elisabeth Fischbach, a writer, who had been born September 30, 1895, in Cologne. During World War II, the Germany Navy was known as the Kriegsmarine (1939-1945).

Meyer worked in 1943-1944 for the Reichsbund für Deutsche Seegeltung (the Reich Federation of German Sea Power) in Berlin. This office acted as the propaganda department of the Germany Navy and other organizations, promoting the power and political aspirations of

Germany on the high seas, and awakening the German people to its aims. The organization was subject to the control and censorship of the Nazi regime.



Wilhelm Meyer – from the collection of Steven Trout



Above: Pocket Book of the Reichsbund Deutscher Seegelung – “German Seafaring”

Below: its armband

Note the Nazi swastika atop the anchor graphic



With a worsening heart condition, Meyer left this position in 1944 and moved to Nabburg in Bavaria. Following the war, in 1946, he was again living in Saarbrücken, retired and with his heart condition continuing to deteriorate. Captain Meyer died of a heart attack on February 18, 1950, at age 61. Meyer's final naval rank was Korvettenkapitan, in the Reserve, retired. As of 1986, according to William Stevens Prince, Meyer's widow was living in Bad-Neuenahr-Ahrweiler, West Germany.

In the United States:

Although the Court of Enquiry reports from the Americans and British praised the actions of all concerned and affixed no blame, several survivors, among them Lieutenant Arnold Joerns, submitted their own highly critical reports on the lack of lifeboat drills during mess (eating) times - the poor condition of the ropes in the lifeboat davits and the fact that the ropes had been painted over making launching impossible - the lack of instructions for the wearing of lifebelts and life preservers - the total absence of nighttime drills - the poor physical condition of the lifeboats - and the non-cooperative attitude of the officers and crews toward the soldiers aboard. Survivor Edward T. Lauer of the 107th Supply Train, 2nd Sanitary Squad, wrote later that he thought there were spies aboard because some lifeboat ropes were damaged, and there were other faulty items. Arnold Joerns later served as the president of the National Tuscania Survivors' Association.

They were not alone in their concerns. After the fact, the U.S. Army decided to adopt new lifeboat practices.

First Lt. Donald A. Smith's report to the Chief of the Army Transport Service on March 3, 1918, was reinforced by Major-General George T. Bartlett on March 10, 1918, who agreed: "The principal point brought out by this report is that when soldiers on transports are to be called upon to lower their lifeboats in an emergency, they should be organized and drilled for this

purpose, and that all officers and soldiers on board should be instructed as to the equipment of the lifeboats." Smith's report was accompanied by a general report submitted by Bartlett's headquarters on February 23, 1918, to General Pershing, American Expeditionary Forces commander-in-chief.

On March 11, 1918, Major General F.J. Kernan at the AEF headquarters in France endorsed the observations of an unnamed officer (Joerns? Smith?) aboard the *Tuscania*, writing that he had experienced the same situation when he sailed to Liverpool – "i.e. immature boys supposed to be the ones to lower boats while the robust American soldiers who could well have performed this task were given no instructions in it whatever. It is recommended that this report be brought to the attention of the proper British Authorities to the end that steps may be taken to remedy the omissions clearly pointed out in this report and so easy of correction."

General John Pershing then dispatched a cablegram, which did not mince words. "Lessons drawn from Tuscania disaster show necessity for further attention to ship drills, particularly in practical use of davits and ship gears. Actual practice in lowering all boats into water and unhooking falls should be had before leaving harbors. Losses which actually occurred due largely to lack of drill in lowering boats. Crew busy elsewhere. Suggest that if accepted, be directed to detail from their troops mature noncommissioned officers for each trip to assist ships crew in lowering boats. All on board should know where to find water food matches and compasses in life boats and use flares and how to light same. Much unnecessary suffering in open boats due to lack of this instruction. Destroyers averted large loss of life on Tuscania by removing 1,360 who were still on board owing to many life boats being smashed by improper handling. Has Navy given attention to above since the disaster?"

A memo from the AEF headquarters dated March 24, 1918, from Chief of Staff General James Guthrie Harbord assured the Adjutant General of the Army in Washington, D.C., that "steps have been taken by the British Government to institute the necessary corrective measures, and it is hoped that suitable instructions by the War Department will make impossible a repetition of the Tuscania catastrophe."

The Acting Chief of Staff at the Headquarters Port of Embarkation sent a memo dated March 30, 1918, to all commanding officers of troops on board commercial vessels. It included the text of Pershing's cable and an order. "You are hereby instructed to strictly comply with General Pershing's recommendations and make every endeavor to cooperate earnestly and fully with the crews of commercial vessels and to secure their hearty cooperation in return."

"It is important that every soldier on board be given thorough instruction until it is certain that he unmistakably knows his post at the life boats and rafts, his route thereto and any duty expected of him thereat. Also that he knows where to find water, food, matches and compasses in the life boats and where to find the flares and how to light and use the same."

The commander of the cruiser force of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet sent a memo to the commanding general of the port of embarkation at Hoboken, New Jersey, on April 5, 1918, in response to a letter from the port on March 30, 1918. The subject: "Practice in Lowering Lifeboats."

The commander said that lifeboats should be "carefully inspected before leaving port, and that drills in lowering life boats should be held at frequent intervals whenever practicable." All lifeboats should be equipped with twelve two-minute Coston Signals or an equally efficient flare light in a watertight box, with troops instructed in their use. Each lifeboat should carry water, emergency rations and first-aid supplies in addition to the usual gear. Troops should also carry rations and water on their persons. Drills in lowering lifeboats should be held if practicable – and this can be done while alongside docks or at anchor.

On April 24, 1918, Major General D.O. Shanks at the headquarters of the port of embarkation at Hoboken, New Jersey, sent a memo to the director of embarkation at Washington, D.C. "In accordance with extract of cable from General Pershing, No 759, plans have been prepared for platform, davits, and other paraphernalia, including old life boats, to be used for instruction purposes at Camp Merritt, which, after being tried out, may also be installed at Camp Mills." A mimeographed letter dated March 30 was sent to all commanding officers of troops aboard commercial liners. A copy of Pershing's cable was sent to all steamship companies, requesting that a copy be sent to all their ship captains.

The Adjutant General of the U.S. Army sent a "Transmittal of Reports Re Sinking of S.S. *Tuscania*" to the commanding general of the American Expeditionary Forces in France on May 1, 1918, subsequent to a memorandum sent by the War Department on April 27, 1918.

"You are informed that steps are being taken to have troops drilled and actual practice held of lowering life-boats on all transports, army, navy and commercial vessels. Special equipment will be provided at Camp Merritt (Concentration Camp), Port of New York, to enable practice in life-boat drill being conducted by troops awaiting transportation overseas, and whenever practicable, where vessels are in harbor or awaiting convoy, such drills will be held. By order of the Secretary of War."

On March 16, the British Mission at General Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces sent a letter to General Harbord, with copies sent to the War Office. "Telegram to War Office. Am forwarding report by Survivor *Tuscania*. Losses due to insufficient personnel for lowering boats. American Authorities urge that on all British Transports (1) American Military personnel be told off and instructed in lowering boats. (2) At least one practice in lowering boats into the water be held before sailing." The letter says: "The report is very clear and the recommendations are sound. The regulations on our own transports can probably be modified to meet these particular circumstances, and the question of boat drill and discipline can probably be got over."

On March 13, 1918, the *Minneapolis* [Minnesota] *Journal* published a letter from C.A. [Carl Augustus] Holmberg, a member of the 20th Engineers who had sailed on *Tuscania*, alleging that

“said vessel was abandoned by her crew without effort to save the passengers.” The *Congressional Record Index* of the 65th Congress, 2nd session (volume 56, part 2), records on page 333 under “Motions and Resolutions Offered By” that Minnesota Congressman Halvor Steenerson, representing Minneapolis, had offered House Resolution 283 on March 15, 1918, “requesting the Secretary of the Navy to furnish information regarding the conduct of the crew of the *Tuscania* at the time of the sinking thereof; to the Committee on Naval Affairs.” Steenerson had received a report from survivor C.A. Holmberg that the *Tuscania* crew had deserted the ship and the men. The resolution asked the Secretary “to communicate to the House any and all information in his possession relative to the truth or falsity of the charges published in the Minneapolis (Minnesota) Journal.” No determination has been located of the future course of this action.

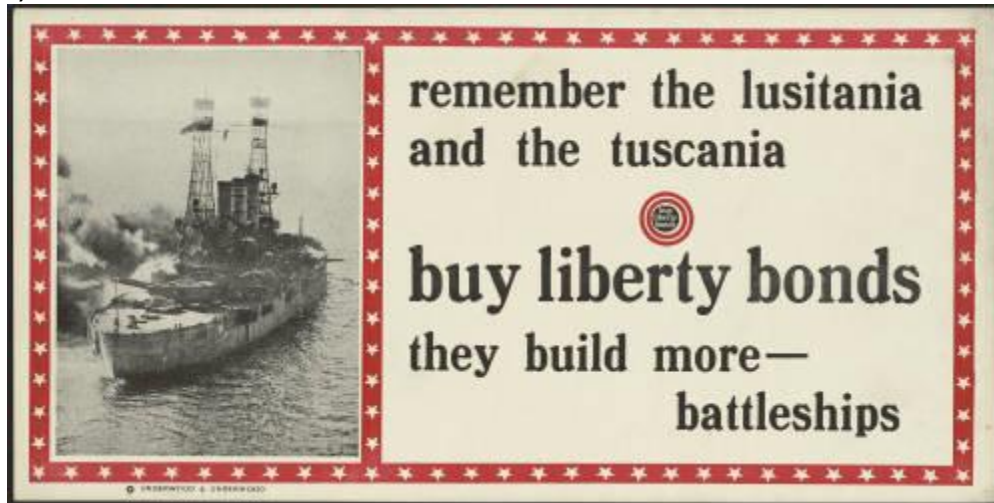
The March 9, 1918, entry of the wartime diary of Worth L. Bushey of Appleton, Wisconsin, read: “Called up to Headquarters to tell what we knew of Major Wade and a Captain who were in too much of a hurry leaving the *Tuscania*. We told enough I guess.”

The *Tuscania* men “missing in action” also spurred the U.S. War Department to ponder the question, “After what interval of time is a man missing in action presumed to be dead?” On April 4, 1918, the War Department sent an inquiry to the Adjutant General requesting its opinion on this question, citing the one officer and 39 enlisted men who had been aboard *Tuscania* still unaccounted for and believed dead. “It appears to be necessary for The Adjutant General to establish some definite working rule as to when the death of a soldier, reported as missing, shall be officially recorded” so that war risk insurance compensation can be paid, noting a bill pending in Congress that would require private insurance companies to accept a death certificate from the Adjutant General as proof. The War Department inquiry states “I have no hesitation in recommending that the records of The Adjutant General should be made to show them as dead. There is every reasonable probability that none of them have survived.”

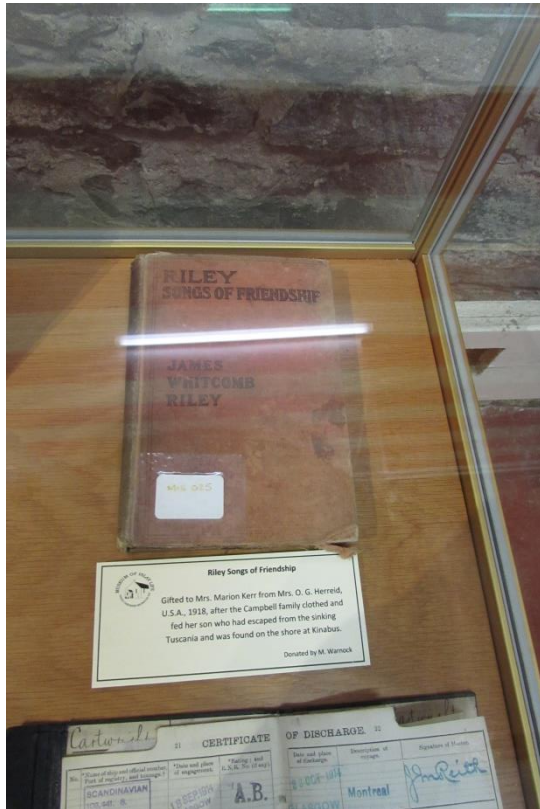
The Adjutant General then issues its decision: “Presumption of Death: In Case of Officer or Soldier Reported ‘Missing’ in Action, or in Disaster at Sea.” When sufficient time has elapsed without any report of a soldier from the Red Cross or other organizations as to prisoner-of-war status and no information on a man’s existence, “the only reasonable presumption, in view of present conditions and methods of warfare, is that he is dead.” The civil waiting period for a death declaration might have been as long as seven years.

After “reasonable efforts to locate him, made through regular channels, have proved unsuccessful, after the lapse of a reasonable time the records of The Adjutant General should carry the man as dead, and the rights of his beneficiaries should be settled on that basis. What constitutes such reasonable time is a question of fact in each case, but it would be an extraordinary case where such reasonable time would exceed six months. Similarly the officers and enlisted men on the *Tuscania* when she was torpedoed, who were reported missing after the disaster and who have remained unaccounted for for two months thereafter, should be recorded as dead on the records of The Adjutant General, since there is every reasonable probability that none of such persons have survived.” (*Opinions of the Judge Advocate General*

of the Army 1918, Volume II, published 1919 by the Government Printing Office -
<https://books.google.com/books?id=VqsZAQAAIAAJ&pg=PA248&lpg=PA248&dq=adjutant+general%27s+office+tuscania+1918&source=bl&ots=lvN-1tWBeK&sig=yTynyFGVOKLYKASPaPeRbKzrimQ&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjZy8Klt6LXAhXF5CYKHSOzCToQ6AEIKzAB#v=onepage&q=adjutant%20general%27s%20office%20tuscania%201918&f=false>)



From the Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas at Austin -
http://hrc.contentdm.oclc.org/cdm/search/collection/p15878coll26/searchterm/tuscania/field/all/mode/all/conn/and/order/identi/ad/asc#nav_top



This book of poetry by American poet James Whitcomb Riley – *Songs of Friendship* – was sent to Mrs. Marion (Campbell) Kerr, sister of Duncan Campbell, who rescued soldiers at the Oa on Islay, by Mrs. Ole G. (Martha Paine) Herreid of Ettrick, Wisconsin. Siblings Duncan and Marion Campbell clothed and comforted one of Mrs. Herreid’s sons – Gordon Paine Herreid - after he came to their home on February 6, 1918. Mrs. Herreid’s two sons, Carl and Gordon, were both aboard the ship. The book, signed *Mrs. O.G. Herreid, 1918*, was donated to the Museum of Islay Life by Marion Kerr Warnock, the daughter of Marion Campbell Kerr. (photograph by Marilyn Gahm, 3 May 2018)

Part 19: The Royal Navy Captains and Crews

The members of the National Tuscania Survivors Association (NTSA) never ceased to give credit to the officers and crews of the three British destroyers for the many lives they saved.

In 1931, the NTSA annual meeting passed a resolution to award specially struck medals to the three destroyer captains – John Morrison (John M.) Smith of the *Grasshopper*, Thomas Balfour (T.B.) Fellowes of the *Mosquito* and Christopher John Francis Eddis of the *Pigeon*. Eddis’s medal was to be awarded posthumously to his widow, K.E. Eddis, as Eddis died before the end of the war. The *American Legion Magazine* of January 1932 reported: “The majority of the 2,179 soldiers aboard were saved only through the prompt and heroic action of the officers and crews of three British destroyers, H.M.S. *Grasshopper*, *Pigeon* and *Mosquito*.”

The magazine continued: “Past President Leo V. Zimmermann of the Tuscania Survivors Association enlisted the aid of two Legion posts, both in foreign lands, to make the presentations – Commander Alexander M. Stewart of Scotland Post of The American Legion in Glasgow and the newly-organized Vancouver (British Columbia) Post of the American Legion.” The Vancouver post would have awarded the medal to British Columbia resident John Morrison Smith of the *Grasshopper*, with the Scotland Legion post awarding the medals to Thomas Balfour Fellowes of the *Mosquito* and to Katie Eddis, the widow of Christopher John Francis Eddis, who had captained the *Pigeon*.



High on the Mull of Oa, Isle of Islay, off the west coast of Scotland, stands this memorial to the Americans lost on the Tuscania and Otranto. Adjutant Alex M. Stewart of Scotland Post sent the print

In the October 1929 issue of the American Legion Monthly, Alex M. Stewart, the adjutant of the Scotland Post of the Legion, based in Glasgow, provided this "small snapshot" of the American Monument and informed the "buddies who survived the Tuscania and Otranto disasters, or to relatives of those who were lost," that photographs of groups of survivors, burial services, the graves on Islay, the coast and wreckage, and the Memorial Day services held in 1919, were available from the publisher, Archibald Cameron, at Douglas House, Bowmore, Islay, or through the Scotland Post. In addition to the snapshot (left), he informed readers that "There is also available an excellent dry point of the memorial, about eight by eleven inches in size."

<https://archive.legion.org/bitstream/handle/20.500.../americanlegionmo74amer.pdf?>



The medal presented posthumously to Lt. Commander C.J.F Eddis, Royal Navy, HMS Pigeon, inscribed TUSCANIA SURVIVORS ASSN and on the reverse: IN RECOGNITION OF VALOR SHOWN BY COMMANDER AND CREW OF PIGEON IN RESCUE OF U.S.A. TROOPS FEB. 5, 1918

From the Royal Museums, Greenwich

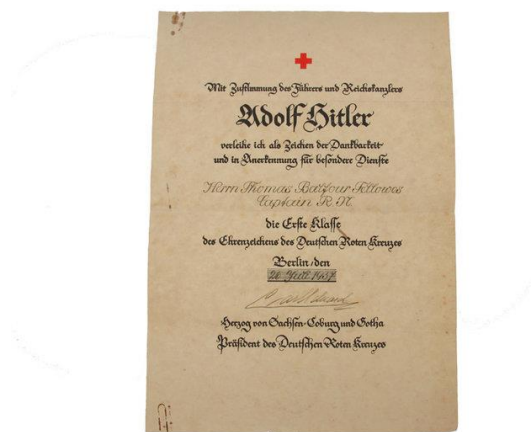
<http://collections.rmg.co.uk/collections/objects/205180.html>

The letter response of Mrs. K.E. Eddis to the NTSA is included in the *Milwaukee Journal* article of February 5, 1931. "It was rather a coincidence that I should receive your welcome letter on the day preceding the twelfth anniversary of my husband's death, Oct. 19. I think I may naturally be excused when I say how very proud I am that my husband was enabled to perform such services as have prompted you and your association to praise him."

The National Tuscania Survivors Association also presented gold medals to the crew of the rescue destroyer, HMS *Grasshopper*. The medal pictured the crossed flags of the United States and Great Britain, a torpedo and a sinking ship, and was inscribed: "In recognition of valor shown by the commander and crew of HMS *Grasshopper* in rescue of U.S.A. troops, Feb. 5, 1918."

Fellowes of HMS *Mosquito* –

Thomas Balfour F. Fellowes, commander of the *Mosquito*, seems to have excelled in rescues. He was awarded the German Red Cross (Deutsches Rotes Kreuz) Honour Award (3rd Model, 1st Class) for his actions in assisting wounded German sailors who had been aboard the German Reich battleship, the *Deutschland*, bombed by airplanes in May 1937 while in the harbor at Majorca, by the Spanish Republican forces during Spain's civil war. Fellowes was then serving as the chief of staff at Gibraltar, a position he held until May 6, 1938. King George VI gave Fellowes permission to wear the German medal, which bears the Nazi swastika; the accompanying paperwork bears the name of Adolph Hitler.



From

<https://forum.axishistory.com/viewtopic.php?t=201153>

Fellowes, born July 13, 1891, at the family home "Woodfield," Stevenage, Hitchin district, Hertfordshire, about 30 miles north of central London, was educated at United Services College (Westward Ho!), Osborne on the Isle of Wight, and then Dartmouth. He entered the Royal Navy at age 12 at the rank of cadet on September 30, 1903. Fellowes served as a midshipman on the HMS *Britannia* in the English Channel as of May 15, 1908, having completed the Training Establishment with a seniority time of half a month.

At http://www.dreadnoughtproject.org/tfs/index.php/Thomas_Balfour_Fellowes, the Dreadnought Project lists Fellowes's service on *Amazon*, *Juno*, *St. Vincent*, *Dreadnought*, *Bellerophon*, *Albatross* and ultimately *Inflexible*, before being promoted from sub-lieutenant to lieutenant on 30 October 1913.

While on *Inflexible*, Fellowes completed training in engine room duties. On January 10, 1914, he was re-appointed to the battleship *Dreadnought*. Fellowes transferred to *Unity* as her first officer on May 16, 1916. While Fellowes was aboard, *Unity* was involved in the Battle of Jutland (May 31-June 1, 1916), for which he was awarded the Order of St. Stanislaus, 3rd Class, from the Tsarist government of Russia. UB-77's future captain, Wilhelm Meyer, fought in the same battle – but for the German side.

On June 6, 1916, Fellowes was named first officer on *Opportune*. Fellowes was appointed to his first command appointment, serving as captain of the just-commissioned small patrol boat HMS *P36* on February 1, 1917, serving until October 3, 1917, when he was appointed commander of HMS *Mosquito* on October 3, 1917 upon her commissioning. He served as *Mosquito's* captain until March 8, 1918.

His next command change occurred March 29, 1918, when Fellowes took command of *Ophelia*, serving for only four months, and was next appointed on July 23, 1918, to *Lion*, additional, to serve on the staff of Vice-Admiral William Christopher Pakenham. The term "additional" means he was with the ship, but not part of the actual operating crew.

He was then appointed to *Egmont*, "additional," for the "30 knotter" *Desperate* on November 8, 1918.

After the war, Fellowes, on March 22, 1919, was named commander of HMS *Sesame*, and on July 7, 1919, of *Oriana*. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-commander on October 30, 1921. On January 15, 1922, he took command of HMS *Spear*; on December 4, 1923, of HMS *Torch*; and on April 1, 1924, of HMS *Voyager*.

Fellowes was promoted to the rank of commander on December 31, 1924, followed by the rank of captain on June 30, 1934.

T.B. Fellowes was the eldest son of Rear Admiral Sir Thomas Hounsom Butler Fellowes (1827-1923) and his second wife, Lady Margaret (Jowitt) Fellowes. His father was decorated for service in the Crimean War (1854-1855) and the Abyssinian War (1868).

His parents married on August 20, 1890, when his father was 62 years old and his mother, the daughter of the local rector William Jowitt and his wife Louisa Margaret (Allen) Jowitt, was 21. By the time of the 1901 England & Wales Census (March 3, 1901), Thomas's father (age 73) and his mother (age 31) had four sons: Thomas Balfour (age 9), Cuthbert Dorset (8), Rupert Caldwell Butler (6) and Ivon Gordon (3). All four sons serve in World War I, but only two survive.

T.B. Fellowes's grandfather Sir James Fellowes was the physician of King George IV. His great-uncle was Vice-Admiral Thomas Fellowes (1778-1853), the ancestor of Julian Alexander Kitchener-Fellowes (Baron Fellowes), the creator, writer and producer of the popular television series, *Downton Abbey*. The younger brother of T.B. Fellowes's mother Margaret, William Allen Jowitt (1st Earl Jowitt), serves as Lord High Chancellor from 1945 to 1951.

Before his experience rescuing *Tuscania*, Fellowes had lost his 17-year-old brother, midshipman Ivon Gordon Fellowes (born January 16, 1898) of the Royal Navy, to the war on March 18, 1915, aboard the HMS *Irresistible*, when the ship hit a mine laid by the Turks in the Dardanelles and Ivon drowned. Ivon had entered the Navy at age 13 in January 1911.

Thomas's 24-year-old brother Rupert Caldwell Butler Fellowes (born May 12, 1894) of the Royal Army's Coldstream Guard is killed in action August 21, 1918, by German artillery at Moyenneville, France. Thomas's brother Cuthbert (born March 26, 1893) served in the Staffordshire Yeomanry as a captain and also in the Royal Air Force; Cuthbert died on June 16, 1967, in Rhodesia (the current Zimbabwe).



The brothers of Thomas B. Fellowes killed in World War I

(Left) Rupert Caldwell Butler Fellowes, killed in action at age 24.

(Right) Ivon Gordon Fellowes, killed when his ship hit a mine, dead at age 17

<http://cranleigh->

www1.daisy.websds.net/RollofHonour.aspx?RecID=47&TableName=ta_rollofhonourwwi&BrowseID=1102

On December 13, 1921, Thomas Balfour Fellowes married Anne Evelyn Frances Twysden (born July 26, 1898 Devizes district and died circa January 1987). The couple had at least two sons, Rupert Thomas Butler Fellowes, born 1922, and Edmund ("Teddy") Fellowes. Fellowes was promoted to lieutenant-commander in October 1921, then commander in December 1926, followed by captain in June 1934.

In October 1932, Fellowes served with the Royal Navy Mediterranean Fleet as part of the First Destroyer Flotilla, captaining the HMS *Wryneck*. This W-class destroyer will be sunk in the Battle of Greece in April 1941, when Fellowes was no longer the captain. The National Tuscania

Survivors Association's 1939 membership roster lists the address of honorary member Fellowes as aboard HMS *Curacao* in the Mediterranean fleet.

Fellowes retired from the Navy on October 28, 1938, being placed on the retired list at his own request, but he returned to service in 1939 and served until 1943. From July 1940 to February 4, 1942, he was on the staff of the commander-in-chief of the Royal Navy Plymouth Command, on HMS *Drake*, which was the name used since 1934 by the Navy barracks at the Royal Navy base at Devonport, currently (2017) one of the three command centers of the Royal Navy. Fellowes was promoted to chief of staff to the commander-in-chief at HMS *Drake*, serving in that position from February 5, 1942, to December 10, 1942.

As of August 2016, you could buy all Fellowes's medals, discovered by the War Debris Survey and Disposal Dump at Hyde Park, following their damage and loss in the German blitz attacks on London from September 1940 to May 1941. Captain Fellowes received a letter from the survey dated October 25, 1941, informing him that the medals, tentatively identified as belonging to him since some bore his name, some of them damaged, had been found in the dump, and he was asked if he would like them returned to him. Some of the medals were replaced, some remain in damaged condition, and the Order of St. Stanislaus could not be replaced (regime change in Russia to Communism since World War I, of course.) The collection includes the National Tuscania Survivors Association medal awarded him as commander of the *Mosquito*, the medal on the far right in the photograph below.

As of 2017, the Idaho County Historical Society, based in Grangeville, Idaho, was selling copies of an 1918 W.L. Haskell poster, entitled "The Same Spirit," which includes a vignette of the *Tuscania*, in order to raise funds to purchase and display the Fellowes medals. In early 2017, the society purchased the set of medals.



Thomas Balfour Fellowes, shown with his medals, which were available for sale with other documents at www.emedals.com (August 2016) for a mere \$6,750 U.S. They were purchased in 2017 by the Idaho County Historical Society, Grangeville, Idaho.

In 1972, T.B. Fellowes celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his having joined the Royal Navy with friends at the Royal Aero Club. He died February 11, 1974, at the age of 82, in Tiverton district, Devon.



Fellowes's dress uniform, auctioned 19 November 2015, by Lawrences Auctioneers of the U.K.

Eddis of HMS Pigeon –

Christopher John Francis Eddis, a lieutenant commanding the *Pigeon*, was born June 7, 1885, in Bellagio, Italy, which lies on Lake Como, as a British subject, to John Elwin Eddis and Elizabeth Catherine (Jackson) Eddis, who were married July 15, 1884. John Eddis had been born in St. Mark's, Regents Park, London, and Catherine had been born in Calcutta, India.

The 1891 England and Wales Census lists the family living in St. Clement Parish, Truro, Cornwall. Christopher, age 5, has a sister Judith, age 3, born in Gloucestershire, and a brother Paul, not yet age one, born in Cornwall; the household includes four female servants, an aunt of one of his parent's (Annie Armitage) and a nurse.

Christopher entered the Royal Navy on September 15, 1900, at age 15.

On March 3, 1901, John and Elizabeth, with Christopher, are living in Witley, Surrey, England. Christopher, age 15, is a naval cadet. Eddis was promoted to the rank of lieutenant on December 31, 1907. He served as captain of H.M. *T.B. 105*, a torpedo boat, as of February 4, 1908. On October 27, 1908, he was named captain of H.M. *T.B. 108*, on which he served until January 27, 1910.

On October 29, 1909, the battleship *Hannibal* collided with *T.B. 105*, severely damaging the boat. Eddis was in command of *T.B. 105* at the time.

Eddis was appointed lieutenant and commander of the first-class torpedo boat *T.B. 11* on January 19, 1911. In May 1911, Eddis was blamed for a collision between his boat and *T.B. 31* while men were boarding *T.B. 11*. "It was considered that he should have selected a more sheltered location for the operation," notes the Dreadnought Project website (http://www.dreadnoughtproject.org/tfs/index.php/Christopher_John_Francis_Eddis.). Next he became captain of HMS *Cynthia* as of August 14, 1913.

In the autumn of 1908, Christopher married Katie Emelene Povah, in Tavistock, West Devon. Katie, daughter of John and Emma Jane (Long) Povah, was born 1879 in Ely, Cambridgeshire (with her birth registered in the first quarter of the year). In the 1901 England & Wales Census, Katie, age 22, was a hospital nurse in Ipswich, Suffolk. She died in 1961 at age 82 in Bristol, and is buried with her husband. At one point, she lived in Redeaves, Brentry, Bristol. In 1911, the census listed the couple as residents of Sheerness in Kent.

After a bout with tonsillitis, which caused his hospitalization from July 7 to 20, 1915, Eddis then saw service in Mesopotamia (the current Iraq), as part of the British campaign employing Indian Expeditionary Force D against the Ottoman Empire, as captain of HMS *Firefly*, a Fly-class river gunboat, so called because the boat names ended with the word "fly." Eddis was named captain of *Firefly* on August 4, 1915.

What transpired next was rather unusual. Royal Navy Staff Surgeon Frederick George Hitch (1885-1945), who served on board *Firefly* with Eddis, summed it up in his article "The First Commission of H.M.S. 'Firefly'," *Journal of the Royal Naval Medical Society*. "For one of H.M. Ships to be launched, commissioned, in action, and finally captured by hostile land forces within a month, is, I suppose, almost without precedent."

To recap: Eddis loses his ship to the enemy's LAND troops, who commission it into THEIR navy, but he returns as its captain when the enemy loses the ship to HIS navy. Because this is a unique occurrence – because the British/Ottoman theater of World War I is likely unknown to most Americans – because the area is still contentious and the names (Baghdad, Basra) still familiar – because of the novelty of the Royal Navy involved in desert warfare - and because Eddis's time in Mesopotamia (Iran/Iraq) reveals another side to him (competent omelet maker, for example), this makes an interesting digression from the story of the *Tuscania*.



Firefly, about to be launched at Abadan (present-day Iran)

<http://forums.clydemaritime.co.uk/viewtopic.php?t=25472>

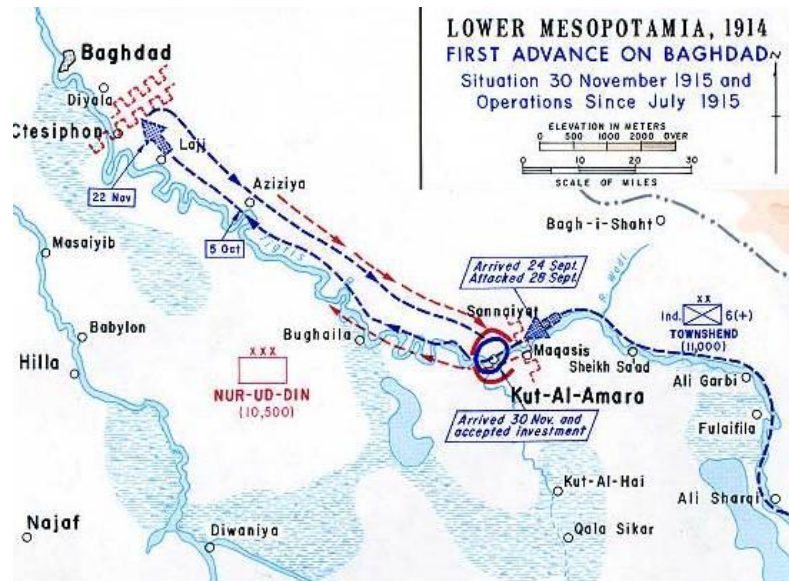
Upon the British arrival in Mesopotamia in November 1914, forces had advanced up the Tigris River to Baghdad employing a variety of boats, but found the Tigris too shallow to proceed, so the Royal Navy saw the need for modern, shallow-draft vessels. At first, the Royal Navy commissioned twelve small vessels designed and built by Yarrow & Co., shipbuilders in the Scotstoun district of Glasgow, on the River Clyde. Another four were commissioned after the initial loss of the *Firefly*.

To disguise their ultimate destination in the Middle East, the gunboats were designated "Small China Gunboats." Because the Tigris River was shallow, the Fly river gunboats "drew" (depth in water) approximately two feet, eight inches, when loaded with fuel oil and ammunition.

Firefly was launched February 15, 1915, in Scotland. Then it was dismantled, with the pieces being numbered, and port and starboard pieces being differentiated by red or green. It was 120 feet in length, 20 feet in beam, with a 90-ton displacement, one 4-inch gun mounted forward, and on the superstructure one six-pound Hotchkiss gun and two Maxim guns. Surgeon Hitch noted: "The single propeller worked in a tunnel built in the hull of the ship and so was secure from injury during the frequent groundings which are inevitable in the shallow tortuous reaches of the Tigris." The sections were shipped to Abadan, in present-day Iran, 32 miles south of Basra. Abadan is located on the Shatt-al Arab river, formed by the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, which flows south into the Persian Gulf. Abadan was then the headquarters of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company.

At Abadan, the keel was laid for *Firefly* on August 24, 1915, the first of the sixteen "Fly" gunboats to be reconstructed. The work was overseen by British engineers, Indian assistants and local laborers. (It is assumed that none of the employees was colorblind.) The Abadan staff could re-assemble a "Fly" gunboat in one week.

Firefly was commissioned into the Royal Navy on November 2, 1915, and Lieutenant-Commander Eddis took command. It sailed that day to Basra, where it loaded guns, ammunition and stores from the *Franz Ferdinand*, captured from the Austrian navy.



Map of the first advance on Baghdad - From:

https://www.google.com/search?q=mesopotamia+map+1918&tbm=isch&tbo=u&source=univ&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwiTprnMtMHYAhWDRt8KHXYJAacQsAQIKA&biw=1121&bih=781#imgdii=gp-7Cf_oj99loM:&imgsrc=sYZxQ1qjI6e4wM:

F. G. Hitch

415

Sheikh Sa'ad, where the sanguinary battle of January 7, 1916, afterwards took place, and at Kut-el-Amara, for oil fuel and fresh provisions. At Kut we also took on board several $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. iron plates and bales of compressed chaff or "bhusa," with which we improvised some protection for certain exposed positions, such as the rangefinder platform, and raised the 4-in. gun. We learned afterwards that the moral effect of our imposing looking vessel upon the riverain Arabs had been enormous. The Barr and Stroud rangefinder was considered to be a new sort of gun which shot both ways at once.

From the date of our arrival at Aziziyeh, where General Townshend's gallant force of 12,000 men had concentrated after their victory at Es Sinn, until the general advance on the Suliman Pak position on November 21, we were employed in reconnaissance work up river, and occasionally in conveying native sailing



FIG. 4.—Alongside "Franz Ferdinand" taking guns and ammunition on board, showing forward part of ship.

vessels called "mahallas," laden with supplies and munitions, through difficult crossings, or dangerous reaches, where they were liable to be raided by hostile Arabs. At this time of year the Tigris is at its shallowest and navigation is rendered extremely difficult. River craft, especially those drawing over 3 ft. of water, are frequently aground and may remain fast for two or three days together, or until they can get afloat again by laying out anchors, or by being towed off by a passing vessel. It is quite easy to find patches of under 2 ft. in depth, and as the channel is very tortuous and constantly shifting, all river craft carry an Arab or Chaldean pilot, and two men are kept in the bows continually sounding with bamboo poles and calling out the depth in feet to the pilot. Sniping from hostile Arabs on either bank was a frequent occurrence, but, although annoying, this was not very dangerous, and we had no casualties. As we used it in Mesopotamia the word has a different signification to that which it has in Europe. Here, the sniper is no skilled marksman, but an Arab, usually of one of the marsh or riverain tribes, who during the day will sell one egg or chickens, and will cheerfully snipe at night, or at any other time he thinks safe for his purpose. They very rarely fire from the shoulder, and make bad shooting as a rule. Most of the

*Right: Aboard
Firefly, loading
ammunition from
the Franz
Ferdinand, on the
Tigris -
"First Commission
of 'HMS Firefly',"
by Staff Surgeon
F.G. Hitch, RN.
JRNMS volume 4,
1918.*

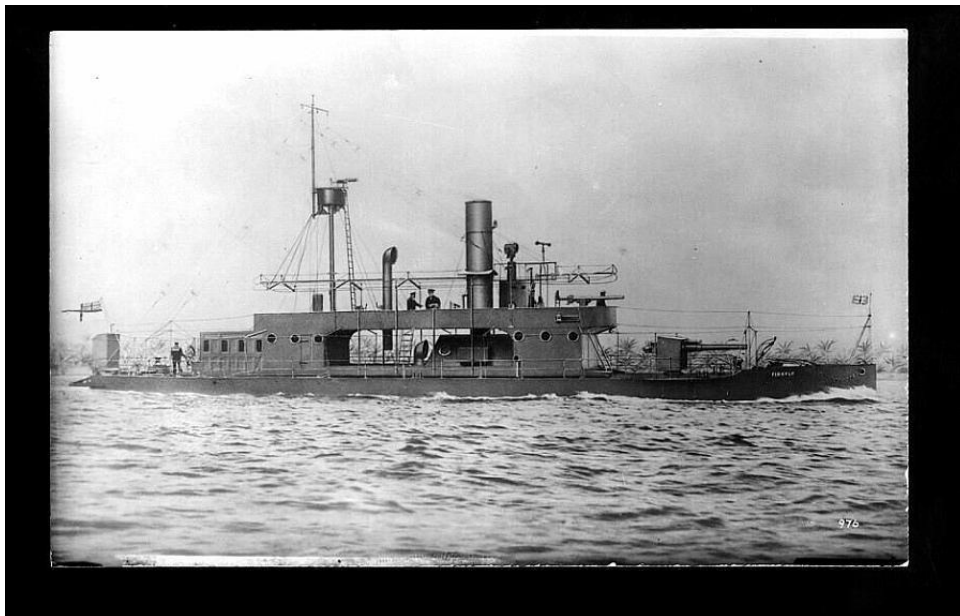
https://archive.org/stream/JRNMSVOL4Images/JRNMS_VOL_4#page/n527/mode/2up

The *Firefly* had a complement of seventeen. The two officers – Eddis and surgeon Hitch – had to "share a very small and inadequate cabin," located forward on the starboard side of the superstructure. Palatial it was not – as it served as a cabin, wardroom, bath-room, pantry and also the access to the ammunition, since the hatch to the magazine was in the cabin's floor. And the meager furnishings were not to last too long. Hitch noted wryly that "It contained a wooden cupboard to act as a store for mess gear, a washing basin stand and a small hanging flap table, all of which promptly disintegrated when the 4-in. gun was fired!"

The two chief petty officers shared an even smaller cabin. The crew, freshly arrived from England, were housed in a “portable cabin,” 12-feet-by-11-feet, made of thin wood; its three windows were equipped with sliding mosquito-proof panels.

The seventeen on board were Lieutenant in Command C.J.F. Eddis, surgeon Hitch, one chief petty officer (the coxswain), two petty officers, five able seamen, one engine room artificer (E.R.A.), one stoker petty officer, three stokers and one wireless operator, plus “a good Arab pilot, one Abdul Kerim.” But no interpreter and “no domestic” – so Eddis and Hitch, both having “a sound, if somewhat narrow, knowledge of cookery up to and including the production of a passable omelet,” managed to get by without a cook.

Arriving at Kut, the *Firefly* crew improvised protection for exposed positions such as the Barr and Stroud rangefinder gun using ½-inch iron plates and bales of compressed chaff (“bhusa”). Having arrived in Aziziyeh, 116 river miles from Baghdad, *Firefly* was used in reconnaissance work up the river and accompanying local sailing vessels through difficult areas, complicated either due to geography or hostile locals. The Tigris was at its lowest depth of the year, and the channel continuously shifting, so pilot Abdul Kerim, and the two men stationed in the bows checking the depth with bamboo poles and calling out the depth to the pilot, were vital. (“Mark twain” indeed – a practice to determine adequate water depth that had given American author and once riverboat pilot Mark Twain his pen name.) Excitement was added by casual sniping from Arabs on the banks, which caused most of the riverboats to display numerous bullet holes.



HMS Firefly, on the Tigris River in Mesopotamia

Firefly was part of the British advance in an attempt to capture Baghdad in November 1915, which involved sending 11,000 British/Indian troops and Navy vessels north up the Tigris River, under the command of flamboyant General Charles Vere Ferrers Townshend. *Firefly* was the

only one of the “Fly” gunboats involved in this first British expedition, departing Aziziyeh on November 19, dodging mines along the way.

The British estimated an Ottoman force that was much less than the actual number of Ottoman troops (18,000 men with 52 guns), a number much larger than British troop strength. Since the British advance was hindered by bad weather, wet ground and General Townshend’s reluctance, the Ottoman forces had plenty of time to prepare a defense.

The three-day battle of Ctesiphon, an ancient city located in present-day Iraq, 20 miles south of Baghdad, began on the morning of November 22, 1915. The Ottoman forces fired first on the British gunboats. Under fire, the gunboats had to negotiate the heavily mined Tigris, avoiding river obstructions, handicapped by its shallow depth. *Firefly*, with its top visible over the steep banks of the Tigris, “must have afforded a good mark for the Turkish gunners, and the height of the bank was such as to prevent our making an effective reply to the enemy’s fire,” observed surgeon Hitch. During the battle, the *Firefly* crew repainted its “fighting top” green instead of its original yellow, hoping for some concealment. The senior naval officer, Captain Wilfred Nunn, came up on a small motorboat and came on board *Firefly* to direct operations on November 22.

On November 23, a dust storm prevented the Ottoman artillery from hitting the British ships. Since the ships were not in contact with the army, they did not know that the British land forces had fallen back.

On November 24, 1915, both the British and Ottoman generals ordered a withdrawal, the British losing 4,600 and the Ottoman Empire 6,200 to 9,500 men.

Firefly covered the retreat of the British and Indian forces from Ctesiphon to Kut-al-Amara, following the troops at their rear for their protection. When the Ottoman troops determined the British were falling back, they turned from their own retreat and pursued the enemy to Kut. *Firefly* was in company with paddle steamer *Comet* and the armed tugs *Sumana* and *Shaitan* on the Tigris River. The water voyage was quite difficult, as almost all the ships ran aground several times, so time had to be spent hauling ships off the mud and towing heavy ammunition barges through the shallows, while being attacked by Ottoman cavalry.

On the evening of November 29, the tug *Shaitan* began leaking so badly that it soon rested on the bottom. The evening of the 30th, *Firefly* removed *Shaitan*’s guns, ammunition, stores and anything of use to the enemy, under heavy sniper fire, then disabled *Shaitan*’s engines.

The evening of November 30, 1915, *Firefly* moored on the east bank of the Tigris at the small village of Umm-al-Tubal. About 8 p.m. the Ottoman advance forces began to shell *Firefly*, which incurred only minor damages although struck several times by shrapnel. The response of the *Firefly*’s 4-inch and 6-pound guns silenced the Ottoman guns for a while.

But on the morning of December 1, it was discovered that the main Turkish 44th Regiment had arrived during the night, and was encamped only 4,000 yards from the British forces. A dawn

attack by the Ottoman troops was met with an artillery response by the British land forces, with *Firefly*, *Comet* and *Sumana* also opening fire. About 7 a.m. the Ottoman guns began to fire on the ships, which were unaware the British land forces had fallen back.

The eighth shell hit *Firefly*, reported Hitch. Two shells entered his and Eddis's cabin - the one directly above the ammunition magazine - but they did not explode. A short time before 8 a.m., Lieutenant Eddis "was wounded in the right side and arm by numerous small splinters of shell." Surgeon Hitch was providing Eddis with first aid while on the port side of the conning tower, when "another projectile entered the boiler, completely disabling the ship, which for some minutes was enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke and steam." The doctor hurried to the engine room to find a stoker severely injured from severe scalding from escaping steam; the stoker will later die.

With its engines out of order, *Firefly* began to float downstream. It was taken in tow by *Comet*, which was on fire from shelling, but *Comet* got stuck in the mud. *Firefly*, drifting behind it, then pushed *Comet* still further onto the mud. *Firefly* freed itself, but ran aground again. Since all ships were under heavy fire, and Turkish troops only 100 yards away, the *Sumana* removed the crew from the fully ablaze *Comet*. "Shortly afterwards we were ordered to abandon the 'Firefly,' and by good luck under close and heavy fire we managed to get to the 'Sumana,' which was still afloat, in the ship's dinghy," wrote Hitch. Ottoman soldiers were boarding both ships as the British exited. Only an obsolete signal book was left behind in the *Firefly*'s safe, which was too hot to handle.

The retreat to Kut was plagued by lack of supplies and inadequate medical staff, with the wounded carried on ox carts and overcrowded boats, resulting in more casualties. The British/Indian forces arrived in Kut on December 2, 1915, where they were besieged by Ottoman forces, under conditions of severely limited food, until surrendering Kut on April 29, 1916. While General Townshend lived in luxury provided by his captors, and his officers were treated tolerably well, 4,000 of his 12,000 men died while in captivity.

Eddis and the crew of *Firefly* escaped the siege, leaving with most of the Royal Navy personnel, minus the *Sumana*, on the river steamer *Blosse Lynch* and on a barge, arriving in Basra on December 8, 1915.

The Turks repaired, rearmed and renamed *Firefly*, either as *Suleiman Pak*, *Suliman Pak*, *Selmanpak* or *Firicloss*, and commissioned it into the Ottoman Navy. In Turkish, *Selman-I Pak Muahresbei* was the name for the "Battle of Ctesiphon," which surgeon Hitch says was the reason for the *Firefly*'s new name. The Arabic "Salman" was one of the Prophet Mohammed's companions and the namesake of the Iraqi city Salman Pak on the Euphrates. [Salman Pak becomes the center of Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein's chemical weapons operations decades later.]

Surgeon Hitch, reassigned to *Dragonfly*, noted his former ship was now the tool of the enemy. "During the unsuccessful fighting for the relief of Kut in the spring of 1916, we frequently

caught sight of her [*Firefly*'s] fighting top in the distance and occasionally fancied that we could distinguish from the sound as it came over, a shell from her 4-in. gun."

Having learned lessons from the 1916 attempt on Baghdad, and under a new commander – Lieutenant General Sir Frederick Stanley Maude – the British/Indian ground forces, armed river boats and river supply ships began again to advance to Baghdad on December 13, 1916. The British forces proceeded cautiously up both sides of the Tigris under "Systematic Joe," the commander's nickname. After recapturing Kut on February 24, 1917, the march on Baghdad resumed March 5, 1917.

Edmund Candler wrote in his book *The Long Road to Baghdad* (1919): "During the whole of the afternoon, the *Firefly*, the gunboat lost by us at Umm-el-Tubal in the retreat from Ctesiphon, had kept up a running fire as we pursued. Just as it was getting dark her crew ran her nose ashore, landed, and escaped, leaving her with full steam ahead and a fire in her magazine, but intact except for strained boilers."

"The *Firefly* made some good shooting at us with her 4-inch gun," reported Captain Wilfred Nunn, in his report from HMS *Mantis* at Baghdad on March 11, 1917.

Nunn continued that "our reply began to tell on her [*Firefly*], and having been hit several times she ran into the bank and fell into our hands about 6:15 p.m. in the northwest part of the Zaljah reach, to west of Umm al Tubul." *Firefly* was recaptured February 26, 1917, at 6:15 p.m. by the British gunboat *Tarantula*, at Nahr al Kalek, close to where she had been lost to the enemy. The British were pleased to rehoist the Royal Navy's "White Ensign" flag on *Firefly*. The loss of *Firefly* by the Turks to the British reduced the Ottoman fleet to two patrol boats.

Upon resuming command of the *Firefly*, Eddis "was delighted to find in his cabin that his books and many of his papers remained intact," according to *The Navy in Mesopotamia 1914 to 1917*, by Conrad Cato.

Candler wrote: "Twelve days afterwards, under her old commander (Commander Eddis), she took part in the entry of the fleet into Baghdad." Surgeon Hitch wrote that *Firefly* "entered the City of the Caliphs once again flying the White Ensign."

Eddis's resumed command of *Firefly* and participation in the battle for Baghdad were duly noted by Captain Wilfred Nunn. "Lieutenant Eddis, RN, who had lost *Firefly* and was now returned to her command, led the flotilla – he was under orders for the North Sea, but there was time for him to perform this one last act."

General Sir Frederick Stanley Maude entered Baghdad without resistance on March 11, 1917, occupying the first major Axis city and province which had fallen to the Allies.



General Maude entering Baghdad, March 11, 1917

Firefly was sunk in the Euphrates River on June 14, 1924, by insurgents who wished to displace British rule and return the area to Arab government.

For his service in Mesopotamia, Eddis was “mentioned in despatches,” inclusion by name in an official report by one’s commanding officer to the high command, bringing special notice for bravery. These despatches were published in the *London Gazette*. Eddis was mentioned in such despatches as those of July 13, 1916; January 17, 1916 (by General Sir John Nixon); and May 7, 1917. General Nixon wrote: “Throughout these operations Captain Nunn, Lieutenant Eddis, who was wounded, and all officers and men of the Naval Flotilla behaved with great coolness and bravery under most trying circumstances.”

Eddis’s next command was HMS *Sawfly* as of December 27, 1915, another of the “Fly” gunboats. It had also been reconstructed at Abadan, and saw service on the Tigris and Euphrates rivers until sold in 1923 at Basra. Eddis was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-commander on December 31, 1915. His captaincy on *Sawfly* ended on January 15, 1916.

On the night of July 27-28, 1916, a chief petty officer disappeared overboard from a ship [unnamed] under Eddis’s command and Eddis incurred Their Lordships’ “grave displeasure.”

Eddis’s next command was HMS *Tarantula*, from August 11, 1916, to September 1916. Eddis was commander of the *Pigeon* from May 15, 1917, to March 19, 1918. He then became captain of HMS *Scimitar*, on which he served from March 19, 1918, until his death on October 19, 1918.

Eight months after the sinking of the *Tuscania*, and one month before the Armistice, *Scimitar* commander Eddis died of pneumonia. The journal *The Near East* reported in its October 15, 1918, issue: “It is announced that Lieutenant-Commander C.J.F. Eddis, R. N., who commanded

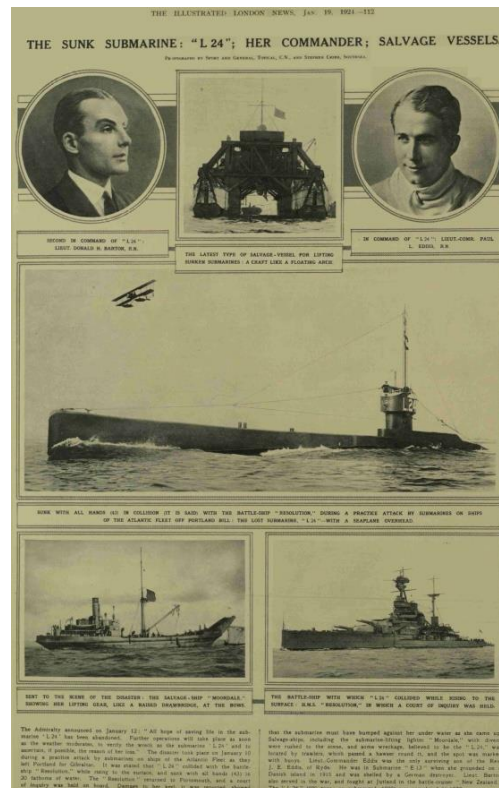
H.M.S. Firefly in Mesopotamia, and took an important part in covering the retreat of our troops from Ctesiphon, died on October 19 of pneumonia. He was 33 years old."

Eddis received France's military honor, the Croix de Guerre (with Palm) in 1917, for service while he was in command of HMS *Cynthia* from 1913-1915.

Christopher's brother, Lieutenant Commander Paul Leathley Eddis (born March 18, 1891), died after the war along with his entire crew while commanding the Royal Navy mine-laying submarine HMS *L-24* when it sank during maneuvers on January 10, 1924. The submarine, participating in a mock battle, had surfaced underneath the bow of the HMS *Resolution*; the incident still generates controversy.



Left: Memorial plaque to Paul Eddis – Holy Trinity Church, Isle of Wight

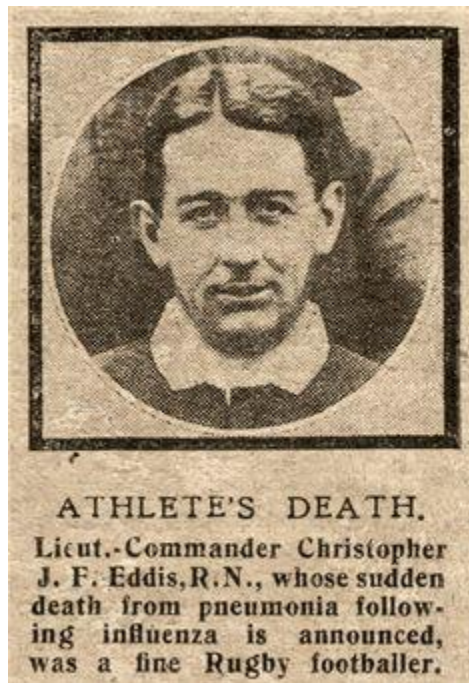


Right: Illustrated London News, 19 January 1924, "The Sunk Submarine, "L 24"; Her Commander, Salvage Vessels" with its commander Paul Eddis pictured at top right

Christopher and Paul's father, John Elwin Eddis, the vicar of Holy Trinity Church, in Ryde on the Isle of Wight from 1907 to 1919, erected a memorial plaque in the church "in memory of two beloved sons," inscribed "Live for England for which we died." The plaque is also inscribed with Christ's words from John 4:50: "Go thy way, thy son liveth." A separate plaque lists the names of Paul Eddis and the other 42 victims of the submarine loss. These plaques hang in the church's Chapel of St. Martin, which was originally dedicated to St. Christopher in honor of Christopher Eddis.

Christopher Eddis's copyrighted photograph can be viewed at:

<http://www.ukphotoarchive.org.uk/p610517987/h792D6F6B#h792d6f6b>

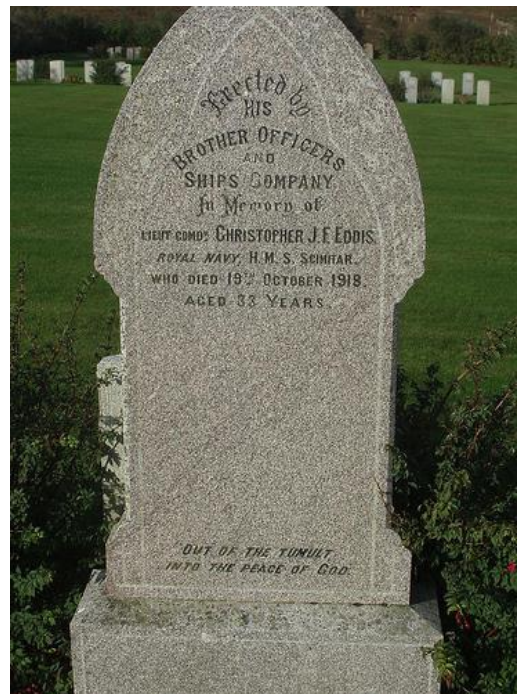


Eddis's Croix de Guerre (with Palm) From the Graphic, 24 October 1918
medal, awarded by France -
Royal Museums, Greenwich

<http://collections.rmg.co.uk/collections/objects/208986.html>



The monuments to brothers Christopher John Francis Eddis and Paul Leathley Ellis
http://www.isle-of-wight-fhs.co.uk/mis_bis/mis_ryde_holy_trinity.html



Lt. Commander Christopher J.F. Eddis – buried in Lyness Royal Naval Cemetery, Isle of Hoy, Orkney, Scotland (location: C-3) – died at age 33 – “Out of the tumult, into the peace of God”

<http://lyness-cemetery.blogspot.com/2010/06/e.html>

http://www.isle-of-wight-fhs.co.uk/mis_bis/mis_ryde_holy_trinity.html

Smith, of HMS *Grasshopper* –

Born June 14, 1882, in Glasgow, Lanarkshire, Scotland, to Alexander Smith of Scotland and Margaret Montgomery Smith of Ireland, John Morrison Smith became a midshipman on June 4, 1901; a sub-lieutenant June 7, 1907; and a supply lieutenant on April 1, 1913, the rank he held when the commander of the *Grasshopper*. The Dreadnought Project indicates Smith as the captain of HMS *P23* from June 7, 1916, to January 9, 1918. Smith assumed command of this new "P" Class patrol boat upon conclusion of its construction. His captaincy of *Grasshopper* dates from January 9, 1918, to August 10, 1918. He received praise from the Admiralty for his attack upon a German submarine on May 6, 1918.

On August 10, 1918, Smith became captain of the HMS *Mameluke*, serving until April 30 or May 30, 1919, when he became captain of HMS *Plucky*. The *Plucky* was sold on December 18, 1919, but Smith's command endured until January 9, 1920.

At his request, Smith was placed on the Retired List on August 26, 1920. On April 1, 1921, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander on the Retired List. Around 1924, Smith immigrated to Canada and became a Canadian citizen at some point. In 1932, he was living in Pavilion, British Columbia, Canada, when the National Tuscania Survivors Association invited him late that year to attend the 1933 NTSA reunion. [*Appleton [Wisconsin] Post Gazette*, December 17, 1932].

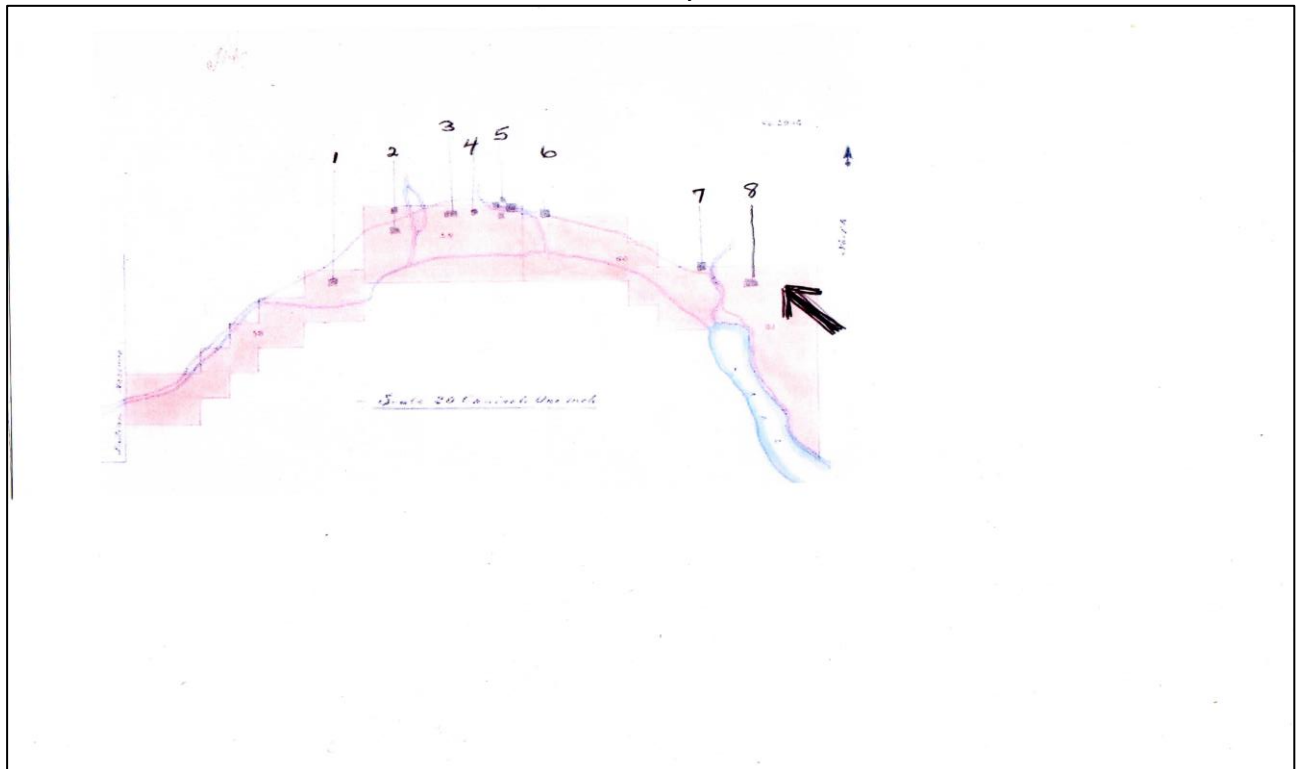
At some point after October 1926, as his future wife Jessie is not married at the time of her mother's death that month/year, John marries Jessie Campbell Wright, daughter of well-known Presbyterian missionary and minister John Knox Wright. She was born June 13, 1897, in British Columbia.

In *Wrigley's British Columbia Directory* for 1927 and 1928, John M. Smith's occupation is "fox farming" in Pavilion. In 1929, he is listed as "manager Continental Blue Fox Farm." In 1930, Smith is involved in mink farming, while Mrs. Smith is a secretary in the Pavilion school and a justice of the peace. In 1931, Smith writes the National Tuscania Survivors Association that he is "now raising foxes at Pavilion, Canada." He noted that "My wife and I came out here five years ago and started raising blue foxes and mink, with fairly good success. Here's hoping that we may see no more wars. They are really stupid."

In 1932, John is involved in mink farming and as the justice of the peace.



Pavilion Lake in the Fraser Canyon, British Columbia



The Continental Blue Fox & Mink Farm operated by John M. Smith is believed to be the building indicated by #8 in lot 61 (arrow added for emphasis)

From Rita Bryson Morrison's "The History of Pavilion," at the Lillooet Museum & Visitor Centre, Lillooet, BC, Canada

Also referenced in: "Who, Where and When – Memories of Deep River"

<http://www.jkcc.com/minkpeople/whowherewhen.html>

John Morrison Smith runs for election from the Lillooet riding (provincial constituency) to the British Columbia Legislative Assembly in 1933, as a candidate of the Co-operative

Commonwealth Federation (CCF) Party. He places third among the three candidates, winning 472 of the 2,104 votes cast. This party, which was newly formed in British Columbia in 1933, was a social-democratic party.

[http://archive.org/stream/dailycolonist1033uvic_18#page/n0/mode/1up/search/john+morrison and [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lillooet_\(electoral_district\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lillooet_(electoral_district))]

In 1934, the *Sun British Columbia Directory* lists J.M. Smith as a magistrate in Lillooet, the Smiths having apparently relocated from Pavilion. In June 1934, British Columbia cancels the appointment of John Morrison Smith as a stipendiary magistrate and justice of the peace in Pavilion, British Columbia, Canada.


(http://bclaws.ca/civix/document/id/oic/arc_oic/1934_june)

The *British Columbia and Yukon Directory* from 1935 to 1938 lists J.M. Smith as a resident of Lillooet, "retired." By 1940, John Morrison Smith is listed in the directory as a temporary officer in the Canadian Navy List (Department of National Defence), and retired from the Royal Navy. On May 31, 1940, Smith was sent to work with the naval officer in charge at Vancouver, British Columbia. He was promoted to the rank of commander on the Retired List on May 8, 1946.

The 1941 to 1945 *British Columbia and Yukon Directory* publications list John M. and Jessie C., "service," living in Vancouver - in 1941 and 1942 at 5760 Dunbar, and in 1943 and thereafter at 1915 Beach. John's status is listed as "active service" since he is now assisting in the war effort.

The directories for 1946 and 1947 list John M. as "retired," living at 1915 Beach. Jessie is listed as the widow of J.M. Smith in the 1948 directory.

Smith is mentioned in the *Annals of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club*. During World War II, the Yacht Club was called upon to help patrol the port of Vancouver. "In September 1940 Lt.-Commander J. M. Smith, r.cn., assumed direction of the training programme, which was stepped up three evenings weekly with manoeuvres, lamp and flag signal exercises between vessels on weekends. " In 1942, "On the establishment of blackout regulations throughout the Vancouver area in 1942, the Volunteer Patrol was requested by Lt.-Commander J. M. Smith, Naval Control Station, Vancouver, to assume the patrol of five designated zones in Burrard Inlet, and this work was carried out for the duration of the regulations until December 16th 1943." On February 16, 1944, Smith writes a letter of thanks for their time and energy.

 CANADA	Department of National Defence Naval Service	IN REPLY PLEASE QUOTE No. B. 15-71-2
		Vancouver, B. C. 16th February, 1944


Dear Sir,

Information has been received from the Commanding Officer Pacific Coast that, in view of the recent reduction in the Defence Category for the West Coast, the likelihood that the Volunteer Yacht Patrol would be required in connection with the defences of the Port of Vancouver is now very remote. It has therefore been decided to discontinue the activities of your organization, and in accordance with Naval Regulations it is requested that your files of correspondence, orders, etc., be returned to this office.

It is fully realized that the time and energy expended by the various members of the Vancouver Volunteer Yacht Patrol, to say nothing of the physical discomforts experienced, have been a considerable imposition. The efforts of the Yacht Patrol have measurably reduced the commitments of the Royal Canadian Navy in this area during a period in which it would have been difficult to maintain a similar Naval Patrol, and it is a matter of deep concern to me that there is no tangible recognition of this fact. The knowledge that the Patrol's activities have been of definite assistance to the Navy will, however, give a feeling of satisfaction to those who contributed so much to its undisputed success.

At this time I would like to express my personal appreciation for the keen and efficient manner in which the Vancouver Volunteer Yacht Patrol has carried out its duties, and the enthusiasm with which the responsibilities placed upon it have been received.

Yours very truly,


 A/Commander, R.C.N. (Temp.)
 Naval Officer-in-Charge

FRM:jf

Mr. G.A. Cran,
 Secretary,
 Vancouver Volunteer Yacht Patrol,
 1509 Dunbar Street,
 Vancouver, B. C.

Reproduction of letter from Lt. Com. J. M. Smith.

Annals of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, page 168

http://www.royalvan.com/files/Annals_Section1_ClubHistoryPart1.pdf

John Morrison Smith died September 19, 1947, in Vancouver, British Columbia, where he had lived for 11 years, and is buried in Mountain View Cemetery in Vancouver. His death certificate listed his career as "naval officer," retired in October 1945, and that he had pursued this career

for thirty years. He had served as commander of HMCS *Discovery* [HMCS = His Majesty's Canadian Ship], a training and recruitment division and shore facility in Vancouver. Smith died in Vancouver's Shaughnessy Hospital.



Captain J.M. Smith sitting at a chart table (1944) – from the City of Vancouver archives

<http://searcharchives.vancouver.ca/commander-j-m-smith-r-c-n-sitting-at-chart-table>



Burial stone of John Morrison Smith, Royal Canadian Navy, in Mountain View Cemetery, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, Jones family plot, Section 1, Block O, Plot 57, Lot 9

<http://www.veterans.gc.ca/enq/remembrance/memorials/canadian-virtual-war-memorial/detail/2849482>

After John's death, his widow Jessie returned to a career, at least for two years, as a stenographer/secretary for the law firm of Drost & Mussallem and then later for attorney Nicholas Mussallem in Vancouver. She died at Normandy Private Hospital in Vancouver on February 23, 1976, at age 78; her "residence" was the hospital's address (4505 Valley Drive) so it is likely she was in a nursing care facility. Her death certificate lists her birthplace, mother's name/birthplace, and father's name/birthplace as "unknown." The information was filled out

by the Public Trust. Her body was cremated February 25, 1976, with arrangements handled by the Glenhaven Memorial Chapel and the Vancouver Crematorium.

Form 6

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
PROVINCIAL BOARD OF HEALTH - DIVISION OF VITAL STATISTICS
REGISTRATION OF DEATH

Reg. No. (Office use only)
008030

1. PLACE OF DEATH
Name of city or place: **Vancouver.** Name of Municipality (if any): **B. C.**
Street or road: **Shaughnessy Hospital.** House No.:

2. LENGTH OF STAY
(If death occurred in a hospital or institution, give the name instead of street and number)
In Municipality where death occurred: **11 years** In Province: **23 years** In Canada (if immigrant): **23 years**
(in years, months and days)

3. PRINT FULL NAME OF DECEASED
SMITH John Morrison
(Surname or last name) (Given or Christian names)

4. PERMANENT RESIDENCE OF DECEASED
Name of city or place: **Vancouver.** Name of Municipality (if any): **B. C.**
Street or road: **1915 Beach Ave.** House No.:

5. SEX: **M.** 6. CITIZENSHIP: **Canadian** 7. RACIAL ORIGIN: **Scotch.** 8. Single, Married, Widowed or Divorced: **Married.** 9. BIRTHPLACE (Province or Country): **Glasgow, SCOTLAND**

10. Date of Birth: **June 14th. 1882.** 11. AGE: **65** Years Months Days: **3 5** If less than one day: **hrs. or min.**

12. (a) Trade, profession or kind of work as spinner, grader, clerk, etc. **Naval Officer.**
(b) Kind of industry or business, as paper mill, lumber, bank, etc.

13. Date deceased last worked: **October 1945** 14. Total years spent in this occupation: **30 years.**

15. If married, widowed or divorced give name of husband or maiden name of wife of deceased: **Jessie Campbell Wright.**

16. Name of father: **Smith, Alexander** (Surname or last name) (Given or Christian names)
17. Maiden name of mother: **Montgomery, Margaret** (Surname or last name) (Given or Christian names)
18. Birthplace: **Scotland.** (Province or Country) Mother: **Ireland.** (Province or Country)

19. I certify the foregoing to be true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Given under my hand at **Vancouver.** this **20th** day of **September** 19 **47**
Signature of Informant: **Robert Montgomery** Relationship to deceased: **Cousin**
Address: **2515 6th. W. Vancouver, B.C.**

20. Burial, Cremation or Removal: **Burial** Date: **September 23rd** 19 **47.**
(Month by name) (Day) (Year)
Place of Burial: **Vancouver** (Municipality) Cemetery: **Mountain View**
21. Undertaker: **Center & Hanna Ltd.** Address: **1049 W. Georgia St., Vancouver, B.C.**

22. Marginal Notations (Office use only)

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

23. DATE OF DEATH: **September 19th. 1947**
(Month by name) (Day) (Year)

24. I HEREBY CERTIFY that I attended deceased from **August 4th. 1947** to **September 19th. 1947** and last saw him alive on **Sept. 19th. 1947**

CAUSE OF DEATH

Immediate cause: **Infarct of Brain**
due to: **Atherosclerosis**
Morbidity conditions, if any, giving rise to immediate cause (stated in order proceeding backwards from immediate cause):
(a) **Haemia**
(b) **Atherosclerosis**
Other morbidity conditions (if important) contributing to death but not causally related to immediate cause:
(c) **Atherosclerosis**

25. If a woman, was the death associated with pregnancy?

26. Was there a surgical operation? Date of operation: _____
State findings: _____ Was there an autopsy? **Yes.**

27. If death was due to external causes (violence) fill in also the following:
Accident, suicide or homicide? (State which) Date of injury: _____
Manner of injury: _____ (How sustained)
Nature of injury: _____
Specify whether injury occurred in industry, in home or in public place

Signed by: **M. D. Rae** Designation: **M.D.** M.D., Coroner, etc.
Address: **Shaughnessy Hospital.** Date: **Sept. 20th. 1947.**
Vancouver, B.C.

28. I hereby certify that the above entry was made to me at
Dated: **Vancouver, B.C. SEP 23 1947**
District Registration No.: **2032**

GR-2951
Volume 008A
BRITISH COLUMBIA. DIVISION OF VITAL STATISTICS.
Death registrations 008001 to 008500
1947

Death certificate from British Columbia, Canada, of John Morrison Smith
https://familysearch.org/search/collection/results?count=20&query=%2Bgivenname%3Ajohn%20%2Bsurname%3Asmith~%20%2Bdeath_year%3A1947-1947~&collection_id=1538285

Edward T. Fitzgerald expresses his gratitude in the *New York Times* of March 2, 1918, to the destroyer captains and crew. "I can't describe adequately just how grateful we feel, and when I return I want to meet the man who inquires ironically, 'What is the British Navy doing in this war?' As a matter of fact at least 1,500 of our passengers, perhaps more, would have been lost if it had not been for the supreme courage of the men of those destroyers. They took frightful chances of being blown to pieces in pulling up alongside the *Tuscania*. We owe our lives to the bravery of the British jackies."

The conduct of the primary "British craft" referred to in the Times report, was recorded as being exemplary and received unanimous praise in all the reports. The vessel was H.M.S. GRASSHOPPER (see Figure 1) and the rescue is described thusly in a report from one of the survivors, a young American officer:

"The work of the destroyer [H.M.S. GRASSHOPPER] was magnificent and could not have been better. They were constantly in danger of being torpedoed while clearing the lifeboats. They carried on however, and when they saw they could save no more life, left the scene."

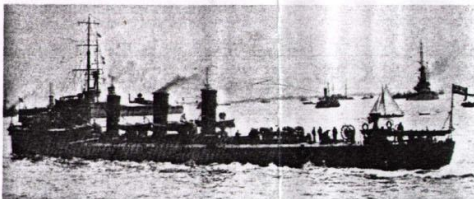
In the aftermath of the consolidation of the survivors, a "Tuscania Survivors' Association" was formed and caused a gold medal to be made for issue to the crew of H.M.S. GRASSHOPPER (Figure 2).

The medal is gold, rectangular shaped, 31mm x 38mm excluding the suspension, which is in the form of a rectangular "loop" at the top of the medal. The ribbon is suspended from a plain gold rectangular bar. Originally a "stars and stripes" ribbon, which was in shreds, was in place (this has been replaced with a modern stars and stripes ribbon in the illustrated piece).

The obverse design shows a vessel sinking in the sea, with a torpedo immediately above and the crossed flags of the United States and Great Britain above it. In the bottom quarter of the medal are the words "TUSCANIA SURVIVORS ASSN.". The whole has a plain border with slightly concave corners.

The reverse simply carries the words "IN RECOGNITION OF VALOR SHOWN BY THE COMMANDER AND CREW OF HMS GRASSHOPPER IN RESCUE OF U.S.A. TROOPS, FEB. 5, 1918".

Serving on H.M.S. GRASSHOPPER was Chief Stoker William Samuel Noad, D.S.M., R.N. He was a career sailor, having received the Distinguished Service Medal while serving on H.M.S. GRASSHOPPER as part of the 2nd Destroyer Flotilla, in 1918, the Medal for Zeal of Imperial Russia and the Royal Navy Long Service and Good Conduct Medal (Figure 3). This fine group is augmented by the Tuscania Survivors Association Gold Medal.



22

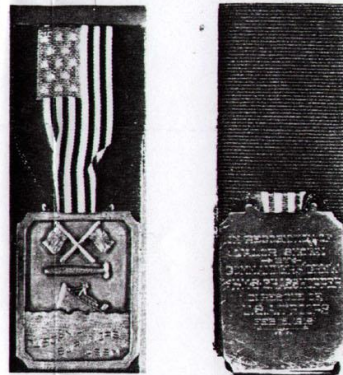


Figure 2.



Figure 3.

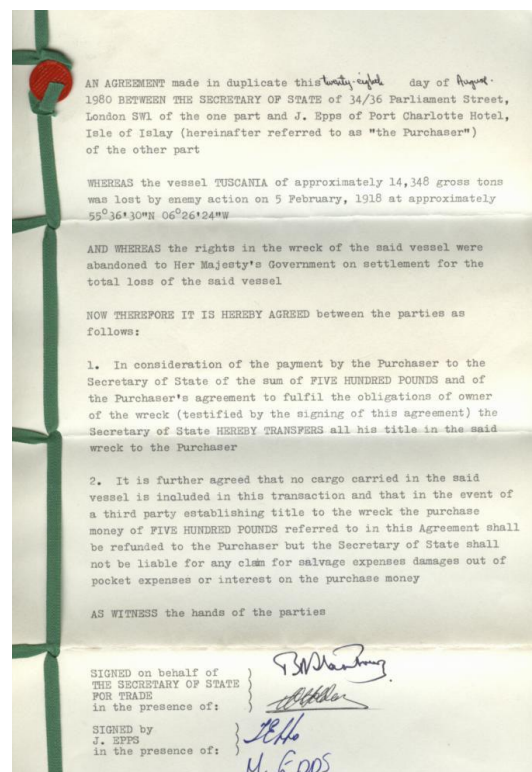
23

Medals awarded to the crew of the Grasshopper by the NTSA

Part 20: The Wreck

The *Tuscania* rests today in 330 feet of water between Scotland's Islay Isle and Ireland's Rathlin Island, about seven miles north of the Rathlin lighthouse and seven miles southwest of Islay. According to original reports, she sank at latitude 55 degrees 25 minutes north, and 6 degrees 13 minutes longitude west, in about 50 fathoms of water. German submarine *UB-77* disputed this location after hearing these coordinates on the *Tuscania*'s intercepted distress signal. It is estimated that the ship was torpedoed while at 55 degrees 13 minutes north. On April 11, 1930, Rear Admiral H.P. Douglas of the Royal Navy indicated *Tuscania* sank at 55 degrees 36 minutes north, and 6 degrees 29 minutes west, in about fifty fathoms of water. The website wrecksite.eu gives its current location as latitude 55 degrees 29 minutes .364 north, and 6 degrees 20 minutes .107 west. *Tuscania* is United Kingdom Hydrographic Office (UKHO) wreck number 3362.

The salvage rights to the wreck are held by Timothy Epps of Port Charlotte, Isle of Islay, granted by the United Kingdom Department of Trade and Licenses in 1980.



Agreement dated 28 August 1980 conveying rights to the wreck of the Tuscania, between the U.K. Secretary of State and J. [Timothy J.] Epps of Port Charlotte Hotel, Isle of Islay

At that time – 1980 - the Department for Transport sold the hull and machinery of wrecks. The *Tuscania* wreck was not at the time considered a designated site under the later 1986 “Protection of Military Remains Act” (PMRA), which covers vessels sunk with a loss of life, in effect, a ship which may contain human remains. When Tim Epps was interviewed by the

Guardian in 1981, he related: “When I was a boy, there were plenty of tales that the *Tuscania* in particular was carrying a treasure in silver dollars. While she was sinking apparently two Irish crew members made for the purser’s office and were seen two months later very obviously in funds. But even they hinted there was a great deal left.”

Note that *Tuscania* survivor Arthur Siplon related his story that, as the ship was sinking, he informed others on deck, overheard by two soldiers of Irish descent, about money in the purser’s office. These two men were found AWOL when the unit’s muster call was taken after the rescue, reportedly “living it up” with lots of money. The tale had lived on, slightly altered.

Epps continued in the *Guardian* that his main purpose would be to dive the *Tuscania* to seek non-ferrous metals, such as the *Tuscania*’s two propellers. In 2002, a spokesman for the Department for Transport confirmed that there was no current salvage contract on the *Tuscania*, and one would not be granted under the department’s current policy.

In the 1980s and 1990s, the dive site was described by diver/photographer Leigh Bishop as “being lost in water far too deep for divers.” Bishop said, “*Tuscania* is one of the toughest wreck dives around, if only because it lies in a very tidal location right in the middle of what’s known as the North Channel. With a huge amount of water from the north Atlantic squeezing into a very small area on the daily tidal movement, it can be dived only at certain times of year and on certain tides. This is why so few people have visited the site.”



From Diver magazine - <http://www.divernet.com/wrecks-general/p301604-an-american-history.html>



From <http://marioweidner.de/> and Diver magazine

In 1990, Irish diver Tommy Cecil, in his publication *The Harsh Winds of Rathlin*, indicated the *Tuscania* lay in water too deep to reach the ship. After the introduction of mixed gas in the early 1990s, a mixture previously reserved to military divers, the site became a dive possibility.

Tommy Cecil owned a dive center based on Rathlin Island and also operated a ferry service to the island. It was Thomas ("Tommy") John Cecil's diving team, Norman Woods and Oliver ("Ollie") McIlroy, which discovered a wreck using Decca technology on August 24, 1996. Their first dive attempt was unsuccessful due to the strong tidal water, and the team abandoned the dive at a depth of 80 meters. The team was unaware which ship they had located, and believed they had located the *Calgarian*, 17,500 tons, which had been torpedoed and sunk March 1, 1918, off Rathlin Island. They did not know they had found *Tuscania* 78 years after it sank.



Left: Calgarian, 17,515 tons, sunk March 1, 1918, off Rathlin Island. U-19 commander Johannes Spiess evaded seven destroyers, 11 trawlers and three sloops to fire the second torpedo which sent it to the bottom. Spiess sank 42 ships.

The team returned September 8, 1996, and located the wreck on the sea floor in one of the first explorations of a wreck deeper than 100

meters in Britain. The team dropped a grapple on the site, which caught the seabed on the port side of the wreck. The dive lasted 113 minutes, with 16 minutes spent on the wreck, with Oliver McIlroy the first down, followed by Norman Woods. At first, the two men went past the wreck. McIlroy was at 105 meters and Woods at 101 meters when they noticed the hull to their side, and proceeded to come up the hull past two rows of portholes, coming level with the top of the deck at approximately 90 meters.

The team, which included Nigel Martin and James McCready doing boat duty, was still unaware of the name of the ship they had found, figuring again it was the *Calgarian*. The top of the deck was 90 to 95 meters from the surface, with the seabed 100 to 104 meters down.

Woods and McIlroy dove in 123 meters to a wreck on September 21, 1996, with Cecil, McCready and Martin serving as "boat cover," thinking this ship was the *Tuscania*. This wreck turned out to be the *Andania*, 13,405 tons, a Cunard liner which had been torpedoed and sunk on January 27, 1918, near the Altacarry light on Rathlin Island, ten days before *Tuscania*.

German diver Mario Weidner in an article in *Taucher-News*, a German diving magazine, in April 1997, stated that he and Cecil had dived to the *Tuscania*. He noted the height of the deck at 92 meters, and the seabed at 105 meters. Weidner said a few plates, two gauges and a small brass doorplate were retrieved.

On August 17, 1997, when plans for videotaping another wreck went awry, Norman Woods was sitting in Ballintoy Harbour, Northern Ireland. Nigel Martin thought it was a great day, wrote Woods, and asked, "Why don't you dive the *Calgarian*?" - still operating under the assumption that the wreck found in September 1996 was *Calgarian*.

So Norman, his wife and Nigel set off for a dive, and found it was one of the few times the water clarity was good enough not to use flashlights. When Woods was on the bow of the wreck, forward of the hold, next to the gangway of the forward crew quarters, he saw the large bridge bell just sitting on the deck. There is only one such bell per ship.



Model of the Tuscania, showing the bell's position – from Mario Weidner's website



Model of the Tuscania – from Mario Weidner’s website

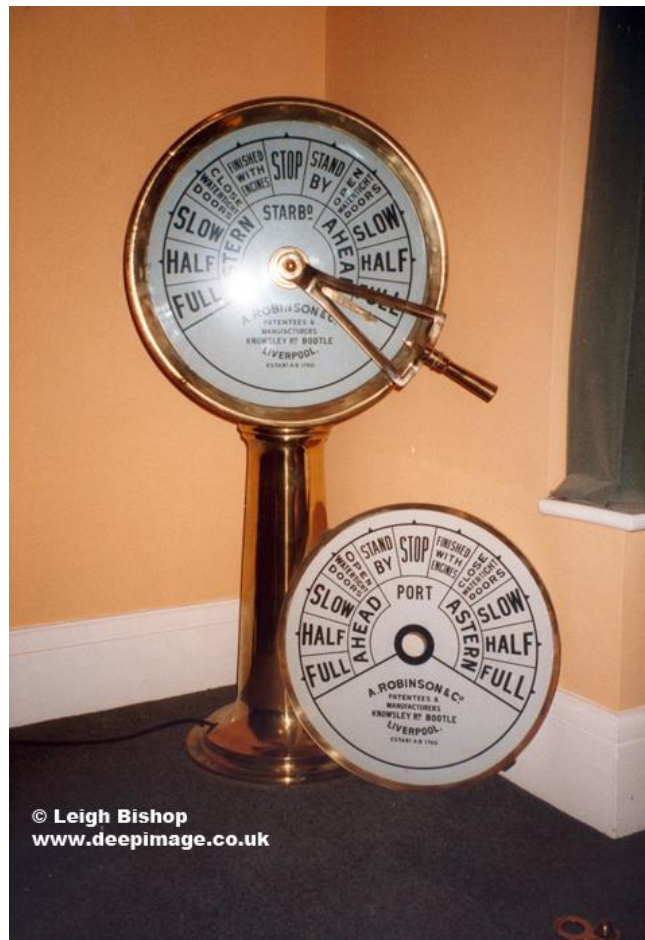
Woods, who spent only ten minutes on the wreck, surmised the bell had fallen from the bracket above the gangway. He sent the heavy bell to the surface, and when Woods surfaced 89 minutes later after decompression, his two companions shouted the name of the shipwreck they had found – the *Tuscania*. Woods immediately phoned Tommy Cecil, then took his boat to Rathlin Island to photograph Cecil, himself and the bell. As Woods related, “Tommy Cecil always said, unless you had an item to positively ID the wreck, you are never sure of its name.”



Cecil Woods (left) and Norman Woods with the bridge bell, August 17, 1997 – in daylight after 79 years underwater



Norman Woods with the bell from the Tuscania - From Diver magazine -
<http://www.divernet.com/wrecks-general/p301604-an-american-history.html>



Recovered from the wreck – photo copyright held by Leigh Bishop



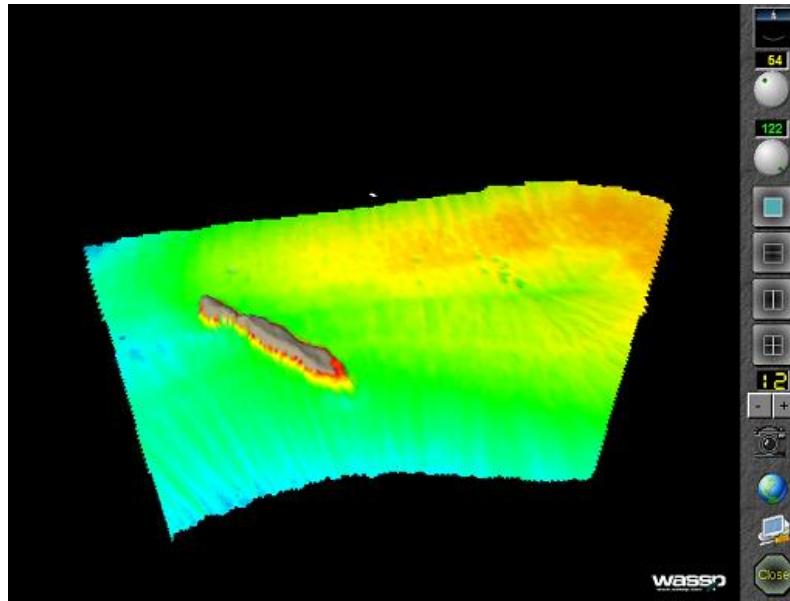
One month after the recovery of the bridge bell, on September 21, 1997, Tommy Cecil, age 51, died from the “bends” following a rapid ascent to the surface during a dive to the *Tuscania* in company with Norman Woods. Cecil had located a small bell and placed it in a lift-bag for hauling to the surface, when apparently the liftbag snagged onto his equipment. Almost 80 years after its sinking, the *Tuscania* claimed another casualty.



Mario Weidner (left) and Tommy Cecil
 From <http://marioweidner.de/>

Three dives were made by Darkstar in July 2000; Darkstar made twelve more dives between 2001 and 2006. Mark Dixon, one of the leaders of the Darkstar team, believes that the UKHO survey showing the wreck as 110 meters is inaccurate, due to the technology used in the 1980s for side scans, and that the wreck is considerably longer. By 2011, Mark Dixon had dived the wreck about eight times. Steve Brown and team dove to the *Tuscania* in 2005, approximately.

The United Kingdom Hydrographic Office report reads: “11 February 1986. The wreck was examined on 17/18 October 1985 at 55 34 28N, 006 31 18W or decca [hebries] red g. 2.12, purple c.70.11. The least echo sounder depth was 80 in a general depth of 86 meters. No scouring was observed. The side scan sonar indicated a height of 5 meters and a length of 70-80 meters (226-262 feet). The wreck is lying with its keel orientated 175/355 degrees, but is not well defined. Two other contacts nearby could possibly be wreckage, but these are considered to be probably natural features. These two features lie approximately 450 meters to the west. Report by Bue Subsea.”



Tuscania's resting place - from Mark Dixon

The UKHO mapped wrecks so that fishing trawlers, clam and lobster boats would be aware of underwater hazards.

And there are many wrecks near Islay. In *Islay Voices*, Jenni Minto and Les Wilson write: "Islay's Atlantic weather and the tides and currents around its rugged reef-strewn coast conspire to create a perfect storm for shipwrecks. Untold numbers of vessels have perished in its waters."

Besides the ships that lie on the ocean's bottom between Islay and Rathlin are German submarines *U-45* and *UB-124*. Captained by Erich Sittenfeld, *U-45* was sunk September 12, 1917, by Royal Navy submarine *D7*. Captained by Hans Oscar Wutsdorff, *UB-124* was sunk July 20, 1918. The day before, four torpedoes had struck the *SS Justicia*, fired by *UB-64*. The next day, *UB-124* struck *Justicia* with two more torpedoes, and the ship – the second-largest victim of a submarine attack – sank. Three destroyers – *HMS Marne*, *HMS Milbrook* and the familiar *HMS Pigeon*, famous for its *Tuscania* rescue – sank *UB-124* with depth charges on July 20, 1918. Command of the *Pigeon* had passed from Lieutenant Eddis, who supervised the *Tuscania* rescue, to Lieutenant Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper on March 19, 1918.



Norman Woods finder of the Bell
 Departing: Ballycastle - Destination: Islay
 Purpose: Donation of Bell to Museum
 Left to Right; Norman Woods, Nigel Martin July 13, 2004

On July 13, 2004, Norman Woods, Nigel Martin and James Jennings loaded the *Tuscania* bridge bell into Woods's boat in Ballycastle, County Antrim, Northern Ireland.

They then passed over the final resting place of the *Tuscania*, then under the monument on the Mull of Oa to the ship's dead, to deliver the bell to Tim Epps at Port Ellen, on the isle of Islay. Photographs were taken to mark the occasion as the bell was carried up the hill. The bell was then driven to Port Charlotte by car to the Museum of Islay Life there, where it can be seen and touched today. The museum polished the brass bell and repainted the name *Tuscania* inscribed in it. Arrangements for the bell's display had been made by Epps.



The museum contains items from the *Tuscania* and *Otranto*, including another ship's bell, shell casings and bullets, a clock, barometer, some plates, bowls, cups, gauges and a small brass doorplate. Portholes from the *Tuscania* also adorn the walls of the bar at the Port Charlotte Hotel.

Port Charlotte Hotel, May 2018 (by Marilyn Gahm)



This is Port Ellen, Norman Woods and Tim Epps working together to place this artifact from the *Tuscania* in the care and protection of the Islay Museum for Public Display. July 13, 2004

Tuscania sits upright on the ocean floor, west to east with the bow pointing west, listing to starboard, its decks partially collapsed. The list from the area back of the bridge indicates damage to the starboard side. The superstructure has collapsed, but the hull, bow decks and machinery remain. Most of the decks caved inwards, which gives stability to the remains of the hull. Leigh Bishop, who visited the *Tuscania* in 2001, noted "The bow section is as intact as the day *Tuscania* went down." From the bow area, the forward machinery and stairways can be seen. Even some of the teak deck walkways remain, and the stained-glass windows, a reminder of its days as a luxury liner, remain intact. Neither of the two funnels nor any remnant of them remains. Lifeboat davits can be found both on the ship and lying on the nearby seabed.

The dive is considered dangerous because of the strong current which changes quickly. If present-day divers describe the conditions this way, one can only imagine what a man in the sea or on a lifeboat faced in February 1918.

In 2002, the Darkstar Technical Diving Team consisting of Leigh Bishop and six others dove to the *Tuscania*, with a report published in *Divernet Magazine*, September 2007. You can watch the video of the 2002 diving expedition at www.youtube.com/watch?v=kHg84moY3LU, done by the Dark Star Technical Diving Team, with diver Chris Hutchison. Bishop's website is at www.deepimage.co.uk/.



Diver Chris Hutchison with a tip basin from a first-class bathroom of the *Tuscania*. Photograph from *Divernet Magazine*, September 2007 <http://www.divernet.com/wrecks-general/p301604-an-american-history.html>

To honor the memory of Tommy Cecil, his fellow diver Mario Weidner spent three years having a scale model of the *Tuscania* built, using the original Stephen & Sons documents, located in the Imperial War Museum, London. He believes this to be the only scale model in existence.



Mario Weidner model on 19 September 2011: <https://www.facebook.com/SS-Tuscania-1914-160838727284477/>





Mario W. Weidner with a Port Hole from the Tuscania I

Part 21: On Board

Over the years some people will claim to have sailed on the *Tuscania* but were, as Steven Schwartz terms them, “imposters.” Being on the “ill-fated *Tuscania*” conferred somewhat of a celebrity status, so it was a temptation to claim to be aboard.

Units on board the ship:

- 100th Aero Squadron, U.S. Army
- 158th Aero Squadron, U.S. Army
- 213th Aero Squadron, U.S. Army
- 32nd Infantry Division, 107th Engineers, 107th Supply Train - Company A, Company B (Truck Co.), Company C, Company D, Company E, Company F, Mobile Lab, Sanitary #1 and Sanitary #2 – the last two being medical units
- 20th Engineers (Forestry) of the 6th Battalion - 16th Co. (D), 17th Co. E, 18th Co. (F), Reserves and Medical
- U.S. Army Officer Reserves Corps

- “Casual officers and enlisted men” from Camp Travis, Texas – Detachment 1 and Detachment 2 – described as “Texans and Mexicans.” The Camp Travis detachment included the 165th Depot Brigade and the 357th Infantry, Machine Gun Company (Detachment 2). “Casual officers” were men who for some reason had failed to leave with their assigned unit. They were often reassigned to other units as replacements.
- Civilians – said to number 36, mostly men in the employ of the Anchor Line, who were traveling back to England to work on a ship. American civilians Edward Fitzgerald and Abner Larned were aboard.



Insignia of the 158th Aero Squadron, 100th Aero Squadron, 213th Aero Squadron, Engineers

U.S. Army report 5 February 1918 on board Tuscania January 24, 1918, 8:30 a.m. departure from New York:

117 officers, 2 civilians, 2,060 enlisted men = 2,179 passengers

Sanitary Squadron #1=27 men / Sanitary Squadron #2=26 men /

Mobile Laboratory= 6 men /

100th Aero Squadron=159 men / 158th Aero Squadron=162 men / Casuals=52 men / 213th Aero Squadron=157 men /

Replacement Camp Travis (Casual Officers)=6 men/ Detachment #1=174 men / Detachment #2=174 men /

107th Engineers Train/Military Police= 71 men /

107th Supply Train HQ=15 men / 107th, Co. A= 73 men / Co. B= 72 men / Co. C=71 men / Co. D=33 men / Co. E=73 men / Co. F=35 men /

20th Engineers HQ=28 men / 20th Engineers, Medical Detachment=19 men / 20th Engineers, Co. D=247 men / Co. E=244 men / Co. F=254 men /

Casual Officer for duty with British forces in England=1 man

The *Tuscania* soldiers will return in a variety of conditions. They are fit and healthy – or ill from a variety of diseases or medical conditions – or suffering from wounds – or from mental conditions, some quite severe. Some will return on ships with the unit they were in when they sailed on *Tuscania*, or with a new unit. Some appear to have returned in cobbled-together units, or sent off with other hospital patients. And some will return dead, to be buried, casualties of combat or disease.



213th Aero Squadron

Joe Crawford, back row, 8th man to the right

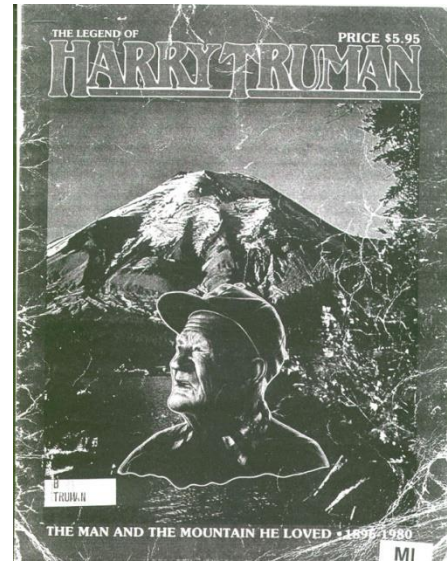
Courtesy of Peter Outcault



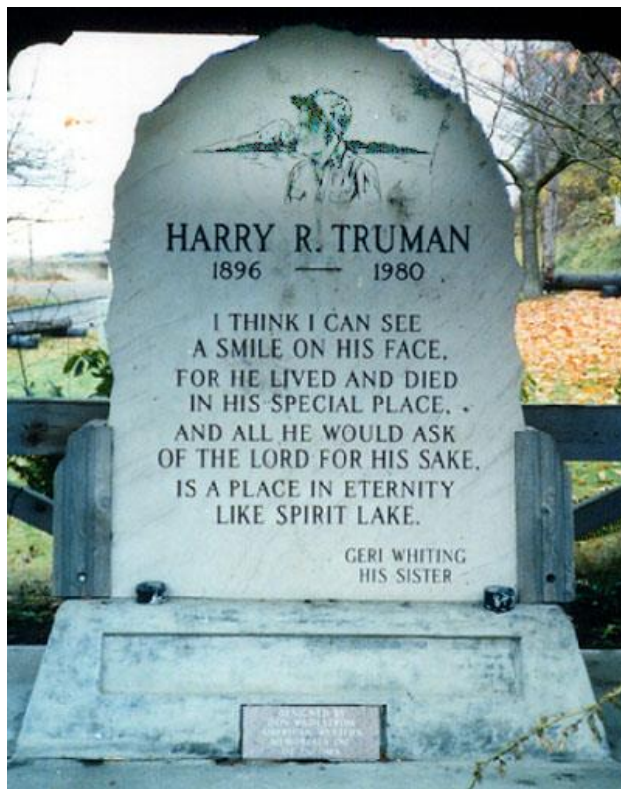
A photograph of the approximately 1,000 men aboard who belonged to the 20th Engineers
From the San Francisco Chronicle 8 February 1918

Spooner soldiers served in Company E of the 107th Supply Train, 32nd Infantry Division, and the 107th Engineers.

Among those aboard who can be counted as famous is the most mentioned: Harry Randall Truman (1896-1980). In 1980, as the owner and caretaker of Mount St. Helens Lodge at Spirit Lake in Washington state, Truman drew media attention for his refusal to evacuate as the Mount St. Helens volcano threatened to erupt. He is presumed to have died in its May 18, 1980, eruption. No trace of him or his lodge was found. Harry, his lodge (and presumably his 16 cats) were buried under 150 feet of volcanic debris and ash. During the war, Harry became an early airplane mechanic and formulated his own blend of gasoline, alcohol and liquid ether. Truman was a member of the National Tuscania Survivors Association from 1938 until his death. When on board *Tuscania*, Truman was a private in the 100th Aero Squadron.



Harry Randall Truman (1896-1980) (left: findagrave.com) - Harry has been commemorated in books and songs, was portrayed in the 1981 made-for-cable HBO movie "St. Helens" (also known as "Mount St Helens") by actor Art Carney, and is the namesake of Truman Trail and Harry's Ridge near Mount St. Helens



Allen Edward Sorrell, who became a lumber company executive, was one of the first owners of the San Francisco 49ers professional football team. The 49ers website <https://www.49ers.com/history/founder> reads: “[Tony] Morabito owned the new All-America Football Conference franchise with his partners in the Lumber Terminals of San Francisco – Allen E. Sorrell and E.J. Turre – and his younger brother, Victor. Sorell suggested the team be named ‘49ers’ after the voyagers who had rushed the West for gold. It is the only name the team has ever been affiliated with and San Francisco is the only city in which it has resided.”

When the San Francisco franchise was formed, Sorrell’s good friend and fellow *Tuscania* survivor, Harry A. Kelley, whose diary comments are sprinkled through this document, suggested the team name of 49ers to Sorrell. Kelley’s grandfather was one of the original California 49ers of the Gold Rush, and had a gold mine in the Placerville, California, area. Sorrell was on the *Tuscania* as part of Company E of the 20th Engineers, as was Sorrell.



(left) Harry Alan Kelley, mess sergeant in Company E of the 20th Engineers

Kelley’s 1918 wartime diary entries:

February 2 Sat. Still sick. Very poor quality of food on this ship.

4 Mon. Still sick, have been moved to state room. I volunteered for Submarine guard duty, too sick to do it.

5 Tue This is the day the Tuscania was sunk by a submarine at 5:30 p.m., got into a lifeboat floated around for 11 hours. Remained pretty cool.

6 Wed At 5:30 p.m. landed on Isla [sic/Islay] an island off the coast of Scotland. Ireland could be seen in the distance. The people of Port Ellen

are very, very kind to us. 32 men off life raft.

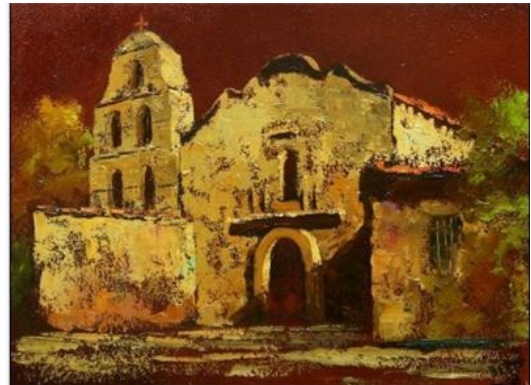
Marcos B. Armijo, who entered the service from El Paso, Texas, a private in Camp Travis Detachment #1, survived the *Tuscania* but lost both his legs in action in France on August 5, 1918, during the Aisne-Marne offensive, and died two days later. The Distinguished Service Cross was awarded to him posthumously; he was one of four Hispanic Texans to receive this honor. The city of El Paso renamed its Hidalgo Park the Marcos B. Armijo Park in December 1937. The “Armijo Branch” of the El Paso Public Library is named for him, as was a new recreation center/aquatic center opened in 1968. He is also the namesake of Marcos B. Armijo Post No. 2753 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion Post No. 4 in Socorro, New Mexico .



The El Paso Public Library, Armijo Branch



*Two Chet Berg paintings:
(left) Looking to La Jolla Shores near San Diego Calif., C. E. Berg.*



Chester Ellis ("Chet") Berg (1895 Ohio-1973 California), a corporal in the 100th Aero Squadron, moved to San Diego County around 1930, and settled in El Cajon, California. He painted impressionistic, almost abstract, landscapes of the desert around his home and the Southwest area as well as coastal scenes. For over twenty years, he operated a studio/gallery in the Spanish Village area of Balboa Park in San Diego. He exhibited widely in southern California and his work often won awards. He was a member of the Desert Art Center (Palm Springs), the La Jolla Art Association and the San Diego Art Institute.

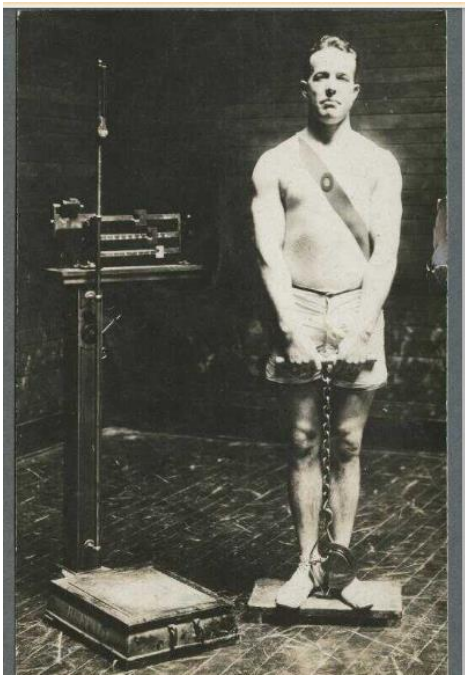
Sydney Brooks (1872-1937) [**alleged**] was a well-known British critic who contributed to leading magazines. Although sources say he was aboard, his name does not appear on the roster of passengers (U.S. soldiers) nor on the crew list (British merchant marines/Anchor employees). It is unclear in what capacity he might have been aboard, and official records denote only two civilians (Fitzgerald and Larned) on the ship. Brooks had traveled on the *Tuscania* after spending

Christmas 1915 with relatives in England, and wrote "Britain's Heart Now of Granite" in the *New York Times* of January 19, 1916. It is likely his 1916 voyage was confused with the 1918 final voyage.



Left: Dan D. Casement, 1868-1953

Dan Dillon Casement was inducted into the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in 1958, the Kansas Cowboy Hall of Fame in 1986, the American Quarter Horse Hall of Fame in 1986 and the Kansas Quarter Horse Hall of Fame in 2001. He was the son of Brevet Brigadier General John S. Casement. Casement was a founder of the American Quarter Horse Association, and 49 years old when traveling as a soldier on the ship; he was a captain in Camp Travis Detachment No. 1.



Harry Julius Cole (1891-1950) credited his survival to the fact that he was, in 1915 and 1917, as a student at Oregon Agricultural College (OAC, now Oregon State University), the holder of the intercollegiate strength test crown, both times breaking the existing record. This test measured strength of lungs, back, legs, forearms, chest and upper arms. Harry also played football in college, both as a guard and a tackle, and was named to the all-Pacific team. He also threw the discus, and in 1916 was the world recordholder in the indoor discus throw, achieving 140 feet, 9.5 inches. Harry interrupted his schooling to go to war, and he found himself leaving the *Tuscania* on a lifeboat whose rope loosened on one end as it was being lowered. The lifeboat plunged headfirst into the sea. "Cole grabbed a rope and held on for nearly half an hour while the waves were beating over his head and he was finally picked up by another boat. Cole added in his letter that had it not been for his strength and endurance he would not have been able to

hold on as long as he did," reported the *Sunday Oregonian* of March 24, 1918. Harry was a private in Company D, 20th Engineers.

(<https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn83045782/1918-03-24/ed-1/seq-51/ocr.txt>)

After the war, Cole returned to school at Kansas State Normal College (now Emporia State University) at Emporia, Kansas. There, at the age of 32 in 1922, nicknamed "Old King Cole," he played on the football team. Today's National Football League players would likely chuckle at the description of him by Kansas newspapers as a "giant 200-pound tackle." Harry also threw the discus at Emporia, achieving a personal best throw of 144 feet. Aboard *Tuscania*, he was a private in the 20th Engineers, Company D.



Charles Francis Fasce (1898-1982), son of Italian immigrants, attains a medical degree from Syracuse University; serves as the Berkshire, Massachusetts, city physician from 1932-1934, contributing much charitable work; and in the late 1950s is the team physician for the Boston Red Sox baseball team. He also refereed baseball games – and played professional basketball in 1919-1920 as part of the Adams-Houston team in the New York State League. His nickname was “Pep.” On the ship, he was a 107th Supply Mobile Medical private.

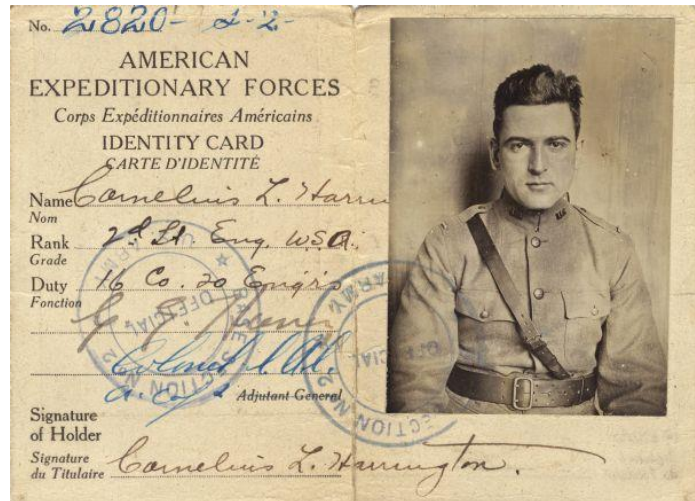


Franklin Erton Folts (1893-1978), a 2nd lieutenant when aboard *Tuscania*, attains a bachelor’s degree in 1919 and a master’s of business administration degree in 1923, both from the University of Oregon. He then teaches at the University of Oregon, being named a dean in 1927. In 1928 he joins the faculty of Harvard University where he becomes a full professor in 1936. He teaches industrial management and directs two executive-management programs. Folts retired as professor emeritus from Harvard in 1959. In 1953, he serves as the eighth president of the Academy of Management. He also served on the board of the *Harvard Business Review*. One of his books, a popular textbook, issued in five editions, is *Introduction to Industrial Management: Text, Cases and Problems*.



Franklin Folts, from the Morning Oregonian, 11 February 1918, page 4 – “More Oregon Men Who Were on Ill-fated Tuscania, Some of Whom Are Known to Have Survived”

Cornelius L. ("Neal") Harrington, a second lieutenant in the 107th Engineers, becomes the superintendent of Wisconsin's state forests and parks, in a career that spans 1923 to 1958. Harrington Beach State Park (Belgium, Wisconsin), with its mile-long beach on Lake Michigan, is named for him. He is named to the Wisconsin Forestry Hall of Fame in 1992.



Merle Henry

Howe, a 1st lieutenant in the 158th Aero Squadron, taught history, science and mathematics for 20 years in Union High School in Grand Rapids, Michigan, beginning in 1920. As an officer in the Michigan National Guard, he went to war again in 1940, first as a lieutenant colonel and then as a colonel. He received several honors for heroism for his service in the 32nd Infantry Division – the Distinguished Service Cross (for service in New Guinea on December 5, 1942), the Purple Heart (in the same action), the Silver Star medal (near Tarakena, New Guinea, January 16, 1943), the Silver Star (for gallantry near Giruwa, New Guinea, on January 13, 1943), the Bronze Star (near Afua, New Guinea, in July 1944), the Legion of Merit (Luzon, Philippines, March

through May 1945), the Distinguished Service Cross Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster (Luzon, Philippines, May 11, 1945), the Air Medal (Luzon, Philippines, April through August 1945), the Combat Infantryman Badge - and finally the Oak Leaf Cluster to the Purple Heart, this award for the fatal wounds he received on August 30, 1945.

Colonel Howe died at the age of 49, in an airplane accident, while in the process of communicating with Supreme General Tomoyuki Yamashita of the Japanese Imperial Army, during negotiations for the Japanese to surrender the Philippines. Yamashita wrote to U.S. Major General W.H. Gill on August 31, 1945, that it was "with extreme regret" that he was notifying Gill of Howe's death. "Col. Howe died in the line of duty. In view of the unchanging zeal and friendship, from start to finish, with which the late Col. Howe served and distinguished himself in the present negotiations between the Japanese and United States Armies, I, on behalf of the entire Imperial Japanese Army and myself, express our deepest condolence." Three days later, Yamashita and his staff surrendered to the 32nd Infantry Division. The next day, Yamashita surrendered all Japanese forces in the Philippines. World War II was over.

Brigadier General Robert B. McBride, Jr., in announcing Howe's death, wrote "The memory of Colonel Howe's valiant deeds, his unselfish faithful service and fine soldierly qualities will long live in the minds and hearts of the officers and men of the 32D Infantry Division. His was an honorable and distinguished career and in his death the nation lost one of its finest citizens, the 'Red Arrow' Division one of its most distinguished soldiers."



Arnold Joerns (1889-1969), first lieutenant, whose comments to the U.S. Army prompted future lifeboat drills, had come on board as the president of the Arnold Joerns Advertising Company in Chicago. Joerns's career involved contentious political and financial issues. In September 1915, William Hale ("Big Bill") Thompson, the mayor of Chicago, sued several institutions (like the *Chicago Herald*) and people (like Joerns) for damages due to their charges that he was against the war. Thompson sued Arnold Joerns for \$200,000, in his role as president and secretary of the Chicago chapter of the National Security League.

In 1925, Joerns was the "head of a leading advertising agency and much favored by businessmen" for a seat on the Federal Trade Commission, writes Robert F. Himmelberg in his *The Origins of the National Recovery Administration*. On May 4, 1925, Joerns writes President Calvin Coolidge, after new rules for the FTC were issued, "It [was] gratifying that the so-called radical influences are curbed, that the Commission no longer enters into minor disputes between competitors, but confines itself to the larger issues, and that the majority of the Commissioners are opposed to dealing in half-baked and damaging promiscuous publicity." Coolidge then named William Ewart Humphrey to the FTC position.

On November 25, 1959, Joerns, now associated with the Arnold Joerns Company of Fontana, Wisconsin, a Geneva Lake real estate firm, and still serving as secretary of the Chicago chapter of the National Security League and a member of the Military Intelligence Association of Chicago (since 1918), will write U.S. Central Intelligence Agency director Allan Dulles, urging him to ban the showing of the nuclear war/Armageddon/annihilation-of-all-humans movie, *On the Beach*, since it would lead to "the destruction of morale in the free world" and hinder negotiations with Russia (Union of Soviet Socialist Republics). He objected to the film's depiction of people drinking alcohol as they faced their ends, and (in reference to the *Tuscania*, presumably) notes: "Now I have lived through catastrophes and my experience has been that 99% of people in such a case would look to their God, and not the bottle, and would meet their end, which is inevitable for all of us anyway, with courage and goodness in their hearts." (<https://www.cia.gov/library/readingroom/docs/CIA-RDP80R01731R000200130004-6.pdf>)

The National Security League (1914-1942) was a nationalistic/patriotic organization which among other things established the first political action committee (PAC). It favored an expanded military with universal conscription, the Americanization of immigrants,

“Americanism” and government regulation of the economy. Many of the programs it advocated – an interstate highway system, English as the official language, a unified national defense agency, school physical education programs – were influential. Some – like working to eliminate the teaching of the German and Russian languages – were not. A bit suspect was its goal to establish an elite class which would remove decision-making from voters. Its supporters alleged after World War II that labor unions, universities, some churches and the League of Women Voters were controlled by Communists. In April 1918, the group accused almost every resident of Wisconsin of treason.

Joerns was also involved in many lawsuits, which can be found online, often with plaintiffs alleging unscrupulous business dealings.

The most notable was the case brought by the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission in an indictment issued December 13, 1940, in the Northern District of Illinois (Chicago) federal court. The case of *United States v. Arnold Joerns, et. al.* (Resources Corporation International) alleged that Joerns and eight other defendants had defrauded hundreds of investors of \$7 million, committing 26 counts of securities and mail fraud in 1937 by selling stock in Mexican timber properties, most of whose financial data was “fictitious.” The first trial ran from January 12, 1942, to March 17, 1942, resulting in a hung jury, and a dismissal of indictments against three of the defendants (not Joerns). A new trial was planned for September 21, 1942. He and four others were found not guilty of mail fraud in December 1944. Details can be found in the *Eighth Annual Report of the Securities and Exchange Commission* (Fiscal Year Ended June 30, 1942) (https://www.sec.gov/about/annual_report/1942.pdf. and http://3197d6d14b5f19f2f440-5e13d29c4c016cf96cbbfd197c579b45.r81.cf1.rackcdn.com/collection/papers/1940/1942_0630_SECAR.pdf)

Mathew [or Matthew] Ben or Benjamin or Bennett Juan (alias Matthew Rivers), a Pima Native American who survived the sinking, became the first Arizonian killed in World War I; he might also be the first Native American killed in the war. Juan was killed on May 28, 1918, in the Battle of Cantigny, France. The American Legion Post in Chandler, Arizona, is named the Mathew B. Juan Post No. 35. Aboard *Tuscania*, he was a private in Camp Travis Detachment No. 2.

Ironically, Native Americans were not considered citizens of the U.S., had no voting rights (only granted after World War II in Arizona) and were not required to register for the draft, when Juan was arrested in Wichita Falls, Texas, for not having a draft registration card. He had been traveling as an employee of the Ringling Brothers Circus since September 1917. Mathew ended up inducted into the Army on December 11, 1917, using the name Matthew Ben Rivers.

Form 1 <i>None</i> REGISTRATION CARD		No.	Age, in yrs.
1	Name in full <i>Matthieu Ben Rivers</i>		<i>25</i>
2	Home address <i>Sacaton, Arizona</i>		
3	Date of birth <i>April 22 1892</i>		
4	Are you (1) a natural born citizen, (2) a naturalized citizen, (3) an alien, (4) or have you declared your intention (specify which)? <i>Natural Born</i>		
5	Where were you born? <i>Sanctus, Arizona, U.S.A.</i>		
6	If not a citizen, of what country are you a citizen or subject? <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		
7	What is your present trade, occupation, or office? <i>Laborer</i>		
8	By whom employed? <i>not employed</i>		
9	Have you a father, mother, or child under 18, or a sister or brother under 18, wholly dependent on you for support (specify which)? <i>no</i>		
10	Married or single (which)? <i>single</i> Race (specify which)? <i>Indians</i>		
11	What military service have you had? Rank <i>none</i> Branch <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> years <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Nation or State <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		
12	Do you claim exemption from draft (specify grounds)? <i>no</i>		
I affirm that I have verified above answers and that they are true.			
<i>Matthieu Ben Rivers</i> (Signature of registrant)			

42-4-104-A REGISTRAR'S REPORT	
1	Tall, medium, or short (specify which)? <i>Tall</i> Slender, medium, or stout (which)? <i>Slender</i>
2	Color of eyes? <i>Black</i> Color of hair? <i>Black</i> Build? <i>200</i>
3	Has person lost arm, leg, hand, foot, or both eyes, or is he otherwise disabled (specify)? <i>no</i>
I certify that my answers are true, that the person registered has read his own answers, that I have witnessed his signature, and that all of his answers of which I have knowledge are true, except as follows:	
<i>mm Wecker</i> (Signature of registrar)	
Precinct <i>1</i>	
City or County <i>Wichita</i>	
State <i>Kans</i>	<i>Nov 26-17</i> (Date of registration)

Mathew Juan's draft registration – in Wichita County, Texas – November 26, 1917 – as Matthew Ben Rivers



Mathew B. Juan Monument in the Matthew [sic] B. Juan – Ira H. Hayes Veterans Memorial Park, Sacaton, Arizona. Hundreds attended the unveiling of this plaque in 1928 by Mathew's brother, Antone B. Juan. Mathew was born a short distance from this monument. Hayes is the Pima Native American who was one of the soldiers who helped raise the flag at Iwo Jima in the legendary photograph, commemorated in the statue in Arlington Cemetery, near Washington D.C.



Above: Juan/Hayes Veterans Memorial Park (left) and Mathew Juan (right)

Other Native Americans aboard were survivors Charles Gordon Bennett of Montana (born Wisconsin/Mohican), Nollis Bunnup of Oklahoma (Choctaw), Jerome Kennerly of Montana (Piegan Blackfeet, whose name was “The Calf Takes a Seat”), Richardson Peter (Choctaw), David Poe of California, Oscar Roebuck (Choctaw), Raymond A. Smith of California (Maidu), and William W. Maden (California, described as “colored” twice by the 1918 *Oakland Tribune*, identified as white in most records, and as “Indian” in the 1940 census.)



Raymond A. Smith, at left in photo, with Maidu leader Jim Dick

Jim Dick, right, was the last acknowledged leader of the Maidu Indians in Auburn. At left is Ray Smith. Both men are standing in front of an Overland car.



Contributed by Chuck Nugent

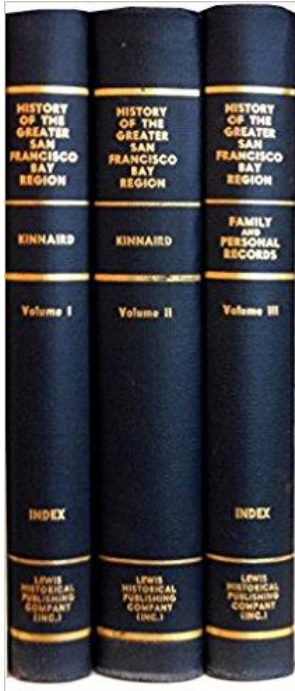
Mathew Juan's grave at Cook Memorial Church, Sacaton, Arizona. He was reinterred here on April 9, 1921.

Below right: Jerome Kennerly, from the Carlisle Indian School Digital Resource Center

(http://carlisleindian.dickinson.edu/student_files/jerome-kennerly-calf-takes-seat-student-file)



Lawrence Kinnaird (1893 West Virginia-1985 California), a 1st lieutenant in the 213th Aero Squadron, "shaped a whole generation of scholars of the American West," claimed *California History*, March 1986. He had earned a bachelor's degree in chemistry from the University of Michigan in 1915, and after his military service, which concluded in 1921, he attained a master's degree in 1927 from the University of California at Berkeley, and a doctorate in 1928. From 1932 to 1936 he taught at San Francisco State College, then at the University of California,

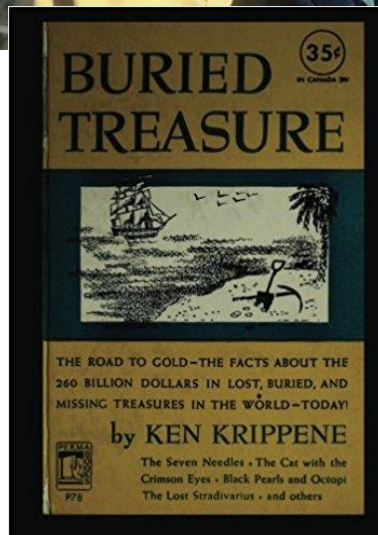


Davis, and then in 1937, he became a teacher at UC Berkeley in the history department. In 1948 he was named a full professor, and retired as professor emeritus in 1960. That didn't stop Kinnaird, who then taught at the Santa Barbara campus for five years, and one year as a visiting professor at Chatham College in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Kinnaird died at age 92. "A tall, distinguished figure, with a warm presence and a ready wit, Kinnaird made the history of California and the Southwest come alive to generations of students." He taught large classes of undergraduates and supervised graduate students. His students pursued careers as history teachers, museum curators, directors of historical societies and archivists. Among his publications are the three volumes of *Spain in the Mississippi Valley* (1946-1948); *The Frontiers of New Spain* (1958); and the three-volume *History of the Greater San Francisco Bay Region* (1966), in addition to over twenty scholarly articles. He wrote book reviews for *California History* and served on the board of editors of the *Pacific Historical Review*. During World War II, Kinnaird served as cultural attache to the U.S. Embassy in Santiago, Chile, from 1942-1945. "As a teacher Kinnaird was justly famous ... his undergraduate courses were

crowded as were his seminars at the round table in the Doe Library. His cordial approach, kindly manner, and common sense endeared him to students."

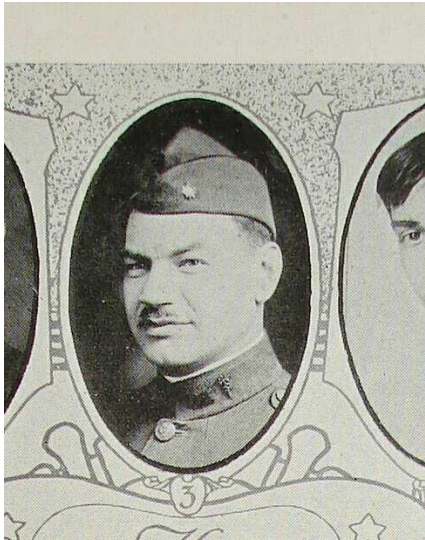


Kenneth William Krippene (left, with his wife Jane Dolinger), born in Wisconsin in 1898, attended the University of Notre Dame after surviving the *Tuscania* sinking, then became a lawyer in Chicago through the 1930s, practicing as Kenneth K. Krippene. He discarded the legal life, Chicago high society – and his wife – and moved to Hollywood during World War II in hopes of becoming a screenwriter. Along with scripts and books on Central and South America (using the name "Ken Cripene" for some radio scripts),



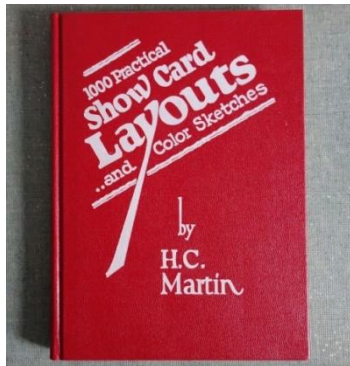
gleaned originally from library research and not personal travel, Ken wrote articles for magazines such as *National Geographic* and popular men's magazines like *Sir!*, *Argosy*, *True*, *Adventure*, *Real Combat Stories* and *Male Magazine* in the 1970s. He also filmed documentaries about seeking lost treasures. In 1954 in Peru, he married his third wife Jane Dolinger (1932-1995), the "girl Friday" who answered his advertisement to go adventuring with him. In addition to her over 1,000 articles which appeared in *Modern Man* magazine and other publications about her adventures in the Amazon or Morocco, Jane also produced eight books, among them *The Forbidden World of the Jaguar Princess*, *The Jungle is a Woman* and *Behind Harem Walls*.

Jane's writings were adorned with pictures of her, often topless or barely clothed. Ken is the author of *Buried Treasure: The Road to Gold* and his magazine work is included in the compilation, *Weasels Ripped My Flesh!* Ken and Jane, the pin-up model/author, were married for over 25 years, until his death in 1980. Lawrence Abbott published *Jane Dolinger: The Adventurous Life of an American Travel Writer*, in 2010, based on his University of Pennsylvania dissertation. Aboard the *Tuscania*, Krippene was a private in the 107th Supply Train, Company E.



Rosco Genung Leland (left) of Michigan had entered the service on May 7, 1917, and at Waco, Texas, he became commanding officer of Sanitary Squad No. 8. He had earned his medical degree from the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, in 1909. It is doubtful his specialty in obstetrics/gynecology was much in demand aboard *Tuscania*. During the war, which he began as a first lieutenant and ended as a major, he served in Army hospitals, leaving military service in August 1919. In 1931, he created the Bureau of Medical Economics for the American Medical Association, and headed it until 1944. An article of his appearing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA)* was quoted in *Time* magazine of January 15, 1940, concerning a healthcare compensation plan for Depression-

era migrant workers, commonly called "Okies," made famous in John Steinbeck's book, *The Grapes of Wrath*. Dr. Leland died in October 1949.



Harold Capman Martin (1890-1961), private in Camp Travis Detachment 2, became a frequent contributor to *Signs of the Times* advertising magazine. In 1928, as H.C. Martin, he published the first edition of *1000 Practical Showcard Layouts*. The 1984 reprint is currently available on Amazon.com. In the 1930s, he issued *Martin's Complete Ideas*, followed from 1935 to 1937 with four books – *Martin's Ideas*, Book 1, 2, 3, 4. A promotional blurb in one noted: "The famous Martin 'Idea-Books' are selling by thousands all over the world. Practical work-books for show card artist, sign

writers, screen process artist, window display managers, poster artist, and the lettering students." H.C. Martin also created the Art Deco alphabet, Modern Thick and Thin.



Harcourt Languish/Lanquishe Morphy (1895-1932), a private in the 20th Engineers, contributed to the history of Idaho – its criminal history - with his part in the North Idaho Whiskey Rebellion (also known as the Mullan Rum Rebellion). In 1929, 34-year-old police officer Morphy was the night patrolman in his small mining hometown of Mullan, Idaho, which was situated along a smuggling route during Prohibition days, along which Canadian whiskey flowed to Idaho imbibers.

The officers of the town of Mullan, faced with revenue problems in a municipality described as “financially embarrassed,” decided on a “creative financing” scheme in order to pay off their indebtedness and support civic programs. A monthly fee – a “donation” - was assessed on hotels, gambling establishments, “disorderly houses” and prostitutes, with licenses issued for “soft drink parlors,” turning Mullan into a “wide open” town where officials ignored the illegal consumption of alcohol.

In the summer of 1929, federal agents arrested over 200 area residents. Twenty-four locals, men and women, including Morphy, were tried in federal court in December 1929 on charges of conspiracy to violate Prohibition laws. The city and county officials’ defense was that they were not the beneficiaries of personal graft, but licensed liquor and vice “for the good of the town” as Mullan was strapped for cash. Chief of Police F.O. Welch noted, “I worked my best for the city, and never accepted a dime of graft money.”

Also arrested in this human roundup was Herman J. Rossi, the mayor of Wallace, Idaho. Rossi, an “upstanding citizen,” who eventually served four terms as mayor, and also served in the state legislature, as a regent of the University of Idaho and chairman of the Idaho Board of Education, had one earlier stain on his record. But it had taken a jury in 1916 only 20 minutes to judge Rossi not guilty by reason of temporary insanity for fatally shooting his wife’s alleged lover in the back as he attempted to flee from Rossi’s assault. Ironically, Rossi was upset that his wife’s “friend” had gotten her intoxicated!

On December 30, 1929, the defendants were found guilty after 21 hours of jury deliberation. The trial virtually wiped out the government of Mullan; on trial were the mayor of Mullan, its four trustees, its sheriff, and its night patrolman Morphy, as well as the Shoshone County sheriff and deputy sheriff. The county assessor had also been arrested. Documents from the original trial can be found in the proceedings of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, in which county sheriff R.E. Weniger and deputy sheriff Charles Bloom, out on bond, appealed their convictions. The proceedings can be found at:

https://archive.org/stream/govuscourtsca9briefs1681/govuscourtsca9briefs1681_djvu.txt

Trial testimony often identified Harcourt as “Hartford,” since his first name was deemed, by an undercover agent, “kind of a hard name to say.” Testimony about Morphy ranged from “I never

saw him take a drink” to the opposite. It seems Morphy’s role was to interrogate newcomers and strangers to determine if they were “undercover men and stool pigeons,” and then to warn the paid license holders if a federal agent had appeared in town. According to the undercover agent, Morphy’s interrogation technique was not exactly subtle. Morphy asked him directly: “‘Are you one of those Federal stool pigeons?’ I said, ‘No.’”

The guilty parties were given lengthy sentences to be served at McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary in Pierce County, Washington. Morphy was sentenced to serve one year and one day. Wallace’s mayor Rossi was sentenced to 18 months, but did not serve any time in prison. Although he resigned as mayor, Rossi was re-elected to his fourth term as mayor in 1935. At the sentencing, federal Judge J. Stanley Webster condemned the convicted, saying a good housewife would have trouble raising her children in Mullan when “the officers responsible for upholding the law were themselves breaking it.” The 1930 federal census lists inmate Morphy residing in the McNeil Island prison.

The five women who said they were licensed to sell liquor in “vicious resorts” were shown mercy by the judge, with two getting fines of one dollar each, and one serving one day in jail. One had tuberculosis; two were supporting dependents.

Citizens of the town of Mullan, after raising a fund to care for the convicted men’s dependents and deliberating whether to ask President Herbert Hoover to pardon them, gave their guilty men a fine sendoff, according to the *San Bernardino Sun* of January 3, 1930. “The greater part of the town [Mullan] was deserted today as friends and families of the convicted men were at the jail in Coeur D’Alene bidding goodbye to the men who formerly ruled the village.

“Mayor Arthur Harwood, trustees John Wheatlex and George Huston, Chief of Police ‘Army’ Welch and Policeman Harcourt Morphy were given a rousing farewell before they left for the Federal prison today.”

Morphy died at Wallace, Shoshone County, Idaho, on November 27, 1932, in a mining accident, at age 37.

Alexis (“Tex”) Wyckoff O’Keeffe [alleged], born in Wisconsin, was the 25-year-old brother of Georgia O’Keeffe, noted American artist. In a letter dated February 8, 1918, to photographer Alfred Stieglitz, later her husband, Georgia discusses her brother’s presence on the *Tuscania*. “My brother from the Waco camp was on the boat that was sunk off the coast of Ireland – As far as I can tell from the papers he didn’t go down – I knew he wouldn’t as soon as I heard it yesterday and thought a minute – then this morning saw that his division seems to be safe.” (quoted in Georgia’s collected letters, *My Faraway One*, p. 251) Alexis was gassed while in the trenches in France, and died in January 1930 at age 38. Her brother’s experience increased Georgia’s opposition to the war. Alexis, master engineer in the 107th Engineers, actually sailed on January 30, 1918, so he was at sea when the *Tuscania* sank but was not on it. His war service was very short, as he returned to the U.S. on July 11, 1918, as a medical case.

<https://books.google.com/books?id=DS6bCgAAQBAJ&pg=PT168&lpg=PT168&dq=tuscania+capt>

ain+1918&source=bl&ots=qRvWbYIDvc&sig=b8u_EbizzA6-I_TLLG_k2BSKH3M&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwig-ZrClrvRAhWrl8AKHTiZApCQ6AEIQiAK#v=onepage&q=tuscania&f=false



George B. Okeson, a supply sergeant on board the ship, was lured to his death not quite seven years later. Okeson was the victim of “one of the strangest murder cases ever recorded in Nevada,” claimed the *Nevada State Journal* of May 20, 1934. Originally from Fairview, Kansas, Okeson moved from La Plata, Missouri, where he was very active in the American Legion, to San Jose, California, around 1923. In 1925, he answered an employment advertisement in a San Francisco newspaper for a paymaster/bookkeeper for a Nevada gold mining company. The requirements in the ad, according to the mine owner’s son, reported as named either A.E. or Roy Gilbert, were ownership of a car and money in the bank. Demonstrating these qualifications, Okeson was immediately hired by the well-dressed, friendly Gilbert, who requested a \$500 certified check as surety for Okeson’s new job handling money. An excellent salary of \$200 a month plus room and board was promised, as well as reimbursement for the cost of the trip to the mine.

Okeson’s friend C. Hancock thought something was odd after meeting Gilbert, and asked to go along with the two. Gilbert told him there was no room in the car or at the mine. On January 10, 1925, Gilbert and Okeson left San Jose. Okeson’s car broke down near the Sharp Ranch, near Nyala, Nye County, Nevada. Taking refuge at a ranch, the men ordered a new car part. Okeson told the ranch residents his name, that of his parents, and their home address in Fairview, Kansas. Gilbert and Okeson left the ranch in mid-afternoon on January 22 to walk to the mine, which Gilbert said was about ten or twelve miles away. Two sets of footprints set out; only one came back. Upon his return, Gilbert told the ranch folks Okeson was staying at the mine and would return for his car soon. Unable to sleep that night, Gilbert left the next morning at 4 a.m., either taking the stagecoach to Ely, Nevada, or hiring a driver. In Ely he cashed the \$500 check and hired a driver to take him to Utah. There Gilbert bought a train ticket to New York – never to be seen again.

When Okeson did not return for his car – and suspicious because the locals did not know of any such mine - the ranch contacted the Tonopah sheriff and George’s parents. Notified on February 10 that his son was missing, George’s father Sam A. Okeson came from Fairview, Kansas, to hunt for George. Sam employed an expert tracker who found a double set of footprints extending for three or four miles, then switching to one set ahead and one behind, presumably because “Gilbert” forced Okeson to walk ahead of him at the point of a gun. A few hundred yards further, George’s body was found on February 15, covered in sagebrush and sand, with a gunshot wound in the back of his head. Law enforcement officials and American Legion members began the hunt for “Gilbert,” using a description furnished by Hancock, but without success. The governor of Kansas and the Nye County sheriff each offered a \$1,000 reward. Missing were Okeson’s watch, \$175 diamond ring and \$100 in traveler’s checks. “This

dastardly murder for robbery by a companion has shocked the conscience of all the communities that ever knew George Okeson,” reported his hometown newspaper, the *Fairview Enterprise*, on February 25, 1925. “How unfortunate for such a promising life which had cheated the blood-thirsty Atlantic and disappointed the hungry dogs of war, that he should fall a victim to a lone companion on a desert. Peace to this soldier of misfortune!”

The *Nevada State Journal* article concluded: “The assassin had artfully lured Okeson to take a 600-mile trip into a lonely desert land for the deliberate purpose of robbery and murder. Only the accident of the car breaking down at a ranch house led to the early finding of the body.”



Richard F. Outcault II
Courtesy of Peter Outcault

VisualLightBox.com

Richard Felton Outcault, Jr., was the son of a famous cartoonist. His father Richard F. Outcault, Sr. created “The Yellow Kid” and “Buster Brown” and is considered the inventor of the modern comic strip, including the Sunday-newspaper colored “funnies.” Richard Jr. was not the inspiration for Buster, but he could not escape a headline like “Buster Brown Boy Hero on Sinking Ship,” printed by the *Los Angeles Herald* on February 7, 1918. Buster Brown suits were popular boys’ attire. Buster Brown shoes and socks continue to be very popular. Those strapped shoes women still wear – the “Mary Jane” style – are named for Buster Brown’s sweetheart (also Richard Jr.’s sister and mother). Richard Jr.’s sister Mary Jane married General John Pershing’s nephew, Frank Pershing, in 1921. The *Tuscania* survivor’s father introduced the talking animal to comic strips (the animal not everyone else can hear) with Buster’s pit bull terrier, “Tige.” (*Calvin & Hobbes* are presumably grateful.)

Richard Sr. also introduced the “word balloon” instead of

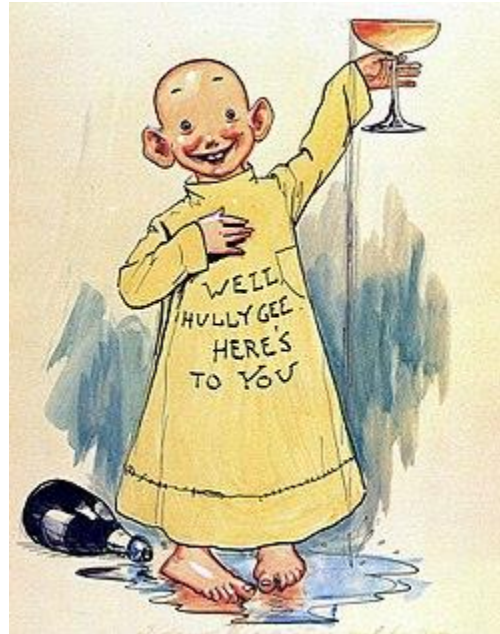
a caption, sequential panels in comics and a continuing cast of characters. The “Yellow Kid” comic strip was likely the source of the term “yellow journalism” for sensationalized news.

Richard Outcault Jr. was a corporal in the 213th Aero Squadron aboard *Tuscania*.

<https://www.google.com/search?q=100th+aero+squadron&biw=1465&bih=734&tbm=isch&tbid=0ahUKewjgqZvdv DOAhWJrB4KHRCUDQ8QsAQILg#tbn=isch&q=213th+aero+squadron+tuscania&imgsrc=nkJZLbmNLIbRwM%3A>



Buster Brown and Tige



The Yellow Kid



Far Left - Richard F. Outcault
3rd from the left - Joseph W. Crawford
213th Aero Squadron - 1918

Courtesy of Peter Outcault
The Boys from Flushing, New York

VisualLightBox.com

Leonard Edward Read (1898-1983) founded the Foundation for Economic Education, was a leading libertarian, author of 27 books, and author of the essay, "I, Pencil."



Leonard Edward Read 1898-1983

VisualLightBox.com

[<https://fee.org/resources/i-pencil-audio-pdf-and-html>]

He was a private in the 158th Aero Squadron. His experience on *Tuscania* influenced the course of his life, eventually earning for him the title "Apostle of Peace." In his *Journal* of January 1977, Read wrote: *January 24. It was 59 years ago this day that the Tuscania shoved off from Hoboken not reaching her destination and never to return. The same can be said for more than 200 soldiers aboard. Thanks, my Angel, for giving me the chance to see the stupidity of war and its source: authoritarianism and the wisdom of peace and its source: freedom. I pray that I may improve in explaining and sharing this truth which you have revealed to me. Not being able to get my present piece going, think I'll have a try at the War and Peace thesis. And begin it on this Anniversary.*

On February 3, 1977, Read wrote:

January 24 marks an important anniversary in my life. It was on that date in 1918 that the S. S. Tuscania shoved away from the docks in Hoboken, N.J. never to return. This Cunard liner, with 2,500 American troops aboard – including me – was torpedoed and sunk in the Irish Sea 13 days later.

I thank Heaven for my survival and for the countless blessings that have followed in these passing years. Not the least of them is a growing understanding of war and its causes and an awakening to how peace can prevail between nations and among men. Another blessing in these days of a growing authoritarianism is the privilege of still being able to share these findings with anyone who cares to listen – freedom of speech and press. I've also taken the liberty here of borrowing Tolstoy's title [Read's title for this section was War and Peace], but believe he would approve.

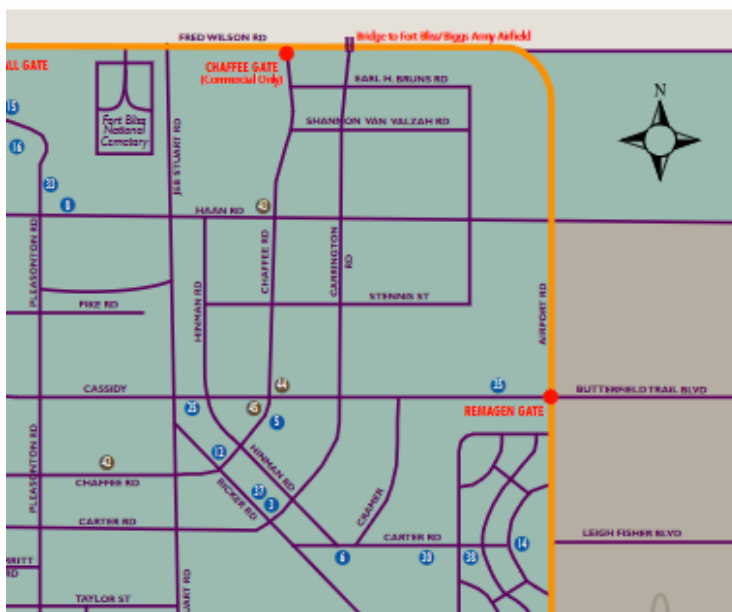
The background: John and I were roommates in Big Rapids, Michigan, students at Ferris Institute. The fife and drum corps, with flags waving, stimulated our patriotism. Two months before high school graduation April 7, 1917—the U.S.A. declared war, to "Save the world for democracy." This mission obviously needed our help. So, we promptly hopped a freight train for the nearest Naval Recruiting Station in Grand Rapids. Both of us were rejected, and went back to finish school; but our desire to "Save the world for democracy" was undiminished.

We found jobs in Lansing that summer and fall. One day, while walking by the local Recruiting Office, we noted a sign to attract enlistments: "Join the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps and go to France at once." Of course, we applied. I was accepted, John rejected - and dejected. In a little over two months I was aboard the Tuscania.

Some of the Tuscania's survivors were taken on Torpedo Destroyers to Liverpool but 500 of us were debarked at Larne, Ireland. Telegraphic services were out of order, so word of our rescue was delayed. We were listed in hometown newspapers as non-survivors. John, on reading of the loss of his friend, went immediately to Canada, joined the Canadian Infantry and was in the frontline trenches in two weeks. Six months later I had a letter from him saying he was in a hospital. Over the top for the first time, he received 12 shrapnel wounds, half of them still open. That was the last I heard from John! Bless his wonderful soul and to hell with war!

It is one thing to despise the hell of war and quite another to understand and explain the blessings of peace – But I will try ...

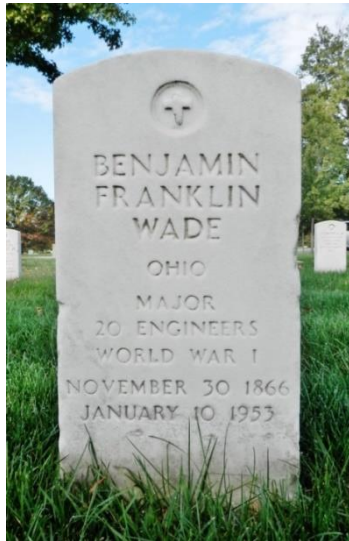
Firth Park at 1085 Thatcher Boulevard in Safford, Arizona, is named for Charles Abraham Firth (1890-1947), a sergeant in the 20th Engineers, Company D, an engineering graduate of the University of Arizona. The park has a swimming pool, playground and skate park.



Shannon Laurie Van Valzah was a 1st lieutenant and Army physician aboard *Tuscania*. Born in 1888, he received his bachelor's degree from the University of Oregon in 1910, and his medical degree from Johns Hopkins University in 1914. He served as part of the Medical Reserve Corps at Ancon Hospital, Panama Canal Zone, as of September 1916. Shannon graduated from the Army Medical School in 1917, and became a 1st lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps on September 16, 1917, and then was named with the same rank to the Army Medical Corps on

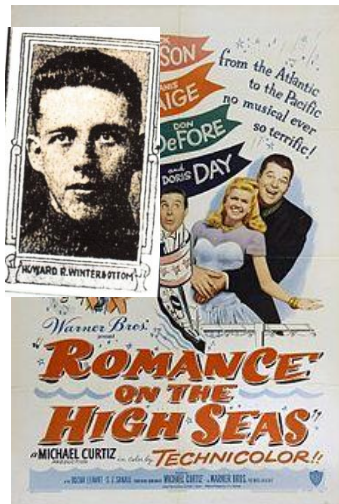
February 5, 1917, exactly one year before his adventure on the *Tuscania*. He was promoted to captain on March 28, 1918, and to major on May 28, 1928. The 1920 federal census found Shannon as an officer at the National Soldiers' Home in Elizabeth City, Virginia. In 1922, transferring from Camp Eustis, Virginia, Van Valzah was assigned to Fitzsimons General Hospital, Aurora, Colorado, where he was assistant chief of the medical corps at the time of his death. Van Valzah was the co-author of the article, "Line of Duty in Pulmonary Tuberculosis," in the *Military Surgeon* journal of July 1929. Dr. Van Valzah's diagnosis of a former soldier is part of the 1931 court case *Barksdale v. United States*. Described as one of the best medical officers at Fitzsimons, he died of peritonitis in 1933 following an operation for an intestinal ailment. The east/west Shannon Van Valzah Road, southeast of the Chaffee Gate at Fort Bliss Army base at El

Paso, Texas, is named for him, as was South Van Valzah Street (now Wheeling Street), in Aurora, Colorado. He is buried in Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia.



Wade's grave, Arlington Cemetery, Section 11, Site 204-LH

Benjamin F. Wade was the commander of the 6th Battalion, the lead officer of the American troops aboard the *Tuscania*. He was the grandson of a United States senator, also named Benjamin Franklin Wade (1800-1878), and the son of Major General James Franklin Wade, who had commanded the 6th U.S. Cavalry in the Civil War, a unit of black soldiers. Had the successful impeachment (the charges) against President Andrew Johnson in 1868 resulted in a conviction instead of an acquittal, Major Wade's grandfather would have become president of the United States, since he was president pro tempore ("pro tem") of the Senate. There was no vice president due to President Abraham Lincoln's assassination, as Lincoln's then-vice president Andrew Johnson had succeeded to the presidency. Wade failed to become President by one impeachment vote. Annette Gordon-Reed, in her January/February 2018 article "Hot Ticket" in *Smithsonian* magazine, commented: "A President Wade – Radical Republican and champion of black rights – might have altered the course of American history, perhaps for the better."



Howard Roy Winterbottom (1893 Vermont-1952 California), private in the 107th Engineer Train, became a set decorator in Hollywood in the 1940s. He is credited with set decoration for the movies - *The Time, the Place and the Girl* (1946) - *Deep Valley* (1947, with Ida Lupino) - *The Unsuspected* (1947, with Claude Rains and Constance Bennett) - *Romance on the High Seas* (1948, marking Doris Day's movie debut, nominated for two Academy Awards, winning the Oscar for the song "It's Magic") - *Flamingo Road* (1949, with Joan Crawford and Sydney Greenstreet) - *My Dream is Yours* (1949, with Doris Day, Eve Arden, Adolph Menjou, and the song "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby") - *One Last Fling* (1949) - *South of St. Louis* (1949 Western with Joel McCrea) - and as assistant props (uncredited) in 1949's *Story of Seabiscuit*, with Shirley Temple.

State legislators: Elmer E. Holmes (1892-1971), a private in the 158th Aero Squadron, became a state legislator in Pennsylvania. Ralph Rogers/Roger Wescott (1894-1951) of the 107th Supply, Company A, an attorney, served in both World War I and II and as a state legislator in Wisconsin. Leo Frank Terzia, onboard with his brother Fensky ("Fris"), whose letter to their brother Theo (Ted) has been excerpted in this text, served in the Louisiana state senate from 1932 to 1940. A photograph of him with Huey Long, Louisiana's controversial governor who then became a U.S. Senator, can be found online, as well as some court cases concerning Terzia's political activities. On September 8, 1935, grocer C.T. Matlock, from Terzia's birthplace

of Bastrop, Louisiana, encountered Terzia in the hallway of the state capitol building. After their conversation, Matlock and his wife had just stepped outside the capitol when they heard a gunshot. Huey Long had been shot by an assassin; he died two days later. Terzia was a private in the 20th Engineers, Company E.

Inventors: U.S. Patent 2239002, 22 April 1941 to Willard Cotton Hall, Jr. of Los Angeles, California, for a “transformer connection for gaseous discharge tubes,” assigned to Lloyd Osborn James. Also holds patent 1416634 for induction separation of ore, 1922. Hall, from Montana, was a private in the 107th Engineers. U.S. Patent 2439009 granted 6 April 1948 to Barney Kujawski, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for a “flexible joint” (ball-and-socket type, such as for a lamp), assigned to Thurner Engineering Company, Milwaukee. Kujawski, from Wisconsin, was a corporal in the 107th Supply Company B.

George Ray Stephenson, serving as a private in the 107th Supply Train, Company B, born in Darlington, Wisconsin, was famous for his letter describing his *Tuscania* experiences, published

in the *Darlington Democrat*, July 11, 1918, and for becoming president of the Kenosha, Wisconsin, American Legion. But millions should be grateful that survivor “Ray” fathered son John, born August 9, 1923. Ray’s son John Winfield Stephenson earned fame as the voice of numerous Hanna-Barbera cartoon figures, for his voiceovers for television shows and commercials, and as a bit player in several television shows and movies. In his 55-year career, where he excelled at portraying – as he described it – a “stuffed shirt,” John provided the voice of Fred Flintstone’s boss Mr. Slate in *The Flintstones* as well as most of the show’s guest characters. He also provided voices for cartoon series *Top Cat* (voicing Fancy-Fancy), *Scooby-Doo* (where he voiced villains and mad scientists), *Laff-A-Lympics* and many others. He had over 230 voice-over and on-screen credits. He appeared in such movies as *Spartacus*, John Wayne’s *Hellfighters*, *Topaz*, *Herbie Rides Again*, several made-for-television movies and Hanna-Barbera’s animated *Charlotte’s Web*.

The first person who appears on the very first episode of *I Love Lucy*, airing October 15, 1951 (after the hotel call-boy who yells “Philip Morris” for sponsor, cigarette manufacturer Philip Morris) is John Stephenson. He is seen in the Ricardo apartment before the episode starts, asking the viewers if they inhale or not, and then promoting Philip Morris cigarettes. In the first episode, the four main characters all enjoy cigarettes, which becomes an important part of the plot. John was also the voice of the closing credits on the show.

John’s ability to provide accents meant he could appear on television show *Hogan’s Heroes* several times, often playing German roles. His was the voice that intoned the summary “And now, the results of the trial” from 1967-1970 on *Dragnet*. He provided the voice of Dr. Benton Quest in the first five episodes of *Jonny Quest*. His TV appearances are a line-up of American classic television: *The Johnny Carson Show* (in which he appeared as a serious news anchor and Carson as the roving reporter several times), *The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show*, *The Real McCoys*, *Bonanza*, *Perry Mason*, *Yancey Derringer*, *The Mod Squad*, *Mission: Impossible*, *Jeannie* (the voice of Hadji in 16 episodes), *The Beverly Hillbillies*, *F Troop* (appearing as General George

Armstrong Custer), *The Addams Family*, *Get Smart*, *The Six Million Dollar Man*, *The Streets of San Francisco*, *Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C.*, *The Lou Grant Show*, *The Doris Day Show*, *The Millionaire*, *The People's Choice* (as Roger Crutcher), *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* – and even *The Lone Ranger*. His voice also was used for video game characters.



Tonto and the Lone Ranger with John Stephenson, son of a Tuscania survivor, in the "Dan Reid's Fight for Life" episode of The Lone Ranger, November 18, 1954.

<http://www.imdb.com/name/nm0827267/>

The story that American silent film star Valentine Grant (1881-1949) sailed aboard the ship and survived the torpedoing is not true. Accounts report only two women on the *Tuscania's* final voyage – the two British stewardesses - and not Miss Grant. She did have her photograph taken aboard ship in the wheelhouse with some of the officers of the *Tuscania* between its arrival date in New York City on January 17, 1918, and its departure date of January 24 on its final voyage. Grant was in New York with a girlfriend, and may have been there to greet an incoming passenger, known either to her or her friend, or she knew some of the crew since she had traveled to and from Ireland several times between 1915 and 1917 to make films. Her 1916 film, *The Daughter of MacGregor*, included some scenes shot on the ship. The photograph of her on the *Tuscania* was widely circulated across the globe after the *Tuscania* sank, giving rise to the inaccuracy that she had survived the sinking.



Film star Valentine Grant, with Captain McLean at the wheel, aboard the Tuscania before its departure



Valentine Grant managed to escape the tumult of the Tuscania sinking – although she did not always manage to escape chaos in her film career (from the 1916 silent film,

"The Innocent Lie"]



Indianapolis (IN) News, Monday February 11, 1918 – Miss Valentine Grant with Captain Peter McLean (at the wheel) and Tuscania officers

<https://www.newspapers.com/newspage/37343985/>

It appears that the *Tuscania* was a "movie star" in its own right. A Stanley Olcott-directed silent film, *The Daughter of MacGregor*, starring Olcott's girlfriend or wife (date of marriage uncertain) Valentine Grant, had been released by Paramount Pictures on September 18, 1916. Miss Grant had also written the screenplay. The headline of an article in the *Motion Picture World* issue of February 23, 1918, page 1069, published shortly after the sinking, read: "Tuscania Had Been in Pictures."

Some scenes in the 1916 movie had been filmed aboard the *Tuscania* while it was moored in New York at West Eighteenth Street, and some of its officers appeared in the film. This article can be found at: https://archive.org/stream/movpicwor352movi/movpicwor352movi_djvu.txt. Other filming was done in Canada and Florida.



The *Motion Picture World* article included a photograph of Grant, star of the newly released 1918 film *The Belgian*, with Lieutenant Carter and Lieutenant Melvill of the *Tuscania*. These two officers are not listed aboard ship on its final voyage, so this was likely a photograph from the 1916 "film shoot." The villains of *The Belgian*, released January 10, 1918, were, in keeping with the times, German spies, busy with their vile maneuverings among the innocent people of Belgium, one of whom was Valentine.

The article indicates officers of the *Tuscania* were guests at dinner with Valentine Grant in New York City. The dinner seems to have occurred in January 1918, before the final voyage, when the ship "was last in this country."

The *Motion Picture World* article's subheadline read:
Torpedoed Steamship Served as Background in "Daughter of MacGregor," Featuring Miss Grant.

FEW in the United States were more keenly grieved over the Tuscania disaster than Miss Valentine Grant, the motion picture star. Miss Grant had several friends among the officers of the torpedoed craft and attended a dinner at which they were guests when the British transport was last in this country. Miss Grant first made the acquaintance of the Tuscania officers when she was acting in a production called "The Daughter of MacGregor," which was made for the Famous Players by Sidney Olcott. A number of the officers of the vessel also appeared in the picture, many scenes of which were taken aboard the ship while tied to its pier at the foot of West Eighteenth Street, New York.

"Never have I met a finer or braver group of men than the officers of the Tuscania" declared Miss Grant. "When last I met them they told me of the numerous attacks made upon their ship by submarines, but regarded the danger lightly.

"Captain McLane [sic/McLean, but pronounced McLane], who stuck to his ship till the last, is a particular fine fellow, a British gentleman through and through, and I am happy indeed to learn that he was among the survivors."

Several of the Tuscania's officers were guests of Miss Grant at the recent showing of "The Belgian," in which she is starred, at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund."



Valentine Grant, the "Scotch Shepherdess," and Lady the dog, in The Daughter of MacGregor (1916)



Valentine Grant as Jean MacGregor, Sidney Mason as "Winston the Englishman" and Lady the dog, in

The Daughter of MacGregor. The movie also "stars" the Tuscania.

According to the American Silent Feature Film Survey of 2017, no film archive holds a copy of The Daughter of MacGregor.

at heart by declaring for some sort of censorship to prevent unconscionable persons bringing reproach upon it. It would, therefore, be in our opinion, unfair to Mr. Wells to come to any decided conclusion until we have heard his version of his declaration, thereby giving him the benefit of the doubt.

There is still hope from what we can learn that the legislature and the new Governor will give the question further consideration and greatly modify the bill or accept a substitute for it.

A Good Example.

The relinquishing of a \$100,000 salary by Wm. A. Brady because the organization paying it to him could not afford it under present conditions, is an example which some of the stars to whom he and other producers have paid enormous salaries might well follow. He has always said that he believed moving picture stars were overpaid and their demands were ruinous to the industry. We are glad to know that he practices what he preaches. We wish there were more like him.

Pointers on South America.

In conversation with Arthur Lang of the Nicholas Power Co., who has just returned from a business trip to South America, Cuba and Mexico, we received these bits of information:

All these Latin speaking countries are wide open and anxious for American films. They prefer them to all others. In most parts of South America, the people are pro-allies. In a few sections they are pro-German. In the territory bordering on the Panama Canal they are neutral as far as war sentiment is concerned, but all are partial to American pictures. The prices of admission range from forty to eighty cents. Cuba is strongly pro-American and the American productions are at a premium. Mexico is divided, but largely pro-German among those in power.

The reason America does not do more business with these countries is the fault of the manufacturers. They do not cultivate it as they should. It is almost useless to send English speaking salesmen to that part of the world without a knowledge of Spanish. To do business through an interpreter is a poor substitute and unsatisfactory to both principals. Some of the salesmen representing our manufacturers are not accustomed to the people, lose patience and practice the "take it or leave it" methods in vogue here in the early days of the industry. Others misrepresent and pave the way for distrust of more politic salesmen who may follow them, instead of inspiring confidence and cultivating their trade.

After taking these statements into consideration, it strikes us that it would be well for the manufacturers of America to school and educate young men to prepare for this rich field of endeavor. "For just as sure," said Mr. Lang, "as night follows day this field will be deluged with European films after the war, and it should be our play to leave no stone unturned to cultivate it now." He also told us that a limited number of European films were now received in South America by way of Spain, although American films were in greater demand.

LAURA HOSTETTER MARRIED TO HECTOR ALLEN McLEAN.

Miss Laura Hostetter, who resigned from the reviewing staff of the Billboard a few weeks ago, was married on Saturday, February 2, to Hector Allen McLean, of Chicago, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Hostetter, of Evansville, Ind. Mrs. McLean has many warm friends among the moving picture fraternity and was recognized as a fearless and clear-sighted reviewer who knew how to express her views in well-chosen sentences. Her husband is a Chicago newspaper man. The couple will make their home in that city.

Tuscania Had Been in Pictures

Torpedoed Steamship Served as Background in "Daughter of MacGregor," Featuring Miss Grant.

FEW in the United States were more keenly grieved over the Tuscania disaster than Miss Valentine Grant, the motion picture star. Miss Grant had several friends among the officers of the torpedoed craft and attended a dinner at which they were guests when the British transport was last in this country. Miss Grant first made the acquaintance of the Tuscania officers when she was acting in



Valentine Grant, Star in "The Belgian," and Chief Officers of the S. S. Tuscania. Left to Right, Lieut. Carter, Miss Grant, Lieut. Melville.

a production called "The Daughter of MacGregor," which was made for the Famous Players by Sidney Oleott. A number of the officers of the vessel also appeared in the picture, many scenes of which were taken aboard the ship while tied to its pier at the foot of West Eighteenth street, New York.

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UNIVERSAL CITY OPEN TO PRODUCERS.

In a denial of the report published in the current issue of a theatrical trade paper to the effect that Pathe has acquired Universal City, is contained the interesting information that the Universal Film Manufacturing Company has issued an invitation to all film producers to avail themselves of its West Coast producing facilities.

The World's informant is Carl Laemmle himself. The Universal's step is simply a measure of conservation. With Universal City sufficiently large to accommodate many companies, it is felt that producers will be glad of this opportunity to so drastically slash their overhead. "This, according to our idea," said Mr. Laemmle, "is the most practical way for all producing companies to cut down their overhead expense and eliminate the waste which has been discussed so much of late. It does not require much figuring to see what a vast amount of money could be saved to the whole industry if all, or nearly all, the pictures made by the various concerns could be produced at one plant, with one overhead. Fortunately, there is a more friendly feeling among the producing companies than in the old days and this would make it possible for many of them to work in the same plant harmoniously as well as profitably."

Mr. Laemmle concluded his statement with the hope that the invitation so generously extended by his company, would be generally accepted.

The Paramount Pictures of the Week

RELEASED MONDAY, SEPT. 18, 1916

DANIEL FROHMAN PRESENTS

VALENTINE GRANT in The DAUGHTER OF Mac GREGOR

Paramount Pictures

"The Daughter of MacGregor" illustrates what we have been telling you about the variety of the Paramount Program — here is a photoplay with "different" atmosphere, settings and types — with a picturesque story — thrillingly told.

Produced by the
FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM COMPANY
 Released September 18th, by the
Paramount Pictures Corporation

Ask your exchange about the special music scores for all Paramount Pictures

Once again, Valentine portrays a "damsel in distress" — but one with some fighting skills



Valentine Grant is pictured to the left with co-star Walker Whiteside in *The Belgian*. After its release, her husband/to-be husband Sidney Olcott split from Paramount and success did not follow. It was her last film.

This shot from *The Belgian* film appeared in the February 16, 1918, *Exhibitors Herald* (Exhibitors' Booking World).

When Valentine dies in 1949, she is buried in Cypress View Mausoleum in San Diego, California, where "Spoonster boy" *Tuscania* survivor Henry Shaffer will be buried in 1984.

Plot summary from <https://www.allmovie.com/movie/daughter-of-macgregor-v88768>:

Donald MacGregor (Arda LaCroix), a Scotsman, is about to present his daughter Jean (Valentine Grant) with a new stepmother (Helen Lindreth). But the stepmother proves to be a troublemaker -- she sees Jean innocently spending time with young English Ian Winston (Sidney Mason) and turns it into a big scandal. So Jean runs away (accompanied by her dog). She earns enough money to travel to Florida, where her uncle Robert MacPherson (Edward Davis) is the boss of a lumber camp. She helps in foiling a group of lumber pirates and then Winston just happens to show up (it turns out his father owns the camp). The nasty stepmother back home fesses up to her gross exaggeration, and the young couple are reunited.

Valentine Grant, of the Famous Players, has the largest personal collection of foreign costumes of any screen star. Outlandish peasant regalia is her hobby. In "A Daughter of MacGregor" she will appear in a very fetching one, the shawl and kilts of the Clan MacGregor. We had the pleasure of a call from her last week, and from her director, Sidney Olcott.

From Motion Picture Classic

Also not a passenger on the original *Tuscania* was British/Polish novelist Joseph Conrad, who often used nautical settings in his works, among them *Heart of Darkness* and *Lord Jim*. His voyage from England to New York City occurred in April 1923, aboard the *Tuscania*'s successor namesake, *Tuscania II*. Photographs and a sketch of him with the captain on board can be readily found on the Internet.

Part 22: Remembering the Survivors and the Dead... **the Survivors Remember**

Both at the war's front and at home, the talk was of the *Tuscania*.

Sgt. Archie Meredith wrote a few months later: "Already in the front line the cry of 'Remember the *Tuscania*' is the slogan of our boys and that of the men with whom they are fighting side by side. Every shot, every shell carries that message in its wake."

Magazines and newspapers of 1918 were full of articles and poems commemorating the ship.

Good Housekeeping magazine of May 1918 printed a fictionalized account of the conversation between Secretary of War Newton Baker and chief censor Major General Frank McIntyre in "A Piece of Paper," an article describing their emotions as they debated about releasing the news to families unaware of the tragedy. Written by Donald Wilhelm, the story appeared on pages 43, 127 and 128.



The article ended: "Soon a million telegraphic dots and dashes were bounding away, leaping telltale to the world. And soon in all the great cities, extras were being shouted. Mothers and fathers, sleeping, heard and awakened. Fear gripped their hearts. Strong men clenched their fists, weak ones cried. Mars at last had crossed the sea, invaded America's very home, taken deliberately her chosen sons."

(<https://books.google.com/books?id=-dA2AQAAMAAJ&pg=RA4-PA17&lpg=RA4->

[PA17&dq="good+housekeeping"+may+1918&source=bl&ots=dP7BqhTtfA&sig=90UOJ8-hyJklmKzhjAiVXzDuXdE&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwiBuszKh83WAhWBTiYKHWJ2BjcQ6AEIWzAO#v=onepage&q=piece of paper&f=false](https://books.google.com/books?id=-dA2AQAAMAAJ&pg=RA4-PA17&lpg=RA4-PA17&dq='good+housekeeping'+may+1918&source=bl&ots=dP7BqhTtfA&sig=90UOJ8-hyJklmKzhjAiVXzDuXdE&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwiBuszKh83WAhWBTiYKHWJ2BjcQ6AEIWzAO#v=onepage&q=piece of paper&f=false))



Burials at Killeyan (top left) and Port Charlotte (bottom left) - Patriotic poster published by the Connecticut State Council of Defense – for sale at <http://www.internationalposter.com/poster-details.aspx?id=USL19891>

Katharine Lee Bates, most famous for her composition “America the Beautiful,” commemorated the *Tuscania* in her poem, “The Dead of the Tuscania.”

The Dead of the Tuscania - Katherine Lee Bates

Far on the wild Scotch coast our boys are sleeping
 Between the solemn cliffs and churning waters
 Our soldiers side by side in peaceful trenches,
 Clad in their Khaki, coffined in fresh timber
 Or sheeted, quiet score by score, in canvas;
 Their brief, brave struggle over, there they rest them,
 Where nevermore shall enemy molest them

Their country blessed all who did them honour
 The fishermen who sought those broken bodies
 Among the rocks, the grief-wise Scottish women,
 Who all night long before the burial labored,
 Stitching with mother-tears a Starry Banner
 That so their flag might wave above them,
 Lying at their supreme salute of loyal dying

Far from their prairie farms and inland cities
 Their sleep is listening to a new, strange music
 Thunder of stormy tides and cry of seagulls
 A mightier organ, but the same proud anthem
 That shaped the hero dreams of childhood
 Courage, faith, sacrifice, and they beloved,
 Lamented, slumber like tired boys at home, contented

Irish poet George William Russell, writing under his pseudonym "A.E.," published in the *London Daily Chronicle* his poem "The Tuscania Dead" – reprinted in the *Literary Digest* of April 27, 1918:

The Tuscania Dead – George William Russell

Cheated of triumphs in their hearts achieved
 Robbed of their part in Europe's epic stage,
 Those died in faith, the promise unreceived;
 Felled ere they flung the gage.

Yet on their breasts a heaven of stars I see,
 All that a noble cause bequeaths is there,
 Above their tomb new western chivalry
 Rides to fulfill their prayer.

A lengthy poem by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, "A Call to Arms," appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*. Its three paragraphs end with variations of "Arm, arm, Americans! And remember, remember, the Tuscania!"

A Call to Arms – Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

*In memory of Captain Philip Kilburn Lighthall, who offered to his country, on the deck of the
 "Tuscania," "the last full measure of devotion"*

It is I, America, calling!
 Above the sound of rivers falling,
 Above the whirl of the wheels and the chime of bells in the steeple
 -- Wheels, rolling gold into the palms of the people --
 Bells ringing silverly clear and slow
 To church-going, leisurely steps on pavements below.
 Above all familiar sounds of the life of a nation
 I shout to you a name.
 And the flame of that name is sped
 Like fire into hearts where blood runs red –
 The hearts of the land burn hot to the land's salvation

As I call across the long miles, as I, America, call to my nation
 Tuscania! Tuscania!
 Americans, remember the Tuscania!

Shall we not remember how they died
 In their young courage and loyalty and pride,
 Our boys – bright-eyed, clean lads of America's breed,
 Hearts of gold, limbs of steel, flower of the nation indeed?
 How they tossed their years to be
 Into icy waters of a winter sea
 That we whom they loved – that the world which they loved should be free?
 Ready, ungrudging, they died, each one thinking, likely, as the moment was come
 Of the dear, starry flag, worth dying for, and then of dear faces at home;
 Going down in good order, with a song on their lips of the land of the free and the brave
 Till each young, deep voice stopped – under the rush of a wave.
 Was it like that? And shall their memory ever grow pale?
 Not ever, till the stars in the flag of America fail.
 It is I, America, who swear it, calling
 Over the sound of that deep ocean's falling,
 Tuscania! Tuscania!
 Arm, arm, Americans! Remember the Tuscania!

Very peacefully they are sleeping
 In friendly earth, unmindful of a nation's weeping,
 And the kindly, strange folk that honored the long, full graves, we know;
 And the mothers know that their boys are safe, now, from the hurts of a savage foe;
 It is for us who are left to make sure and plain
 That these dead, our precious dead, shall not have died in vain;
 So that I, America, young and strong and not afraid,
 I set my face across that sea which swallowed the bodies of the sons I made,
 I set my eyes on the still faces of boys washed up on a distant shore
 And I call with a shout to my own to end this horror forevermore!
 In the boys' names I call a name,
 And the nation leaps to fire in its flame
 And my sons and my daughters crowd, eager to end the shame –
 It is I, America, calling,
 Hoarse with the roar of that ocean falling,
 Tuscania! Tuscania!
 Arm, arm, America! And remember, remember, the Tuscania!

England-born Edgar Albert Guest ("Eddie Guest") (1881-1959) had immigrated to the U.S. as a boy in 1891. A journalist and radio broadcaster in Detroit, Michigan, he also had an NBC television series in 1951 called *A Guest in Your Home*. Guest wrote over 11,000 poems, mostly inspirational and optimistic, which were syndicated in about 300 newspapers and collected into

more than 20 books. He was the only poet named the poet laureate of Michigan, and became known as the People's Poet. Television character Edith Bunker, Archie's long-suffering wife in *All in the Family*, quotes her favorite poet – Guest – in a few episodes. But the poem Guest copyrighted on March 4, 1918, is a more somber reflection on some of the *Tuscania* casualties buried on Islay.

Cliffs of Scotland – Edgar Albert Guest

Sixteen Americans who died on the Tuscania are buried at the water's edge at the base of the rocky cliffs at a Scottish port.- (News Dispatch.)

Cliffs of Scotland, guard them well,
Shield them from the blizzard's rage;
Let your granite towers tell
That those sleeping heroes fell
In the service of their age.

Cliffs of Scotland, they were ours!
Now forever they are thine!
Guard them with your mighty powers!
Barren are your rocks of flowers,
But their splendor makes them fine.

Cliffs of Scotland, at your base
Freedom's finest children lie;
Keep them in your strong embrace!
Tell the young of every race
Such as they shall never die.

Cliffs of Scotland, never more
Men shall think you stern and cold;
Splendor now has found your shore;
Unto you the ocean bore
Freedom's precious sons to hold.

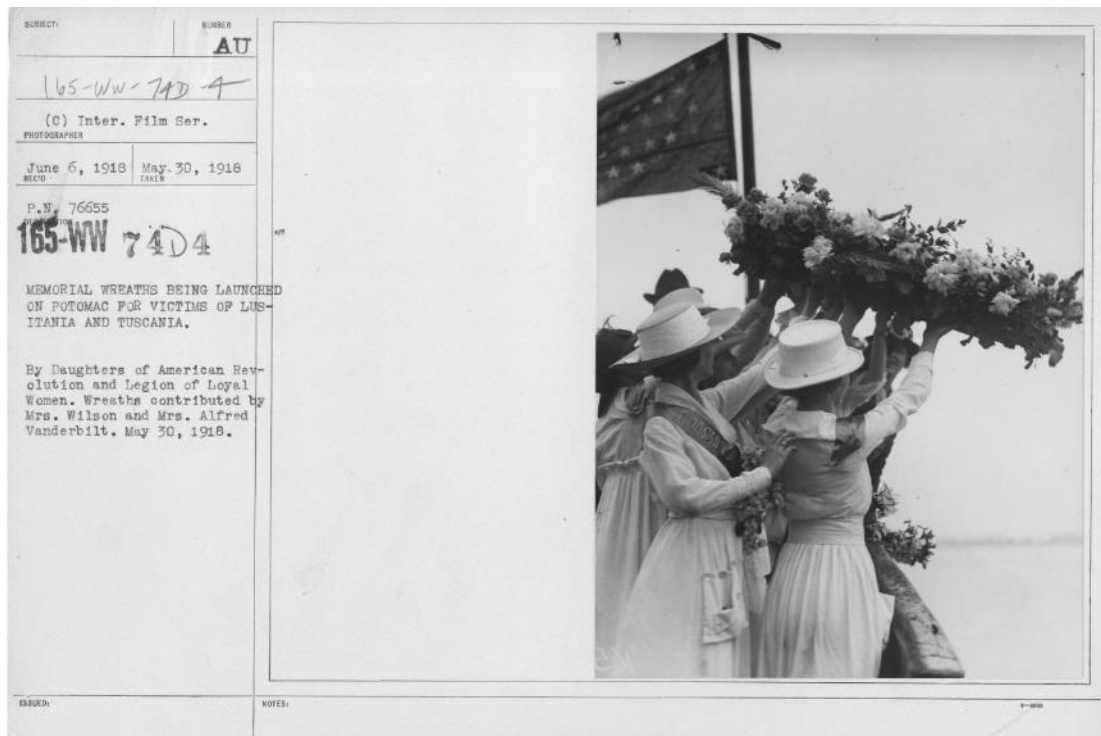
Another poet, Mattie E., wrote the following poem, whose title has not been ascertained, quoted in "The Honor Roll of Waushara County," as if from a mother of a casualty:

As I sit by myself in the falling twilight,
I am asking my father for a song in the night,
For my tears they will flow and my thoughts they will stray,
Where the son of my bosom has hidden away.

O! mantle of loneliness, cov'ring me here!
 O! blessing of freedom that cost me so dear!
 No sentry is needed his lone watch to keep,
 And the din of the battle ne'er wakens from sleep.

He was trained for a soldier and dressed for the fray,
 I smiled and I cried as my boy marched away.
 I looked toward the future and saw him return,
 And sitting again where the home fires burn.

No more the TUSCANIA will sail o'er the sea,
 No more will my soldier lad come back to me.
 As the coral and seaweed float over his breast,
 I will say in my sorrow, Father knows best.



On Memorial Day, May 30, 1918, members of the Daughters of the American Revolution (D.A.R.) and Legion of Loyal Women placed wreaths in the Potomac River, in honor of the victims of the Lusitania and Tuscania. The wreaths were donated by President Woodrow Wilson's wife, Edith Wilson, and Margaret Emerson McKim Vanderbilt, widow of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt I, who had died in the sinking of the Lusitania on May 7, 1915.

[https://catalog.archives.gov/search?q=*&filter=\(tagsExact:%22Lusitania%22%20or%20objectTagsExact:%22Lusitania%22\)](https://catalog.archives.gov/search?q=*&filter=(tagsExact:%22Lusitania%22%20or%20objectTagsExact:%22Lusitania%22))

From the National Archives.

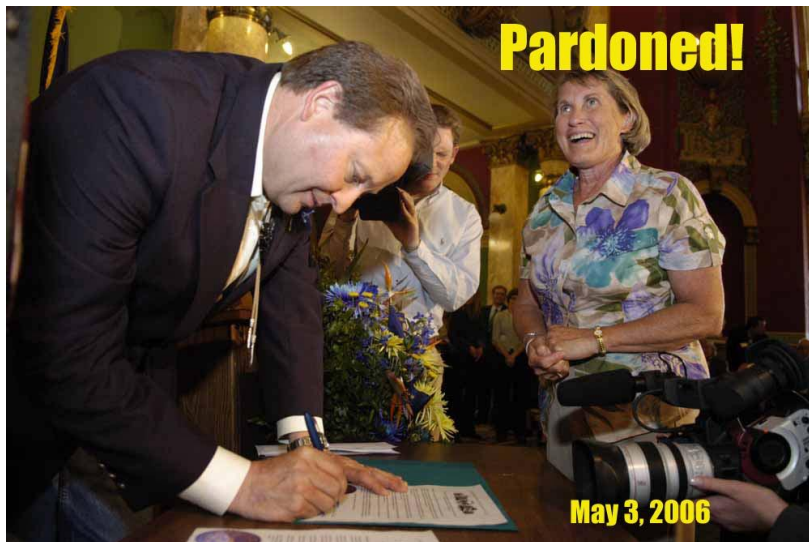
And woe to anyone who spoke against the *Tuscania*. Christopher Kerne, in his *Coal City & Diamond, Illinois During the Great War* (<http://www.eiu.edu/historia/Kernc2013SE.pdf>), details an outbreak in simmering tension between German and non-German members of this community. In South Wilmington, Illinois, coal miner August Gewer, of German parentage, was nearly lynched by locals who were upset by his supposed “unpatriotic statements” – quoted as saying (in censored 1918 terms) “the h—l with the Tuscania – it had no business on the water anyway.” Saved from the noose by officials of the Chicago, Wilmington and Franklin Coal Company, Gewer was rushed by Secret Service agents to Chicago where he was either imprisoned for the war’s duration and/or freed then or later. Gewer’s claimed that he backed the U.S. “all of the way,” it being his home and source of livelihood; he showed he had purchased Liberty bonds and contributed to organizations that assisted military personnel. The charges were eventually dropped.

The state of Montana had passed what is described by the Montana Sediton Project (<http://www.seditonproject.net/>) as “possibly the harshest anti-speech law passed by any state in the history of the United States.” In 1918 and 1919, three women and 76 men were charged with sediton for expressing their opinions about President Wilson, the war, the military or the flag, with one woman and 40 men sentenced to prison, for up to 20 years. They were all pardoned in 2006 by Montana Governor Brian Schweitzer.

The Montana Sediton Project website notes the governor’s speech in 2006:

The governor spoke for about five minutes, from the heart, as he told of his own Russian-German grandparents and the rude shock they received from the [Montana governor Samuel Vernon] Stewart administration during the war when preachers were forbidden to speak German. He said: “Across the country, this was a time when we lost our minds. It is time to say to an entire generation of Montanans ‘We are sorry.’ Send the word to the rest of the country. We may be first, but we shouldn’t be last.”

A few people noticed he was close to tears.



Montana Governor Brian Schweitzer pardons Montanans convicted of sedition during the Great War, while Martin Wehinger's great-grandniece Connie Miller of California looks on.



Tuscania. They were both residents of Custer County, in southeast Montana, where the movement against sedition was particularly virulent. The Montana Sedition Project comments: "Custer County was an exceptionally bad place to say such things. It had an ambitious D.A. [district attorney], a reactionary newspaper editor who was constantly sounding the alarm and a hanging judge. Thirteen men were charged with sedition (more than in any other county); ten men were convicted, Wehinger and a neighbor among

them."

Martin Wehinger, a 58-year-old farmer born in Austria, allegedly made several statements on April 3, 1918, most likely at his ranch in Pine Hills, among them "that when the *Tuscania* was sunk it was just good enough for us because we didn't have any business carrying soldiers and guns at the same time." He was sentenced to a three- to-six-year term at the prison at the Deer Lodge State Penitentiary. Wehinger served 18 months (June 14, 1918-December 14, 1919). Upon his release, he had lost all his teeth; he died four months later.



Martin Rohde, a 74-year-old farmer born in Germany, father of six, made statements between March 1 and April 9, 1918, in the hearing of those who spoke German, either at Max Frederick's saloon in Miles City or at Wehinger's ranch in Pine Hills, that "they (Germany) ought to sink the boats carrying U.S. soldiers across; no more than right that *Tuscania* was sunk because enemy had warned America to keep off." Rohde was served to four to eight years, serving from June 14, 1918 to April 17, 1921 at Deer Lodge, a term of 34 months.

The National Civil Liberties Bureau noted three *Tuscania* incidents in its *War-Time Prosecutions and Mob Violence* report covering April 1, 1917, to March 1, 1919. Wilhelm L. Sixtus of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was fined \$25 and costs for disorderly conduct in rejoicing at the sinking of the *Tuscania*, on February 8, 1918. Miss Rose Weiner of Bayonne, New Jersey, was fined \$50 for her alleged remark that she was glad the *Tuscania* was sunk and she hoped other troop transports met a like fate. On March 15, 1918, Henry Stock of Fergus Falls, Minnesota, was sentenced to three months for saying "he wished the Germans had gotten the whole bunch of American soldiers aboard the *Tuscania*."

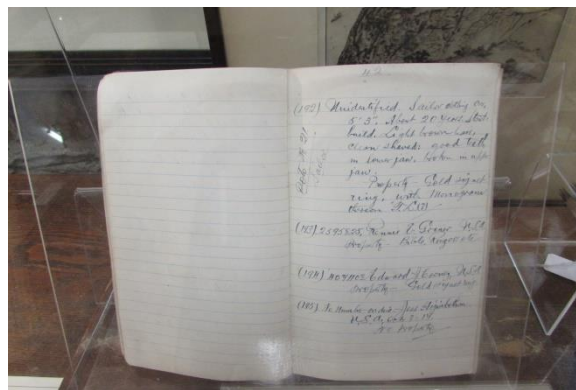
<http://cudl.colorado.edu/MediaManager/srvr?mediafile=MISC/UCBOULDERCB1-58-NA/1508/i73549228.pdf>

In early March, 1918, an American Red Cross contingent from London came to Port Ellen on Islay to select a site for a monument. In July 1918, the American Red Cross announced that the monument would be built on the Mull of Oa. Before it could act, however, another group of American soldiers lost their lives off Islay.

When the troopship *H.M.S. Otranto* collided with the HMS *Kashmir* on October 6, 1918, 351 to 358 Americans, 96 British crew and six French fishermen their lives. The *Otranto* had turned in the wrong direction, mistaking the Scottish coast for the Irish coast. The people of Islay – "Ileachs" as they call themselves - searched for bodies, dug more graves and held more burial services only eight months after doing the same for the casualties of the *Tuscania*.



Police station in Port Ellen



MacNeill's notebook on Otranto victims

George Islay MacNeill Robertson, Baron Robertson of Port Ellen, was born in the police station in Port Ellen on April 12, 1946, where his father was a policeman. His grandfather Malcolm MacNeill was also an island policeman, and very involved in the identification of casualties. Lord Robertson became the British defence secretary (1997-1999) and secretary-general of NATO (1999-2004). He recalls: "These twin disasters rocked the island to its roots. Every family was touched, and many helped recover the dead and aid the survivors." He continues in his article available on the Isle of Islay website: "I am convinced that their efforts should be remembered as one of the finest episodes in the island's long history."



In his 2007 BBC Radio Scotland broadcast, Lord Robertson said, “I know well from my experience as Britain’s defence secretary and secretary-general of NATO how long it takes for the memories of wars to fade. But I also know the incredible resourcefulness it can demand from ordinary people. ... Their efforts deserve to be remembered.”

George Islay MacNeill Robertson, Baron Robertson of Port Ellen (left)

Lord Robertson’s maternal grandfather, Malcolm MacNeill, was the policeman in Bowmore, on Islay. MacNeill’s duty was to report on the *Tuscania* and *Otranto* disasters, and to log the bodies, noting any distinguishing marks or identification tags that could identify the dead. His grandson Lord Robertson found MacNeill’s correspondence and notebooks after they had sat for years in a cupboard in his uncle Dr. Hector MacNeill’s attic. Lord Robertson donated MacNeill’s notebook, written “in meticulous copperplate,” which hold 81 pages of notes on the bodies, such as “25-year-old male. Tattoo of ‘Mum’ on right arm. No other identifying marks” or “Number 53,” age 20-25, broken teeth, fair hair, tattoo of “Mother” in a decorated heart,” to the Museum of Islay Life.

Contents of pockets, marks on clothing, tattoos – some of the methods used to identify soldiers.

Also donated by Lord Robertson were letters from those in the United States which reported possible identifying marks of their beloved sons. After the burials, it was MacNeill’s sad duty to correspond with the soldiers’ families in the United States. Families wrote him from across the United States, supplying information on “birthmarks or prized watches” which they hoped could identify the unidentified. “My grandfather, in an extraordinary example of compassionate public service, replied to each letter, providing what information he could. The Red Cross expressed its gratitude for MacNeill’s work, and after the war he was awarded the MBE (Master of the Order of the British Empire) for his actions,” wrote Lord Robertson.

Lord Robertson visited the island for a BBC radio documentary entitled “When the Boats Went Down: An Islay Story,” which aired August 29, 2007, and was available for nine more days. The audio broadcast is available from Groove Music (www.music.microsoft.com).



The Museum of Islay Life (left) – Lord Robertson with his grandfather's Otranto notebook, the 1918 flag on loan from the Smithsonian, the Tuscania bell - 3 May 2018 (photo by Marilyn Gahm)

That Christmas of 1918, the American Red Cross and the Islay islanders placed flags, both British and American, supplied by the Red Cross, and flowers on the graves of those lost on the *Tuscania* and *Otranto*. It was the first time since the war began four years earlier that Islay had observed Christmas. The American Red Cross brought the children candy and toys; supplied pipes and tobacco for the men; and donated nightwear, underwear and bed linens to the women. The police constables received American safety razors, with spare blades for a year or two of use. Maggie McPhee, age 16, who had run into the surf to drag ashore a struggling soldier from the *Otranto*, ruining her best Sunday dress in the process, was awarded a special green dress selected by the Red Cross.

George Buchanan Fife, in his *The Passing Legions*, which details the American Red Cross work in the United Kingdom during the war, wrote: "In after years the ships that go buffeting through the windy gateway of the North Channel will pick up, high on a headland of Islay, a towering landmark, sharp against the northern sky. They will come to look for it and to know it as they know the beacons of that rugged coast. For, on the Mull of Oa, the island's south-most point, the American Red Cross is building a great stone tower in memory of those American soldiers who were lost when disaster overtook the troopships *Tuscania* and *Otranto* in the waters just beyond."



The American Monument, to the Tuscania and Otranto, Islay, Scotland

The Red Cross headquarters in London had suggested a monument on Islay after the sinking of *Tuscania* but before the tragedy of *Otranto*. There was some concern originally; “the matter of designating only one particular group of Americans and erecting a monument to them and not to others was, of course, duly considered.” It was decided a monument was needed for three reasons: “first, that the *Tuscania*’s dead represented, in a way, the first American casualties in the war; second, that their graves were remote from the general theater of war and were likely to be neglected unless some especial action of this sort were taken, and third, that the sinking of the *Tuscania* was, as one might say, a special occasion, like a particular battle.” The original design was to be a simple obelisk or shaft of granite, “close beside two of the *Tuscania* cemeteries and overlooking the channel in which she was torpedoed.”

Following the sinking of *Otranto*, the plans were modified, so that the monument would represent the casualties of both ships, with a new design. “A plain granite shaft was held to be unsuited to the rough, rocky surroundings and not in keeping with the usual type of monument set up in this part of Scotland. Islay folks were accustomed to mark their important graves or sites with cairns, or towers, built of rough-hewn native stone. In view of this, the American Red Cross adopted the design of a watch-tower sixty feet in height and twenty feet in diameter at the base, to be constructed of stone gathered in the neighboring fields or from the cliffs.”



Left: Robert J. Walker, from Dictionary of Scottish Architects, 1911

The monument was designed by Glasgow architect and painter Robert James Walker (1867-1946). The monument, begun in 1919 and completed circa April 1920, was financed by the American Red Cross. Locals call it the “American Monument.” The four acres for the monument were donated to the American Red Cross by its owner, Captain Iain Ramsay of Kildalton, who also donated the land for three of the cemeteries in which *Tuscania* dead were interred – those at Killeyan, Kinnabus and Kilnaughton. The site had been chosen by American Red Cross officer, Captain Henry Pearce, Jr. The Red Cross planned to have the monument overlook the small cemeteries where Americans were buried. Pearce wrote

to Ramsay, asking “Can we once more impose on your generosity by asking you if you will give us permission to erect the monument there?”

The original plans for the monument included walls and a cairn to be constructed at each of the cemeteries, but this idea was abandoned by the American Red Cross when the bodies were repatriated to the United States.

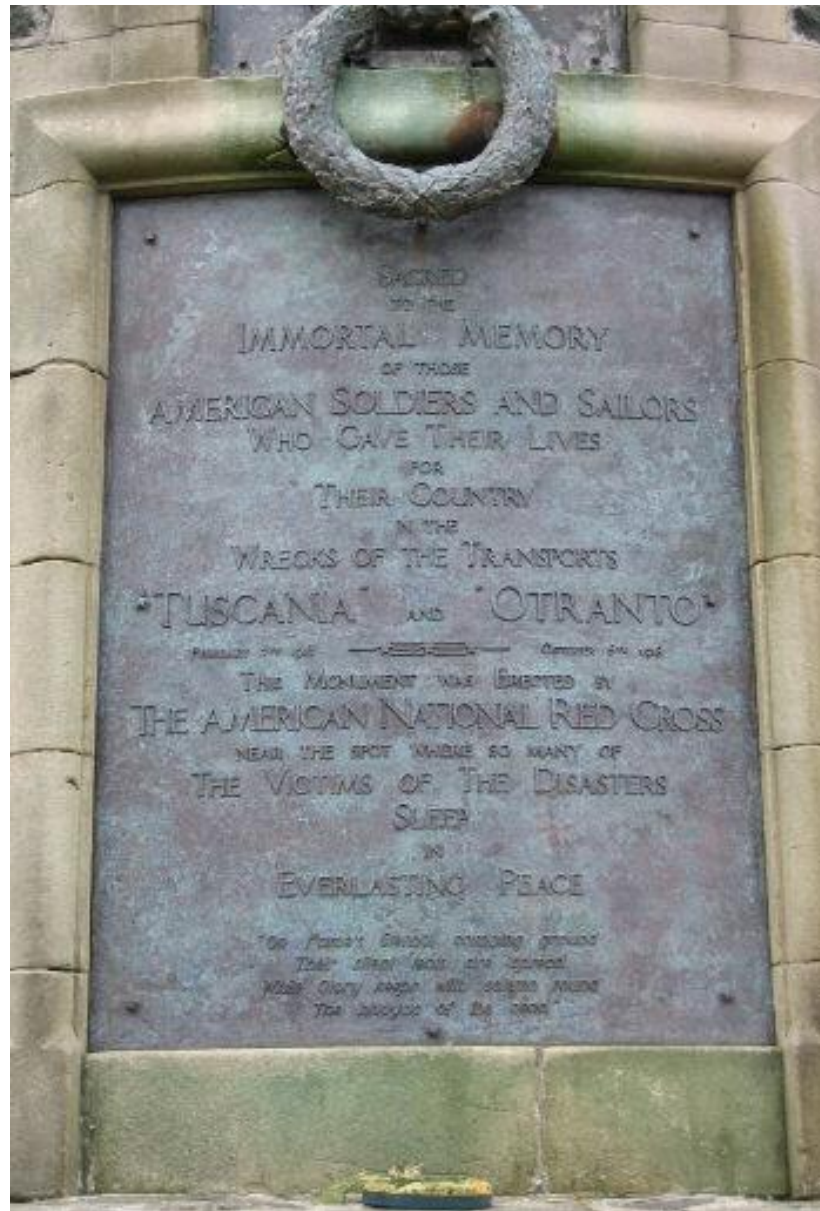
Fife noted that the monument “from its rocky headland five hundred feet above the sea, also overlooks the spot at which the *Otranto* was struck by the *Kashmir*.”

Prince describes the monument as “a cylindrical stone tower ten feet wide and sixty-five feet high, like a lighthouse. On the north side, where the door would be were this a real lighthouse, is a cast-iron plaque, six feet high and five feet wide. Perched above it, within a wreath in front of a cross, the American eagle hovers over the inscription.”



American Red Cross monument, Mull of Oa, commemorating the Tuscania and Otranto. The monument was unveiled in July or August 1920.

The story is told that Hugh (Hughak) Carmichael, was employed to transport the heavy stones that made up the monument from the quarry at Kilnaughton, by horse and cart, to build the monument.



The plaque statement that the monument stands “near the spot where so many of the victims of the disasters sleep in everlasting peace” is no longer true.

The monument plaque reads:

Sacred
To The
Immortal Memory
Of These
American Soldiers and Sailors
Who Gave Their Lives
For
Their Country
In The
Wrecks of the Transports
"Tuscania" and "Otranto"
February 5th 1918----October 6th 1918
This Monument Was Erected By
The American National Red Cross
Near the Spot Where So Many Of
The Victims of the Disasters
Sleep
In
Everlasting Peace
"On Fame's Eternal Camping Ground
Their Silent Tents are Spread
While Glory Keeps With Silent Round
The Bivouac of the Dead"

The final four lines are quotations from the poem "Bivouac of the Dead," written by Theodore O'Hara in remembrance of Kentucky troops killed in the Mexican War (1847). These words grace the entrance to Arlington National Cemetery in Arlington, Virginia, and other national cemeteries. The poet is usually uncredited. O'Hara fought as a Confederate colonel from Kentucky in the American Civil War.

On the south side of the monument is a bronze wreath presented by President Woodrow Wilson in "memory of his fellow citizens who gave their lives for their country in nearby waters." Thirty feet from the monument, the cliffs fall away to the sea 400 feet below. At this spot, islanders Robert Morrison and Duncan Campbell assisted survivors up the cliffs. The *Tuscania* rests on the ocean floor three miles to the west, having drifted about thirteen miles before she sank.

Two thousand miles to the west lies the United States of America.



The plaque from President Woodrow Wilson facing the sea (left) – the “Sacred to the Immortal Memory” plaque facing the land (right) –photographs by Marilyn Gahm, May 2018

Text: A Tribute / From / Woodrow Wilson / President of / The United States of / America / To
The Memory of His / Fellow Citizens / Who Gave Their Lives / For Their Country / in / Nearby
Waters / 1918





<http://1914-1918.invisionzone.com/forums/topic/179601-hms-tuscania-and-otranto/>



*Lightning conductor repair on the American Monument, October 1, 2017
Photograph by, and courtesy of, Les Wilson of Islay*

Claims could be made for reimbursement for items lost on the *Tuscania*. Lee Ross Christensen of Utah received \$24.61 from the U.S. Treasury for items lost in a claim settled February 24, 1920.

Form No. 3023.
Form approved by Comptroller of
Treasury Nov. 20, 1917.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT
TREASURY DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE
AUDITOR FOR THE WAR DEPARTMENT

Certificate No. **48555**
Claim No. **728041**

Washington, D. C., **Feb. 24**, 19**20**

Lee R. Christensen,
Fairview,
Utah.

Sir:

Your claim for reimbursement for loss of private property as **Private Engineer,** has been allowed and there has been found due from the United States

TWENTY-FOUR and 61/100 - - - - - dollars

payable from the following appropriations:

**Claims of officers and men of the Army
for destruction of private property (Act Mar. 3, 1885)
amended by Act July 9, 1918** **\$24 ⁶¹/₁₀₀**

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT:

**Reimbursement for private property lost by
sinking of the S.S. "TUSCANIA" Feb. 1918** **\$24 ⁶¹/₁₀₀**

War Settlement Warrant No. _____ inclosed herewith is in full settlement of your claim.

Respectfully,

J. L. BAITY,
Auditor for the War Department

MEC, 906 By *m*

"Any person accepting payment under settlement by an Auditor shall be thereby precluded from obtaining a revision of settlement as to any item upon which payment is accepted * * * Any person whose accounts may have been settled by Auditor of the Treasury Department * * * may, within a year, obtain a revision of the said account by the Comptroller of Treasury, whose decision upon such revision shall be final and conclusive."—Section 8, Act July 31, 1894.

The National Tuscania Survivors Association (NTSA) was the third such association to be formed in the U.S., with the *Titanic* organization being the first and the *Lusitania* the second. The 32nd Division Veterans Association was organized while the division was honored by General of the Armies Pershing to hold the bridgehead beyond the Rhine River immediately after Armistice Day. On April 3, 1919, it was decided to hold the association's first reunion in 1920. On September 19-20, 1920, the 32nd Division Veterans Association held its first meeting, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The second meeting was held in 1921 in Detroit, Michigan.

"It was during the Reunion in Milwaukee in 1920 that the first meeting was formed at the Medford Hotel. The members of the advance elements of the 32nd Division who were on the S.S. TUSCANIA when our Transport was torpedoed and sunk while nearing the North Channel at dusk, February 5, 1918. There were at least over 150 survivors present and I had a good time," recalled Edward Lauer. "Down through the years after the first Reunion, Survivors of the 32nd Division met, but after 1925 some thought was given about forming a National Tuscania

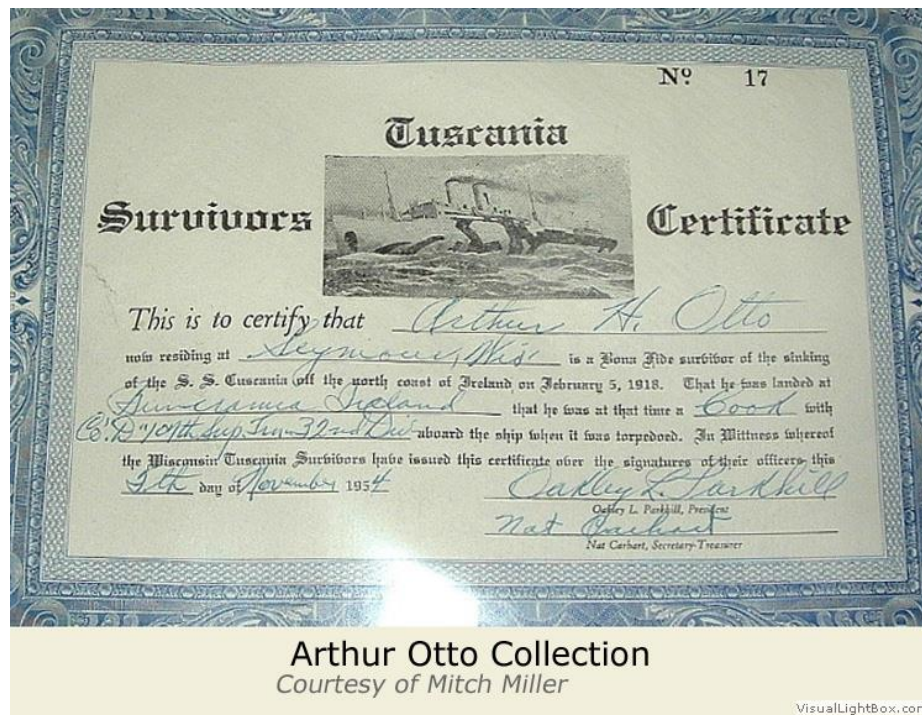
Survivors Association.” Meeting sites during the years after 1920 for *Tuscania* men included Milwaukee, Waushara, Trempealeau and Baraboo in Wisconsin.



Left: National Tuscania Survivors Association “founding fathers” – Leo V. Zimmermann, Arthur Sidney, Tracy Samuel Greene, Maxwell W. Collins, Dell F. Rogers, Herbert Ernest Hurd, Ralph Roger Wescott, James Dillon Chilson, Elmer T. Chadey [name not on passenger list], Arnold Joerns (archives of the Milwaukee County Historical Society)

The original “Tuscania Survivors Association” was organized in February 1925. In Milwaukee, Dell F. Rogers invited veteran friends to his Marquette University fraternity house. Among those present were Tracy S. Greene, Maxwell (“Mickey”) W. Collins, Herbert E. Hurd, Ralph R. Wescott, James Chilson, Elmer T. Chadey [name not on passenger list], Leo V. Zimmermann, Arthur Sidney and Arnold Joerns. At first only the 107th Engineers train, 107th Supply Train, 107th Military Police, Sanitary Squads and the 32nd Mobile Lab – all parts of the 32nd Division – constituted the membership. Later men from all units aboard the *Tuscania* were eligible for membership. Milwaukee was chosen as headquarters. Long-time National Tuscania Survivors Association historian Leo V. Zimmermann, journalism major at Marquette University, began to gather data, like clippings, rosters and news stories. Edward T. Lauer of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, was elected secretary/treasurer. Lauer served as historian from 1950-1965.

At first, to become an NTSA member, one had to have been on the *Tuscania* when it sank. Later associate members were added, such as those traveling in the convoy, as well as honorary members (like captains Fellowes, McLean and Smith). Spooner soldier Earl Knight was a member of this association, as were other Spooner residents who attended meetings. The papers of NTSA secretary/treasurer Edward T. Lauer reside in the Wisconsin Veterans Museum library, a building adjacent to the State Capitol in Madison, Wisconsin, at 30 West Mifflin Street (www.WisVetsMuseum.com), and the Milwaukee County Historical Society, 910 North Old World 3rd Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin (www.milwaukeehistory.net).



Arthur H. Otto's survivor's certificate

<https://www.google.com/search?q=tuscania+survivors+association+images&biw=1471&bih=769&tbm=isch&tbo=u&source=univ&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjQr8Pv0-vOAhWDWSYKHk3BTUQsAQIGw#imgsrc=o7MW3jaWadTrLM%3A>



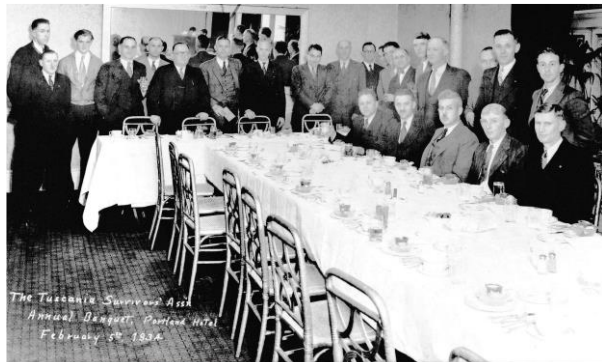
The NTSA card of Mrs. Ralph Murphy presented February 5, 1939, at the annual NTSA reunion in Minneapolis, Minnesota –

To honor her brother Frank D. (Francis David) Reilly of Cleveland, Ohio, who did not survive.

tbo=u&source=univ&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjQr8Pv0-vOAhWDWSYKHk3BTUQsAQIGw#imgsrc=yKYIwluYZr38QM%3A

The NTSA held annual reunions around the February 5 date, in Wisconsin cities (like Milwaukee or Kenosha), in Detroit, in Chicago, where they honored their fallen comrades. The meeting in 1939 was held in Minneapolis, Minnesota, with fifty in attendance. There were also local clubs, like the North Wisconsin Club or the West Coast Club, or the Trempealeau (Wisconsin) club organized in 1948. The fifth annual meeting of the Baraboo club was described in that city's local newspaper in February 1931. The 6th Battalion of the 20th Engineers regularly met in Portland, Oregon, due to distance considerations.

The *Spooner Advocate* of February 15, 1940, reported that a new "northern Wisconsin unit" was recently organized at Chippewa Falls and had elected officers. The article noted that the 1941 meeting would be held at Rice Lake, with several survivors being from Spooner, Cumberland and Rice Lake.



Oregon meeting on the 43rd anniversary – February 4, 1961 (left) – Portland Hotel meeting on 5 February 1934 (right)

National Tuscania Survivors Association reunion list (partial):

1920 – Milwaukee, Wisconsin – February 5 – Medford Hotel first reunion – chapters formed in Baraboo WI, Cassville WI, Milwaukee WI, Sheboygan WI, Portland OR and Tucson AZ
 1927 – Wautoma, Wisconsin – February 5 – G.A.R. Hall
 1928 – Milwaukee, Wisconsin – Hotel Maryland
 1929 – Milwaukee, Wisconsin – first contact with/report from Captain Wilhelm Meyer read
 1930 – Oshkosh, Wisconsin
 1931 – Milwaukee, Wisconsin – February 23 – Kiwanis Club
 1932 – Milwaukee, Wisconsin – February 5 – Randolph Hotel
 1933 – Chicago, Illinois – February 5 – Great Northern Hotel - *UB-77* captain Meyer fails to appear as scheduled
 1934 – Kenosha, Wisconsin – February 5 - medal awarded to Chief Petty Officer John Newton Jones, of HMS *Pigeon*
 1935 – Baraboo, Wisconsin – Warren Hotel - February 5
 1936 – Sheboygan, Wisconsin – February 5 – Hotel Foeste – heavy snowfall and cold
 1937 – Milwaukee, Wisconsin – February 5 and/or Chicago, Illinois
 1938 – Chicago, Illinois – Hotel Sherman
 1939 – Minneapolis, Minnesota – February 5 – Nicollet Hotel
 1940 – Kenosha, Wisconsin – February 3-5 – New Legion Hall
 1941 – Detroit, Michigan – February 8 – Hotel Tuller
 1942 – Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin – February 7-8
 1943 – no meeting of national group held this year, was planned for Beloit, Wisconsin
 1947 – Milwaukee, Wisconsin
 1953 – Milwaukee, Wisconsin
 1957 – Milwaukee, Wisconsin
 1958 – Portland, Oregon – February 5 – Multnomah Hotel
 1961 – Portland, Oregon – February 4 – Multnomah Hotel
 1966 – Portland, Oregon – February 5 – Mallory Hotel
 1967 – Portland, Oregon – February 4-5 – Mallory Motor Hotel
 1968 – 50th anniversary - Portland, Oregon – February 5 – Mallory Hotel and Alonzo Cudworth American Legion Post No. 23, Milwaukee WI - February 5
 1975 – Milwaukee, Wisconsin – Alonzo Cudworth American Legion Post No. 23
 1976 – Milwaukee, Wisconsin – February 7 – Alonzo Cudworth American Legion Post – final reunion – five attendees, all from Milwaukee

The topic of discussion at survivor meetings, said NTSA secretary/treasurer Edward T. Lauer, whose papers are preserved at the Wisconsin Veterans Museum in Madison and at the Milwaukee County Historical Society in Milwaukee, was their common bond. “‘Sinking the Ship’ was something to be talked about – something that others could not mention, because they had crossed the Atlantic Ocean ‘without incident.’ “

The Baraboo 21 formed a Last Man Club, which preserved a bottle of whiskey for the last survivor left alive. This club met regularly into the 1960s.

The NTSA meeting in Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, on February 7-8, 1942, attracted about 200 survivors. In 1973, there were approximately 200 members nationwide of the NTSA, mostly from Wisconsin. In its February 27, 1976, issue, the *Milwaukee Journal* reported that after 50 years of annual reunions, the Wisconsin group would no longer be holding meetings.



Left: 1933 NTSA medal

Only five people had attended the 1976 reunion, with only 15 to 20 members reported in the state of Wisconsin. At the 1976 meeting, secretary Lauer presented president Maxwell W. Collins with a bottle of choice cognac as the last presiding NTSA officer.

The national NTSA group disbanded in 1982. In 1988, there were nine survivors still alive who were members of the NTSA. The last survivor, Edwin Lewis, did not belong to the association. Two – Alvin Wesley Grambsch (died May 15, 1989) and Byron Edward Christian, Jr. (died February 5, 1988, exactly 70 years after the sinking) - were residents of King (Waupaca County), Wisconsin.

The last survivor of the *Tuscania*, Edwin Clark Lewis, died April 1, 2001, in Zephyrhills, Florida. Born May 13, 1899, in Westford, Connecticut, Lewis was 101 years old at the time of his death. He is buried in Oakside Cemetery, Zephyrhills. Lewis's longevity was exceeded by Wisconsin survivor John Zigmond ("Swin") Swendrzynski, who lived to be 103, dying in July 1999.



Edwin Clark Lewis - the last man of the Tuscania

<http://findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fq.cgi?page=qr&GSln=lewis&GSfn=edwin&GSbyrel=all&GSdyrel=all&GSst=11&GSctry=4&GSob=n&GRid=22588259&df=all&>

Known late-occurring deaths of survivors:

*10 men died in 1988 – 7 in 1989 – 6 in 1990 – 7 in 1991 – 3 in 1992 – 3 in 1993 – 1 in 1994 – 2 in 1996 – 3 in 1997 – 1 in 1999 – 1 in 2001
(the death dates of all survivors not yet determined)*



IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS -- TUSCANIA REUNION

Note the six tickets and don't lose them.

You must also register at the hotel office and turn in your "Hotel Bed Ticket" at time of being assigned to your room. On your departure from the hotel notify the hotel cashier you are checking out. No outside telephone calls from rooms. Use booths in lobby or on mezzanine floor. Do not charge any extras to your room. Colonel Thornton, the manager of the hotel, is also a World War Veteran, so let's be careful of hotel furnishings.

CENTURY OF PROGRESS, Chicago's 1933 World's Fair. Don't miss seeing it this afternoon. Your "Century of Progress Ticket" is good for one general admission. To get to the Century of Progress, take Motor Bus #26 headed East, across the street from the hotel and get off at the Century of Progress gates. Fare 10¢.

BANQUET in this hotel at 6:30 P.M. SHARP. Be sure and be back in time. Use "Banquet Ticket" for admission.

STAG-SMOKER starts at 8 P.M. Use your "Stag-Smoker Ticket" for admission.

DON'T LOSE THESE TICKETS! ! !

SUNDAY - PARADE AND MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Be ready to march in parade at noon sharp, Sunday. This means 12 o'clock. We leave from this hotel and we will be back at the hotel in time for our business meeting at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon; election of officers, resolutions and other important business.

Food is cheap and good in the Coffee Shop of this hotel. The only free meal you get at the reunion is the banquet Saturday night.

Meantime, Buddy, have yourself a good time!

Captain McLean's copy of the 1933 NTSA reunion instructions. Although invited, he did not attend but did pay his \$1 membership dues. Below: letter to McLean following the reunion

THE NATIONAL
TUSCANIA SURVIVORS ASSOCIATION

A. E. F. of February 5, 1918

1933 OFFICERS
PRESIDENT
ARNOLD JOERNS, Chicago
VICE PRESIDENT
HARRY J. SCHOSTAK, Chicago
SECY-TREAS.
TRACEY S. GREENE, Milwaukee
HISTORIAN
LEO V. ZIMMERMANN, Milwaukee
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
D. R. SOUTAR, Oklahoma City

ROOM 1000
180 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL.

February 8, 1933.

Captain Peter A. McLean
4, Hillington Gardens
Cardonald, Glasgow, Scotland

Dear Captain McLean:

The Survivors of the Tuscania have had their Reunion and regret that it was impossible for you to be with them.

We appreciate, however, your kind letters which were read at the Reunion and the boys all send you their cordial greetings.

With kind regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Arnold Joerns
President

AJ:S

Am sending you under separate cover an envelope containing badge, photo, etc as given to each who attended the reunion.

15th ANNUAL CONVENTION and REUNION
at Chicago, Feb. 4th, 5th, 6th, 1933

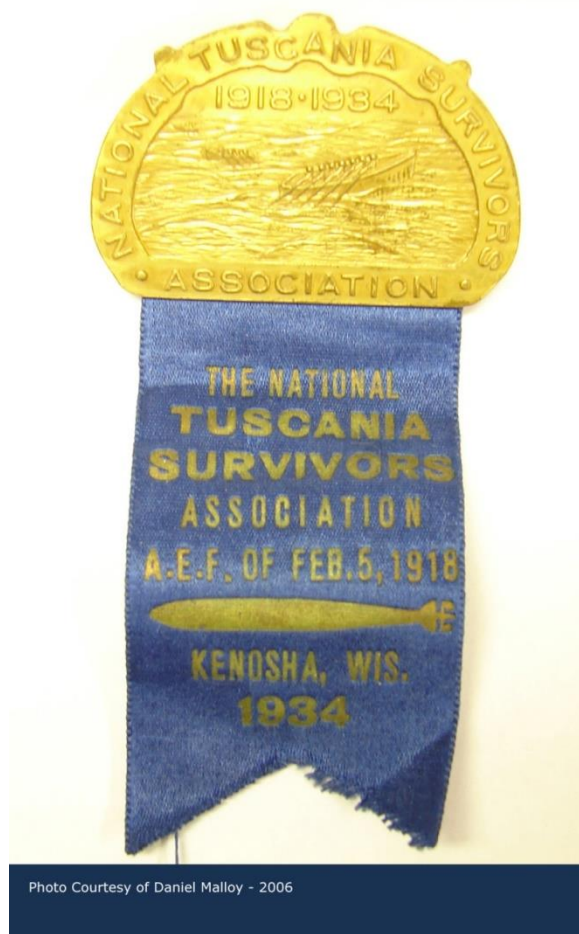


Photo Courtesy of Daniel Malloy - 2006



1935 NTSA medal: Note the torpedo beneath the waves

<http://www.lotnut.com/app/workspace/d4e7091b-0c9f-4414-9ef5-b8fa54fb991c.html;jsessionid=6C454C1BD787F011E798A4A47E33B2C7?view-type=LIST>

One of the first tasks the survivors undertook was to determine who had been the captain of the submarine which sank the *Tuscania*, not an easy task, they found. For years they were balked by the German Admiralty, who thought the request was either for litigation or punitive measures. From the British Navy, the survivors learned the name of the submarine, *U-Boat 77*.

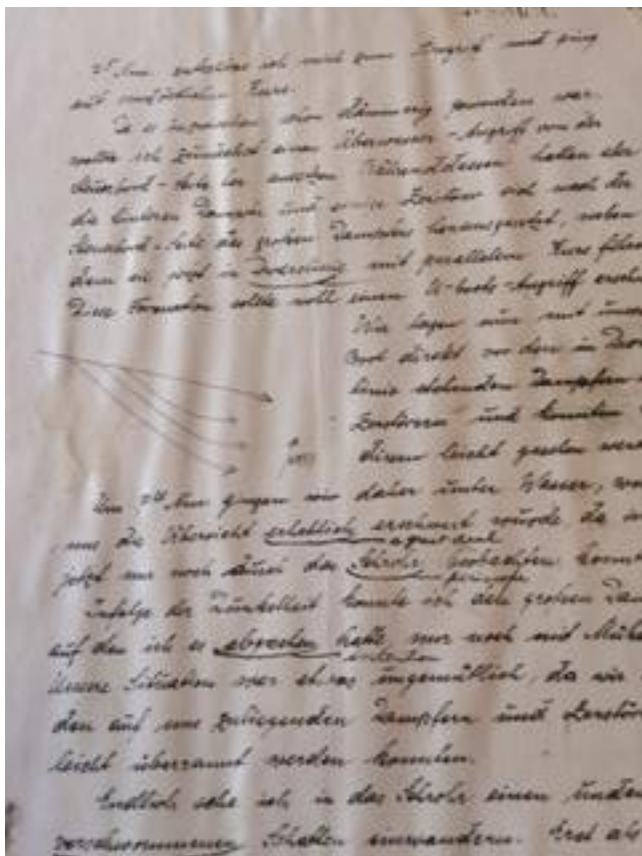
The French secret service told them the sub commander's last name was Meyer. Leo V. Zimmermann, the historian of the association, again approached the German Admiralty – and the identification was finally obtained, with a telegram sent to him in 1931 giving the U-boat commander's name and rank. Zimmermann said he established personal communications with five German submarine commanders in the seven years following the sinking.

After the group identified and contacted Wilhelm Meyer, *UB-77's* captain was a bit stunned, asking how they had found him out – who had tattled? - and why they held a reunion. In January 1929, he wrote the NTSA slightly confused. "It would interest me to know for what

reason you celebrate this event; I take it for granted, so let me state, although late, that I still wish to congratulate you upon your being saved." We can only surmise that the intention of the survivors to "commemorate" the event was not well-translated as "celebration."

It is interesting to note that in *The German Submarine War 1914-1918*, published in 1931, with its detailed lists of ships and submarines torpedoed and/or sunk, with U-boat numbers and captains credited to each, the section listing the *Tuscania* sinking does not include either the name of the submarine or its captain. It reads: "Seven miles north of Rathlin Island the Anchor liner *Tuscania* (14,348 tons), from Halifax to Liverpool with 2000 troops and cargo, was fatally hit by torpedo, sinking two hours later. [note: not accurate] Partly because boats overturned as they were lowered from the listing liner, and partly as a result of boats making towards land instead of remaining by the ship [note: that proved impossible due to tide and wind], the heavy

loss of life amounted to 166 soldiers and 44 of the crew [incorrect statistics]."



Left: Meyer's January 1929 letter, with diagrams, to Leo V. Zimmermann

In 1931, the NTSA issued its first invitation to German U-boat captain Wilhelm Meyer to attend the upcoming February 1932 reunion. Meyer declined, but added: "Our two nations should never have been at war, as their interests are identical." It was reported that the German consul at Chicago and the German ambassador to the U.S. approved his visit, with the North German Lloyd Steamship line willing to finance his trip. In 1931 Meyer wrote to the NTSA: "We Germans and especially we former front line soldiers, do not further desire to live in servitude, and we will hazard everything to bring about the freedom of our people," recounts William Stevens Prince.

In 1931, the group also invited Captain McLean and as guest of honor John M. Smith, the captain of the *Grasshopper*, who was then living in Pavilion, British Columbia, Canada. The *Detroit Free Press* of January 22, 1933, wrote that British rescuers John M. Smith and Captain McLean would be attending that year's NTSA reunion. McLean declined; it does not seem Smith attended. The *New York Times* in February 1934 said that a medal would be awarded to one Briton involved in the rescue at the 1934 meeting – Chief Petty Officer John N. Jones of the *Pigeon*, who had rounded up lifeboats with his small "whaler." Jones in his letter of December 6, 1933, to Leo Zimmermann notes with pride that he was "mentioned in despatches" for his role in the *Tuscania* rescues, in the official record of the *British Admiralty Weekly Orders* of June 6, 1918.



Medal awarded to Pigeon officer John Newton Jones at the 1934 NTSA reunion in Kenosha, Wisconsin, by its president, Fred Albert Scholey

The national survivors group again invited Meyer to their meeting to be held in Chicago on February 5, 1933. Originally Meyer was going to attend, widely reported in the media. Writing in the *Syracuse (NY) Journal*, January 5, 1933, in advance of the meeting, Meyer said, "They recognize that I and members of the crew of U-77 merely did our duty as duty was understood at the time." The *Milwaukee Sentinel*, January 5, 1933, quoted Captain Meyer: "The survivors have been kind enough to invite me to their meeting. The invitation stresses the fact that no thoughts of bitterness or revenge linger in the hearts of the survivors."

In other correspondence, however, Meyer indicated he was not pleased with the state of Germany as created by the Treaty of Versailles (1919), Germany's post-war treatment and Allied demands for reparations. It was likely a sore point that Meyer, a native of Saarbrücken, had seen his hometown area declared the independent state of Saarland by the treaty that ended the war and given to France for 15 years. The Saarland and its valuable coal mines were France's for the duration.

In letters preserved by Edward T. Lauer written by Meyer to the World War Submarine Veterans Association, based in California, the U-boat captain discusses the "insults done to the German People" by the "disgraceful articles" of the Treaty of Versailles. Although the United States had not signed the peace treaty, Meyer felt betrayed by the promises of President Woodrow Wilson, since the treaty did not incorporate Wilson's "fourteen points." Meyer indicates he has asked the "Fichte Bund" to send the California-based submarine association its literature about the treatment of Germany. The Deutscher Fichte-Bund (the Union for World Veracity) was a German nationalist, anti-Semitic organization which, along with providing other propaganda, distributed translations of speeches made by Hitler and his Nazi henchmen around the world, as a counter to Jewish anti-Nazi publicity campaigns.

Spooner resident Frank Marino was quite eager to meet Captain Meyer at the NTSA reunion – but it appears that "there was no love lost" between Frank and Wilhelm.

The *Spooner Advocate* (January 26, 1933) reported: "Frank Marino has his eyes glued Chicagoward today ... he and several others of our World War veterans are interested in the reunion of Tuscania survivors to be held there soon ... and the captain of the German U-boat that fired the shell into the hull of the Tuscania is going to be a guest of honor at the meeting ... Frank says he wants to meet that guy ... no, dear readers, no hostilities so far as Frank is concerned ... just wants to thank the German ... for giving him the biggest thrill of his life ... you know, taking a bath in the chilly waters of the English Channel should bring a thrill ... one that still vibrates after all these long years ... but at that, we would like to have heard Frank's opinion of that guy soon after the shell struck the doomed transport ... would we print it? ... phsst."

As reported in the *Evening Independent* (St. Petersburg, Florida, February 5, 1942) and *Milwaukee Sentinel* (February 4, 1933) – and the *Spooner Advocate* of February 9, 1933 – Captain Meyer decided not to attend the 1933 meeting.

The Florida newspaper reported: "The German embassy in Washington announced Meyer 'had decided not to come,' reportedly because the embassy had been offended at a radio dramatization of Meyer's acceptance in which he was represented as expressing sorrow over the drowning of the American soldiers." The *Milwaukee Sentinel* article said the radio program represented Captain Meyer as being happy to think the survivors had forgiven him for the 225 deaths aboard the *Tuscania*. "This was termed objectionable publicity and 'sob stuff' by Captain Meyer," NTSA historian and meeting organizer Leo V. Zimmermann explained.

To place this about-face in historical context, Adolph Hitler had been named chancellor of Germany on January 30, 1933 - between the time Meyer's acceptance was reported in U.S. newspapers in early January and the NTSA reunion on February 5. There remain numerous erroneous reports on the Internet that Meyer attended the 1933 reunion. Some survivors, admittedly years later, remembered meeting Meyer at the reunion he did not attend.

The *Spooner Advocate* of February 9, 1933, reported that *Tuscania* survivors Frank Brisbin, Frank Marino and Guy Paulson, of Spooner, left for Chicago Friday morning, February 3, 1933, to attend the reunion there. Ernest Nolan, another survivor residing in Spooner, was unable to attend.

"That the boys had a good time in the big town on the shores of Lake Michigan goes without saying, for a fine program of entertainment to last two days had been planned. The big disappointment to the boys, no doubt, was the failure of the German U-boat captain, who had planned to attend the gathering, to put in an appearance."

Not sure if it was Marino making his feelings known once more, but this same issue of the Spooner newspaper reports on page 7: "That German U-boat captain was a wise guy at that ... for he failed to show up at the *Tuscania* survivors reunion in Chicago last week ... he probably heard the remarks of one of our Spooner boys who went down to the windy city to take in the doings ... threatening to toss the captain into the swimming pool ... and then ask him how he likes an impromptu bath."

Guy Paulson contributed a lengthy account of his, Brisbin's and Marino's trip to and from Chicago and the 1933 reunion to the *Spooner Advocate*, published February 16, 1933. Having left Spooner on February 3 at 10:30 a.m., Guy endured numerous fishing and hunting stories from "Bris," matched with immediate challenges as to their veracity by Marino. Reminding the Spooner readership that they are aware of his own "failing for talking," Guy confessed he was unable "to get a word in edgewise" because of the "verbal barrage" of his companions.

The trip to Baraboo was uneventful "and we arrived at the city made famous by Ringling at about 4:15, without once sinking the ship." [Obviously there had been no chance yet to discuss the *Tuscania*, the reason for the trip, and Paulson uses the phrase "sinking the ship" that Lauer also used to describe post-sinking conversations.] In Baraboo, "We looked up some of the boys of that city who were also passengers on the *Tuscania* on her fateful trip, and while there ran into the boys from Rice Lake who had stopped to rest for a while. We all had luncheon together and the enjoyable time spent in that city was the forerunner of what was ahead. After some difficulty we made our get-away, passing the old familiar Camp Douglas that we knew in 1917, but naturally changed somewhat from that day, and continued through Madison into Chicago, where we arrived at 11:45 p.m.

"Upon our arrival there we immediately called up our fellow *Tuscania* survivor and former Spoonerite, Harry (Stub) Edwards, who urged us to come out to Franklin Park where we spent

the night as guests at his home and that of his sister, Mrs. Geo. Russell.” Mrs. Russell is Lillian Edwards Russell, who also grew up in Spooner.

On Saturday morning Brisbin, Marino and Paulson registered at the Great Northern Hotel, “the battleground of the reunion.”

The three Spoonerites were busy “spending most of the day meeting old friends, remembering the old days and having a good time in general. The first thing I heard when we entered the hotel lobby was someone shouting, ‘Well, if here isn’t the Dage [sic] who sank the boat,’ naturally meaning Marino, and we sure did sink the boat from then on.” The word “Dage” was likely a misspelling of “dago,” a derogatory term for an Italian. The conversation obviously centered on “sinking the boat” from then on.



Courtesy of Andrew T. Bobicki

The 1933 reunion of the National Tuscania Survivors Association

At 6:30 p.m. there was a banquet on the hotel’s mezzanine floor, “the program opening with the exploding of a bomb as a reminder of the torpedo report of fifteen years before, and the effect was about as electrifying as was the report of the torpedo. We were some moments in regaining our composure.” Obviously no one in 1933 gave any thought to post-traumatic stress disorder!

There were about 400 survivors at the banquet “from all walks of life and from various parts of the country.” After a “sumptuous” banquet, the survivors were ushered into the Crystal Room of the hotel for the evening’s entertainment. Well-known radio entertainer Grace Lynn served as the master of ceremonies. The program lasted until midnight “and from then until morning it was a continual round of room visiting with old friends.”

On Sunday morning, February 5 – the 15th anniversary of the sinking - “Services were held at Thorn Hall at Northwestern University, followed by the march to Lake Michigan where a wreath was placed on the waters in memory of the Tuscania dead, with salute and taps.” The men had marched from the Great Northern Hotel east on Jackson Boulevard to Michigan Avenue. The wreath was placed by Leo Zimmermann with a firing squad and color squad nearby. A Catholic priest, Protestant minister and Jewish rabbi assisted.



Tuscania services at Northwestern University, Chicago, 1933

Then the Spooner survivors – Brisbin, Marino, Paulson - returned to the hotel for the afternoon luncheon, business meeting, election of officers and the announcement that Kenosha, Wisconsin, had been chosen for the next reunion site.

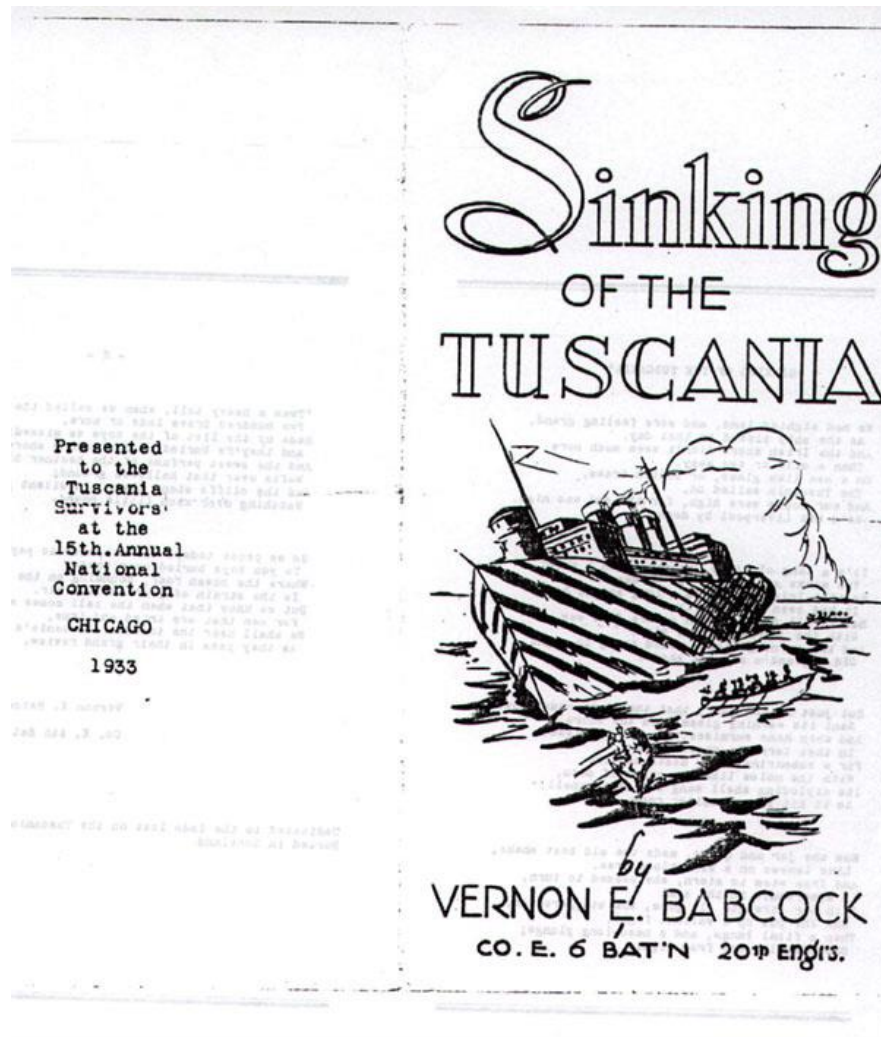
From the 1933 reunion program, in the midst of the Great Depression:

**NOW JUST A SERIOUS WORD ABOUT THE NATIONAL TUSCANIA SURVIVORS
ASS'N**

There's a pretty wonderful bond that ties together the men who survived the sinking of the Tuscania. It was a tragic experience - the sort of thing not many men have gone through - the only bunch of Soldiers out of 2,000,000 we sent to Europe that were sunk. 225 of our Buddies died that night. God bless them! We, who are left, have in this Association, a chance to renew our friendship and perhaps work out something of mutual help as we grow older, and to be united for the good of "GOD AND COUNTRY".

We have a Big Advantage in being from EVERY State in the Union - a real cross-section of this great, and temporarily troubled, Land.

So we are getting together, to see the old faces again, to have a good time; and, perhaps, to do something worthwhile, too.



Vernon Everett Babcock of the 20th Engineers distributed a handout of his poem, "Sinking of the Tuscania," to the 1933 attendees. The date of its composition was not included; the portion on the casualties buried on Islay would not have been the case in 1933.

Sinking of the Tuscania by Vernon E. Babcock

*We had sighted land, and were feeling grand, / As the ship plowed on that day,
And the Irish shore didn't seem much more / Than a mile or two away.
On a sea like glass, of molten brass, / The Tuscania sailed on.
And our hopes were high, for the end was nigh, / We'd hit Liverpool by dawn.*

*It's a long old trip, cooped up in a ship; / Two weeks since we'd put to sea,
So that Irish coast was a long sought host; / It had been an eternity.
But we all felt gay, in a care free way, / With the journey almost o'er,
And the morning light, would bring to sight, / Old England's welcome shore.*

*But just at the hour, that the light-house tower, / Sent its warning gleam from the shore,
And when none surmised, we were baptized, / In that terrible phrase of war;
For a submarine, that death machine, / With the noise like the crack of doom,
Its exploding shell sang our death knell / As it hit in the boiler room.*

*Now the jar and quake, made the old boat shake, / Like leaves on a wind blown tree,
And from stem to stern, she seemed to turn, / a somersault in the sea.
With her strength all gone, and staggered on, / And she put up a valiant fight,
Then a final lunge, and a head-long plunge; / She bravely sank from sight.*

*'Twas a heavy toll, when we called the roll; / Two hundred brave lads or more,
Made up the list of the boys we missed; / And they're buried on Scotland's shore.
And the sweet perfume of the heather bloom / Wafts over that hallowed ground;
And the cliffs stand there, in silent prayer, / Watching over each little mound.*

*So we pause today, our respects to pay, / To you boys buried over there;
Where the ocean roar, pounding on the shore / Is the strain of your martial air.
But we know that when the call comes again / For men that are tried and true,
We shall hear the tread of Tuscania's dead / As they pass in their grand review.*

Dedicated to the lads lost on the Tuscania Feb. 5th, 1918 / Buried in Scotland

Note: Babbitt indicates the Tuscania sank bow first.

Although most of the reunion attendees then returned home, the three Spoonerites went to the Edwards home, where Harry and his wife Zeke (actual name Ghiselle) treated them to an Italian dinner. Also attending was Harry's sister Lillian Edwards Russell. "This was really largely a Spooner reunion, and an enjoyable one too, and it is needless for me to state that we had a good time." The two old schoolmates – Marino and Edwards – spent the evening kidding each other about their school days, including Harry's contention that the only way Marino got out of the first grade was because the schoolhouse burned down. "Lots of other cross-firing, but much of it isn't printable."

Waking the next morning to find Chicago was the victim of one of the worst blizzards in years, the men settled into the Edwards's and Russell's homes until they could start homeward. They arrived in Spooner on February 9.



Photo Courtesy of Daniel Malloy of Wisconsin - 2006

1935 NTSA medal

One happy consequence of the 1933 publicity followed the publication of Lieutenant Asbury Hodgson Vale's reminiscences in the *Beloit* [Wisconsin] *Daily News*. John Creal Hopper, a corporal in the 107th Supply Train those fifteen years earlier, read the article and realized that his friend Vale – whom he thought drowned that evening – was living only 35 miles from him. It turned out that both had been rescued by the *Pigeon*.

On February 5, 1935, the seventeenth anniversary of the sinking, Guy Paulson attends a *Tuscania* reunion in Cumberland, at Anderson Post No. 98 of the American Legion, named for Homer Llewellyn Anderson, who did not survive the sinking. At age 22, Private Anderson, Company E, 107th Supply Train, died on a lifeboat that landed at Islay.

On February 9, 1937, Guy Paulson and his former shipmate Frank G. Peterson, now residing in Rice Lake, attend an anniversary meeting at the Homer L. Anderson American Legion Post in Cumberland. The *Spooner Advocate* of February 11, 1937, noted: "A chapter of the Tuscania Survivors Association was organized at the meeting, with W.C. Brown of Cumberland being named president and Harry E. Post of Rice Lake secretary-treasurer."

In a letter to NTSA president Fred Duxbury before the annual 1936 reunion, held that year at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, Captain Wilhelm Meyer wrote: "The reunion meeting of the survivors of the 'Tuscania,' without doubt, will find a lot of interest among the participants, and many

important thoughts of the events of 18 years ago will be revived. Today the old opposition of those days has been forgotten, and we, soldiers in the first line and fighting on both sides for our fatherland, are today extending our hands across the ocean." After a discussion of "sinister powers," "hatred" and those with "criminals [sic] tendencies" working to create international tension, Meyer continues: "We, soldiers who fought in the front lines, are called upon, more than anybody else, to fight for peace, because we have experienced the horrors of war." The letter was translated from German by Walter Knippel.

The *Spooner Advocate* of February 16, 1939, reported that although some Rice Lake and Cumberland men had attended the *Tuscania* reunion held in Minneapolis, survivors from Spooner were unable to attend. The article lists as survivors Spooner residents Guy Paulson, Frank Marino and Ernest Nolan – and also "ranger Oscar Peterson."

Oscar Ludwig Peterson became a Spooner resident in February 1935, serving as the district forest ranger for Forest Protection District No. 2 for the next 25 years. The *Tuscania* passenger list includes Oscar L. Peterson from Wisconsin, serving in the 20th Engineers, Company D. Oscar registered for the draft when living in Iron County, Wisconsin, and served in World War I as a private. Cornelius Louis ("Neal") Harrington of Hurley, Wisconsin, described how he, Oscar Peterson and Arthur Gilman Evanson (sometimes listed as Evenson) had fallen into the water from a height of 25 feet when the rope lowering their lifeboat snapped. A wave then threw the men into a lifeboat which had fallen from the upper deck. The three were picked up by a trawler. Peterson, age 23, told his family it was "so cold, so cold."



(left) The September 27, 1920, wedding photograph of Oscar Ludwig Peterson and Martha B. Olson

In 1939, survivor Stanley Fuller Staples of Wausau, Wisconsin, drew up the first roster of NTSA members by state. "Up to that time we never had a complete roster," recalled Edward T. Lauer. The printed booklet included the names of Spooner members. It unfortunately contains several spelling errors.

Marquardt, Erwin W. 1155 W. 24th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Marsh, Ray C. 2323 Loomis St., La Crosse, Wis.
 Matson, Leo M. Truck Co. F, 101st Sup. Tr., 26th Div.
 McAndrew, Pat. Shop 3, Falk Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
 McArdle, John of Tuscania Crew
 McCarty, Robert Redgranite, Wis.
 McCue, Leland H. 107th Supply Train
 McDonnell, George A. Augusta, Wis.
 McGeehan, Clovis J. 214 E. 3rd St., Ashland, Wis.
 McGinn, Michael J. 20th & 508th Engrs. A. E. F.
 McLaughlin, Asa 199 Main St., Oshkosh, Wis.
 Meredith, A. G. Co. B., 107th Sup. Tr., 32nd Div.
 Meshke, Leonard T. Coloma, Wis.
 Meyenberg, Charles Co. D., 107th Sup. Tr.
 Michelson, William F. E. R. A. Bldg., Oshkosh, Wis.
 Miller, Arthur New London, Wis.
 Mitchell, Clarence E. R. R. No. 1, Stone Lake, Wis.
 Mitchell, John 3620 Lindeman Ave., Racine, Wis.
 Morency, Ernest F. 223 First St., Hartford, Wis.
 Mowrey, Otto Co. A., 107th Sup. Tr., 32nd Div.
 Neacy, Clarence B. 6828 28th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.
 Neumann, Henry 170 N. 70th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Nicolazzo, D. F. 4010 7th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.
 O'Bevan, Fred 2935 S. Logan Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Olson, Elmer A. 107th Amm. Tr., Hdq., Motor Bn.
 Otto, Arthur H. 224 E. Van Beck Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Pangborn, P. J. 107th Eng. Tr., 32nd Div.
 Parkin, Joseph 1501 N. 12th St., Superior, Wis.
 Patterson, Earl J. Box 162, Seymour, Wis.
 Patterson, Ellery Co. D., 107th Sup. Tr., 32nd Div.
 Paul, Edward 214 Spruce St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.
 Pauli, Sheldon T. Hancock, Wis.
 Paulson, Guy W. Co. F, 2nd Sup. Tr., 26th Div.
 Perry, Norman J. Fairmount Acres, Plymouth, Wis.
 Peterson, Frank G. Co. F, 107th Sup. Tr., 32nd Div.
 Peterson, Irvin Wild Rose, Wis.
 Peterson, Oscar L. Co. F, 2nd Sup. Tr., 2nd Div.
 Pettigrew, H. J. 108 East Cedar, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
 Phillips, Hollister W. Ridgeway, Wis.
 Pierce, Royal B. Spooner, Wis.
 Pinney, George E. Plainfield, Wis.
 Post, H. E. 402 W. Marshall St., Rice Lake, Wis.
 Powell, Earl L. Co. E., 101st Sup. Tr., 26th Div.
 Pregent, Charles Wautoma, Wis.
 Przytycki, Anthony T. Co. C, 107th Sup. Tr.
 Regling, Theodore W. Upson, Wis.
 Regnier, Louis E. 423 Congress St., Oconto, Wis.
 Rist, L. B. Co. D., 107th Motor Supply Tr., 32nd Div.
 Robbins, Arthur D. Mindaro, Wis.
 Roberts, Joseph E. Cudaby, Wis.
 111 Newton St., Rice Lake, Wis.
 Chippewa Falls, Wis.
 2365 S. 32nd St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 715 McIndoe, Wausau, Wis.
 Co. A., 107th Sup. Tr., 32nd Div.
 6119 8th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.
 320 Jones St., Eau Claire, Wis.
 231 8th St., Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
 127 E. Mifflin St., Madison, Wis.
 107th Eng. Tr., 32nd Div.

Robinson, McKinley 909 S. Outagamie St., Appleton, Wis.
 Roesler, Leslie A. Sanitary Squad No. 7
 Rogers, Dell 315 Clarence, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
 Roskos, George R. R. No. 7, Box 169, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Rollefson, Gustave A. Co. A., 107th Sup. & Co. F, 2nd Div. Sup.
 Roux, Victor E. 1217 Elizabeth Ave., Marinette, Wis.
 Rowe, Hallie H. R. R. No. 5, Merrill, Wis.
 Ruechel, William A. Sturgeon Bay, Wis.
 Sauer, Leon N. R. F. D. No. 2, Pulaski, Wis.
 Schmidt, Edward 32nd Div., Co. D., 107th Supply Train
 Schmidtmeyer, Henry F. 753 E. Homer St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Scholey, Fred A. Hdqrs. Co., 2nd Bn., 126th Inf., 32nd Div.
 Schultz, Ira A. 2005 41st St., Kenosha, Wis.
 Schunk, George J. Chippewa Falls, Wis.
 Selings, Arlon 6632 20th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.
 Selrecht, Wm. H. C. 107th San. Train
 Shaw, George E. Waterloo, Wis.
 Simonson, Ray E. 2018 S. First St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Siyer, Benjamin Wautoma, Wis.
 Solverson, Earl L. 169 S. Hawley Road, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Sorenson, Ingwald Co. B., 107th Sup. Tr.
 Sorenson, Nels G. Cornell Wood Products Co., Cornell, Wis.
 Soukup, Charles W. R. R. No. 2, Wautoma, Wis.
 Spear, Leo W. 107th Supply Train
 Staples, S. F. 4924 W. Woodlawn Court, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Steffenhagen, Arthur E. General Storekeeper, C. M. & St. P. R. R., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Stefferud, John J. Wautoma, Wis.
 Stephenson, George R. 327 St. Johns St., Sturgeon Bay, Wis.
 Stewart, Alexander 107th Sup. Tr.
 Stewart, Paul L. Plainfield, Wis.
 Stickenbauer, Herbert E. 902 Adams St., Wausau, Wis.
 Stoiber, Peter 18th Co., 20th Engrs.
 Stransky, Joe 361 Elm St., Menasha, Wis.
 Stratton, Chas. P. 107th Eng. Train Co.
 Stoveken, William C. 1231 Monroe St., Wausau, Wis.
 Sullivan, Perry A. 5030 22nd Ave., Kenosha, Wis.
 Swanson, Hjalmer 513 4th St., Kiel, Wis.
 Swendryski, John Co. D, 107th Sup. Tr., 32nd Div.
 Talbot, Irvin F. 614 Ash St., Baraboo, Wis.
 Tanking, Frank H. Co. C, 107th Sup. Tr.
 Thayer, Arthur H. Wautoma, Wis.
 Thornton, Richard C. 1012 56th St., Kenosha, Wis.
 Thorstad, Alfred R. R. No. 2, Coloma, Wis.
 Tolleth, Hale Wautoma, Wis.
 Turner, Harry Co. F, 2nd Sup. Tr., 2nd Div.
 Tyson, Norbert M. 158 Francis Ave., Green Bay, Wis.
 Ueck, Edward Taylor, Wis.
 Vale, Asbury H. Mason, Wis.
 Vanderburg, Harry Wild Rose, Wis.
 Vater, Fred Cumberland, Wis.
 Veerhusen, Earl 6724 30th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.
 617 5th St., Baraboo, Wis.
 1817 Jackson St., La Crosse, Wis.
 Co. A, 107th Sup. Tr., 32nd Div.
 Kilbourn, Wis.
 Wautoma, Wis.
 1006 99th St., Kenosha, Wis.
 Co. B., 107th Sup. Train
 Hancock, Wis.
 107th Amm. Train
 Mukwonago, Wis.
 Milwaukee, Wis.
 107th Amm. Train
 Milwaukee, Wis.

The 1939 NTSA membership roster – pages for Wisconsin show Earl Knight of Rhinelander, Frank W. Marino of Spooner, Guy Paulson of Spooner, Frank G. Peterson of Rice Lake and Oscar L. Peterson (listed as Upson WI, his hometown, although he was residing in Spooner by 1935)

Veum, Henry	Onseo, Wis.
Voyer, Peter	Stell Lake, Wis.
Weber, William G.	Bayfield, Wis.
Welshofer, John T.	Waterloo, Wis.
Werner, Henry W.	2360 S. 81st St., West Allis, Wis.
Wescott, Ralph R.	1542 S. 80th St., West Allis, Wis.
White, Clarence J.	Co. A, 107th Supply Tr. R. R. No. 2, Kenosha, Wis.
White, William N.	Postmaster, Waterloo, Wis.
Wilder, Earl D.	Westfield, Wis.
Willey, Asa R.	Washburn, Wis.
Williams, Allen E.	946 Oakland, Waukegan, Wis.
Winter, Martin C. W.	432 W. Division St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
Wiseman, Guy	401 12th Ave. W., Menomonie, Wis.
Wisniewski, Adam	Co. A, 107th Supply Tr. 1077 14th Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
Young, John J.	4127 18th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.
Zimmermann, Leo V.	Co. B, 107th Sup. Tr., 32nd Div. 624 N. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Zura, August	5042 17th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.

TUSCANIA ASSOCIATES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES	
Canada	
Smith, John M.	Pavilion, B. C., Can. Lieut. Comdr. H. M. S. Grasshopper, honorary member.
England	
Adams, Albert J.	The Cathedral, Winchester, Eng. Verger & Guide at the Cathedral where survivors visited.
Brookes, Wm. E.	Rise Carr Hotel, Wesoe Rd., Darlington, County Durham, Eng. Formerly Signal rating officer at time of rescue aboard H. M. S. Harpy.
Fellows, Lieut. Comm. T. B.	H. M. S. "Curacao", London, Eng., Medit. Fleet
Ford, P. E.	61 Oxford St., Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire, Eng. Member of crew of Trawler Walpole which picked up survivors.
Woodall, P. G.	13 Aldersey Gardens, New Barking, Essex, Eng. One of 3 passengers aboard Tuscania. Civilian employee.
Germany	
Meyer, Dr. Wilhelm	67 Breitestrass, Saarbrücken, Germany Lieut. Capt. U. B. 77
Scotland	
Bone, William G.	32 Mineva St., Glasgow C. 3, Scotland
Cochrane, Robert	298 Montford Ave., Bankhead, King's Park, Glasgow, Scotland
Collins, Mrs. Flora	65 Dalry Road, Kilbirnie, Ayrshire, Scotland
Green, George	8 Douglas St., Glasgow, C. 2, Scotland
McColgan, James	19 Fordyce St., Partick, Glasgow, Scotland
McLean, Capt. Peter	4 Hillington Gardens, Cardonald, Glasgow, Scotland
Ogilvie, William	17 Elmore Ave., Cathcart, Glasgow, Scotland
Stewart, Alex M.	48 Street, Enoch Square, Glasgow, Scotland Commander of Scotland Post American Legion. Honorary member.
Stewart, John	18 Dover St., Glasgow, C. 3, Scotland

Spain	
McNiece, Renwick	American Consular Service, Vigo, Spain
MEN WHO WERE ON OTHER SHIPS IN SAME CONVOY	
Illinois	
Nice, C. W.	Morrison, Ill.
Rudolph, Dr. Louis	U. S. S. Kanawha 55 E. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
Ryan, N. A.	Asst. Gen. Mgr., C. M. & St. P. R. R., Union Sta., Chicago, Ill. Previously on Tuscania.
Swiglo, Paul J.	41 N. Adams St., Westmont, Ill. U. S. S. Kanawha
Massachusetts	
Dawson, Francis L.	132 Myrtle St., Lynn, Mass. Baltic
Michigan	
Glass, Leonard	1022 S. Fancher St., Mt. Pleasant, Mich. Scotian
New York	
Hawley, H. H.	Cunard Line, 25 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Smart, Capt. R. W.	Anchor Line, 25 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Formerly Chief Officer of Tuscania
Pennsylvania	
Taggart, R. P.	219 Ross Ave., Wilkensburg, Pa. Baltic
Wisconsin	
Dahlke, August	3013 N. 39th St., Milwaukee, Wis. Baltic
Diedrich, Peter	R. R. No. 4, Box 559-L, West Allis, Wis. Baltic
O'Donnell, Harry	3629 N. 28th St., Milwaukee, Wis. Scotch Regimental Sergeant

1939 NTSA membership roster lists as "Tuscania Affiliates in Foreign Countries" honorary members John M. Smith, Lt. Commander of the HMS Grasshopper, resident of Pavilion, British Columbia, Canada, and Lt. Commander T.B. Fellows [misspelled Fellows], aboard the HMS Curacao in the Mediterranean fleet, who commanded HMS Mosquito – Dr. Wilhelm Meyer, UB-77 commander, in Saarbrücken, Germany – From the Tuscania crew - Captain Peter McLean (residing at 4 Hillington Gardens, Cardonald, Glasgow, Scotland), his chief officer Captain R.W. Smart (Anchor Line, New York City), and stewardess Mrs. Flora Collins (65 Dalry Road, Kilbirnie, Ayrshire, Scotland)

Name Roy H Oplinger
(First) (Middle) (Last)
 Occupation Garage Mechanic Firm
 Business Address _____ City _____ State _____
 Home Address Walnutport City _____ State Pa
 Military Rank, Feb. 5, 1918 Corporal
 Military Rank, end of War Corporal
 Military Organization? 158 Aero Sqn Wounded? No

I am a survivor of the TUSCANIA and apply for membership in the
 NATIONAL TUSCANIA SURVIVORS ASSOCIATION. Herewith \$1.00 due
 for this year.

Roy H. Oplinger
 Signature of Applicant

Roy Hobart Oplinger's 1938 application to join the National Tuscania Survivors Association

The *Spooner Advocate* of January 2, 1941, noted the northwest survivors' group would meet in Rice Lake on February 1 and 2, and that Guy Paulson, Oscar Peterson and Frank Marino of Spooner would no doubt attend.



Contributed by Kathleen Kronenwetter

Herbert Ernest Hurd's survivor certificate, 18 November 1954, from the Wisconsin Tuscania Survivors Association



*50th reunion, Alonzo Cudworth American Legion Post No. 23
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, February 5, 1968
From the Milwaukee County Historical Society archives*

From 1933 invitation:

All About the 15th Annual Reunion of the NATIONAL TUSCANIA SURVIVORS ASS'N

WHEN? February 4 and 5, 1933 (Saturday and Sunday)

WHERE? CHICAGO (The 1933 World's Fair City)

Oh, You Tuscania Buddy!

Don't let anything interfere with your coming; even if you have to THUMB your way.

Clamp Your Lamps on these Guests of Honor!

These famous guests have been invited:

COMMANDER. JOHN M. SMITH, of the British Destroyer "GRASSHOPPER," who saved the lives of so many of us that night.

CAPT. PETER McLEAN, of Glasgow, Scotland, the grand old Master of the Tuscania, who was the last man to leave the ship.

And, Oh Boy, Get This!

CAPT. (DR.) WILHELM MEYER, of the German Navy, who was Commander of the German U Boat No. 77 that sunk us!



From left: historian Leo V. Zimmermann, secretary Edward T. Lauer, Wesley Leroy McCalley of Iowa, at the 1957 NTSA Reunion - from the Milwaukee County Historical Society archives



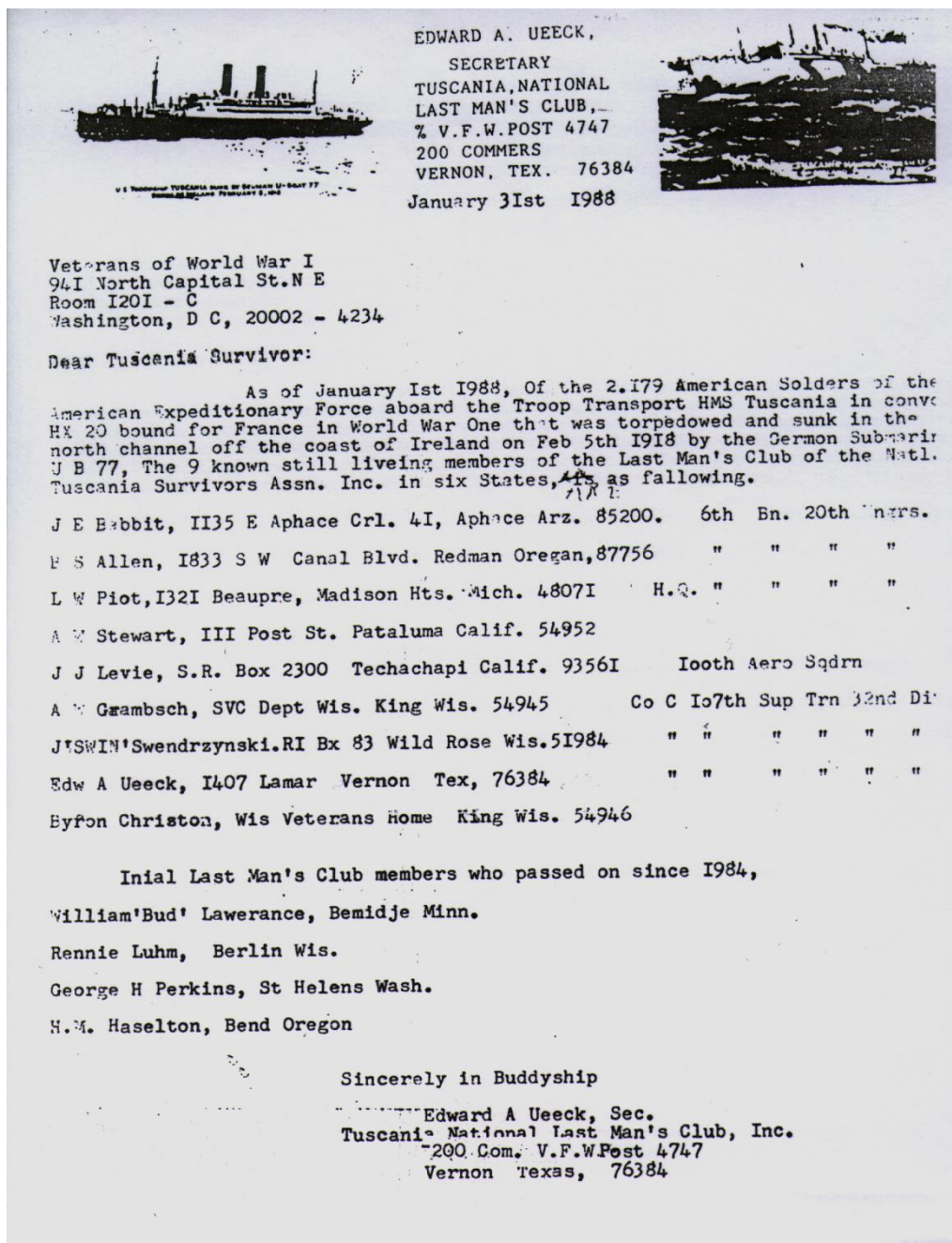
MEMORIES NOT FORGOTTEN - It was time for song and tales of long ago for survivors of the orange ship Tuscania Saturday night at the Cudahy American Legion hall. The ship went down 10 years ago, torpedied by a German submarine.

Arthur Siplon, Muskegon, Mich., played the music. From left are Maxwell Collins, 3829 N. Casser St., Edward Lauer, 8023 Buckley Ave., Wauwatosa; Herbert Gustafson, Council Bluffs, Iowa, and the Rev. Harry Vanderburg, Mukwonago.

Left: Arthur Siplon of Muskegon, Michigan, "tickles the ivories" at the piano, 1968, with fellow survivors Maxwell Collins (Milwaukee) and Edward Lauer (Wauwatosa WI), Herbert F. Gustafson (Council Bluffs IA) and Rev. Harry Peter Vanderburg (Mukwonago WI) - from the archives of the Milwaukee County Historical Society



As time passed, the National Tuscania Survivors Association discontinued its reunions, with the last being in 1976, the 58th time it had met annually. The *Milwaukee Journal* of May 30, 1977, interviewed Edward T. Lauer, who reported that the survivors had voted into existence a Last Man's Club as a substitute for the association, and that reunions of its aged members would not be held in inhospitable February but in the spring or summer, around Memorial Day, as the "Last Man's Club of the National Tuscania Survivors Association." This group officially began operations in 1978.



January 31, 1988 – 10 members still alive. This letter from the NTSA did not include non-member Edwin Clark Lewis, who becomes the last survivor to die – in 2001. The corrected spellings of the

names: James Everett Babbitt, Batie Columbus Allen (not F.S.), Lester William Piot, Alden William Stewart, Joseph J. Leiva, Alvin Wesley Grambsch, John Zigmond ("Swin") Swendrzynski, Edward Albert Ueeck, Byron Edward Christian, William D. ("Bud") Lawrence, Rennie Luhm (Rennie Robert Luhm, not on Schwartz's or Fold3 passenger list, not on board, died 1971), George Hobart Perkins and Hallie Marion Hoselton.

Upon the death of a comrade who had survived the *Tuscania*, the other members would share some small glasses of scotch whisky from a bottle, then put the bottle aside for the same ritual upon the death of the next survivor in their group.

Traditionally a last man's toast is drunk with brandy. *Tuscania* survivors toast with scotch, because while aboard the *Pigeon* after his rescue, *Tuscania* Captain Peter McLean broke the seal on a new bottle of scotch whisky and, after taking a long drink, handed it to Edward Ueeck, an American survivor. Ed said he took a "good Paul Bunyan drag" and handed the bottle back to the captain. McLean told him, "Pass it around to the boys. It will cheer them a bit." The use of scotch also commemorates the loss of life on the isle of Islay, famous for its distilleries.

The "Old Soldiers" episode of the television show *M.A.S.H.* on January 21, 1980, included Colonel Potter's explanation of the history of a bottle of wine and his friends from World War I, making the story of a "last man's club" popular.

Each year at the NTSA reunions, a toast was made with raised glasses to their fallen comrades, those who had recently died and their buddies.

A bottle of scotch, purchased in 1976 by Edward A. Ueeck, was presented to the Veterans of Foreign Wars Post #4747 in Vernon, Texas. In 1988 this was his home post; Ueeck was then the secretary of the National *Tuscania* Survivors Association. Ueeck intended that the bottle be opened and shared by the members of the VFW post on February 5, 2018, the 100th anniversary of the disaster. This bottle has been housed in the Museum of Islay Life since May 2018.



Edward Ueeck served as the model for Alaska artist Fred Machetanz in "Coffee Break"



Left: Bottle of Ueeck's scotch displayed by Steve Argo, Baraboo, Wisconsin. Engraved plaque at top reads: Nat'l Last Man's Club. [top paper label:] of the Nat'l Tuscania Survivors Ass'n., Inc who were on board the troop ship torpedoed & sunk off the N. coast of Ireland by the German [sic] sub UB77 on the night of Feb 5 1918 W.W.I. [bottom paper label: Placed in custody of Comrade V.F.W. Post #4747, Dept. TX, to be presented to the last living [sic] of survivors to drink a toast in memory of the over 310 men who lost their

lives, most of whom went to Davy Jones locker, Reported as missing – by Request of Secretary. This 30th Day May 1985. Signed EAU.

Right: The bottle was donated by Steve Argo to the Museum of Islay Life, where it has been on display since May 2018. Photographs by Marilyn Gahm, left in Wisconsin on 24 September 2016; right on Islay on 3 May 2018

Three casualties of the sinking were from Barron County, Wisconsin, which lies south of Washburn County. One was Homer L. Anderson. Another was Benjamin Harrison Brown, a sergeant in Company F, 107th Supply Train. Born in Barron, Barron County, on July 18, 1894, he was the son of George Washington and Catherine (Appleman) Brown. Benjamin married Marie Alberta Peterson on August 26, 1917, and she was expecting their first child when he sailed on the *Tuscania*. Ben died on February 5, 1918, aboard the ship, at age 23; his body was never recovered. Ben's daughter Benjaline Harrison Brown was born May 20, 1918, in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. As the first soldier to die from Barron, he is the namesake of American Legion Post No. 212 at Barron, named the Ben Brown Post when it was organized January 12, 1920. The Barron Legion post was renamed the Brown-Selvig Post #212 in December 1943, to honor Barron's first World War II casualty, Herman E. Selvig, killed at Gaudalcanal.

The *Barron County Shield*, February 28, 1918, reported: "After watching and hoping that each new report might yet find Ben Brown safe, the hopes of our people were dashed this week when Thomas Brown, a brother, received a telegram from Washington early Tuesday morning stating Sergeant Benjamin H. Brown was officially reported now among the 457 missing. There is still a very small hope that he yet may turn up, but it looks hopeless.

"Mr. Brown was a highly esteemed Barron young man, who had made a host of friends while in the employ of A.P. Stebbins in the drug store. Patriotically he enlisted with the first bunch of boys to go from here. He was a home boy in the real sense of the word, a gentleman in his bearing and upright in all his dealings. He was soon promoted after enlisting.

"With bowed heads we remember the *Tuscania*. It seems proper and fitting that we should plan a memorial service in his memory."

Ben's memorial stone is in the Wayside Cemetery at Barron in his parents' burial plot. Ben is also remembered on a memorial plaque on the "Missing in Action or Buried at Sea Tablets of the Missing" at Suresnes American Cemetery, Suresnes, France.

Benjamin H. Brown

Sergeant, U.S. Army

107th Supply Trains, 32th Infantry Division.

Entered the Service from: Wisconsin. Died: February 5, 1918.

Those *Tuscania* soldiers missing in action, whose bodies were not found, whose names are listed on the Tablets of the Missing at Suresnes:

Roger Baker - Benjamin Harrison Brown - Tommie Ward Cook – Reed Clyde Davis - Alexander Joseph Dunn, Jr. – Hans Marius Eriksen – Vincent Ambrose Gorman – Thomas Eli Hudgeons – Arthur Christian Junker – Frank Leslie Kirk – Dudley Hathaway Marsh – Charles Patrick Henry McVey – Richard August Nineheart – Julius Notkowitz – Benjamin Guy Olmsted – Carl C. Rader – Lucio Ramos – Alpha Leroy Rice – Raymond Leonard Roessler – Bernard Leroy Tullington.

Three survivors of the *Tuscania* sinking, who died in wartime and who remain missing in action, also have their names listed at Suresnes: Walter J. Martin (died July 19, 1918), Walter Nagel (died July 28, 1918) and Edward F. Parker (died January 31, 1919).



Vincent A. Gorman's entry on the Tablets of the Missing, Suresnes American Cemetery, Suresnes, France



Suresnes American Cemetery



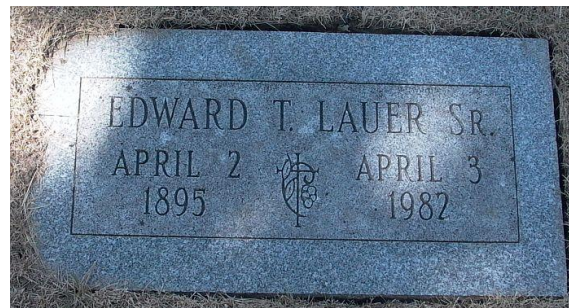
Wayside Cemetery memorial stone and photograph of Benjamin and Marie Brown from

<http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=qr&GRid=7063722>

Widowed Marie married Clifford Lloyd Christeson on 5 March 1926.

Marie, Lloyd and Ben's daughter Benjaline (Benny) Harrison Brown Bunkfeldt (Mrs. Rudolf) are buried in Wayside, as are Ben's parents.

The third casualty from Barron County was James Albert Schleiss, age 32, of Rice Lake, a private in the 20th Engineers, 6th Battalion, Company D. He was first buried in Kilnaughton Military Cemetery on the isle of Islay, trench 5, grave 81; interment occurred February 12, 1918. His body, exhumed after the war, was buried in Haugen, Barron County, Wisconsin.



Edward Theodore Lauer, Sr., is buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He died the day after his 87th birthday. Much is owed to his preservation of the history of Tuscania. His archives reside in Madison and Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



"Our boy" Clyde G. Jenkins, first buried at Kilnaughton Military Cemetery, Grave 25, Islay – tombstone in Chico Cemetery, Chico (Butte County), California. Private in Company E, 20th Engineers.



*Jesse M. Rhodes, Elmwood Cemetery, Wagoner (Wagoner Co.), Oklahoma
"Perished with the Sinking of the S.S. Tuscania" – Namesake of the Tahlequah (Oklahoma)
American Legion Post – Jesse died the day before his 25th birthday, which would have been
February 6, 1918. Originally buried at Port Charlotte (Port Mòr), Islay, Grave 2.*



The history of Captain Philip Kilburn Lighthall is inscribed on his tombstone – his birth, death on the Tuscania, burial on Islay (February 9, 1918), reinterment in Oakwood Cemetery, Syracuse, New York (February 9, 1919). The poem by Katharine Lee Bates - "A Call to Arms" - is dedicated to him. Originally buried at Port Charlotte (Port Mòr), Islay, Grave 21.

Inscriptions from *Tuscania* tombstones:

"Nobly he fell while fighting for liberty" [Edward Lafayette Routt]

"He made the supreme sacrifice" [Edgar Carl Barnes]

"Lost with the Tuscania / Rest, soldier, rest, thy warfare's over." [Edward Franklin Young]

"Drowned when the Tuscania was torpedoed by a Submarine / Asleep in Jesus blessed sleep"
[Walter Allen Hartsook]

"He lost his life on the Tuscania" [Henry Grady Oxford]

"Died Feb. 5, 1918 / on the ill-fated Tuscania." [George Wesley Tomlins]

"Lost on Tuscania Feb. 6, 1918" [Bert O. Weeks]

"Victim of Tuscania disaster" [Elmer Luther Cowan]

"Killed Feb. 5th 1918 on troop ship Tuscania off the coast of Ireland in the cause of humanity"
[Vincent Ambrose Gorman]

"Killed on board the Tuscania" [George Moreno; includes image of ship sinking in ocean]

"Drowned when the troopship Tuscania was torpedoed by a German submarine off the coast of Scotland [James Alvin Price]

"Lost his life when the Tuscania [sic] was sunk Feb. 5 1918 / Gone but not forgotten / We will meet again" [Norman G. Crocker]

"The first Jackson boy who lost his life in the war" [Wilbur William Clark of Jackson, Michigan]

"Idaho County's first WWI casualty. He perished when the Tuscania was torpedoed off the Irish coast and now rests in a national cemetery in Brookwood, England." [William Ira Droogs]

"United States Army who was lost with the U.S. transport *Tuscania* on 5th February 1918
[William Binnie, in Edinburgh, Scotland]



The city of Bismark, Oklahoma – named for former German chancellor Otto von Bismarck – decided to rid itself of any possibly unpatriotic German associations and renamed itself “Wright” (later “Wright City”), after William W. Wright, 20th Engineers, Co. F, McCurtain County’s first war casualty, who died on the *Tuscania*.

Monument to William Wylie Wright, erected by the Wright City (Oklahoma) Centennial Celebration in June 2010, noting his death on the Tuscania, his burial on Islay at Kilnaughton Military Cemetery (grave 51) and his re-interment in Arlington National Cemetery, outside Washington, D.C.



Sam Hethershaw (*left*), a teenage soldier of Swea City, Kossuth County, Iowa, never made it to the battlefield after surviving the sinking. He played trombone in the American Air Service Band in England, and played the bugle, after the *Tuscania* sinking. The war ended before Sam was sent to France. The Swea City (Iowa) Centennial book in 1995 noted the musical skills of Sam, who died in 1976, did not abate with time. “Although not as smooth or eloquent in later years as they once were, one could often hear the notes of an old World War I bugle as they walked down main street. The sounds, filled with memories and love, drifted out the door of Sam Hethershaw’s barber shop.”

The American Legion was formed in Paris, France, on March 16, 1919. Many of the *Tuscania* casualties were the earliest war casualties in their home areas, and local newly formed American Legion posts were usually named for the first casualty of World War I. Later, the names of casualties in later wars were often added to the World War I name. American Legion posts named for *Tuscania* casualties - or some men who survived, later to be killed in action - include:

State	City	Number	Namesake	Died	Original name	Currently
AR	Fordyce	78	Claudius/Claude Bradley	Died Tuscania	Claude Bradley Post	Claude Bradley Post
AR	Stephens	77	Nathan Bradley Short	Died Tuscania	Nathan B. Short Post	
AZ	Chandler	35	Mathew B. Juan	Survived Tuscania; killed in action Cantigny 26 May 1918		Mathew B. Juan
CA	Corning	45	William Howard Raisner	Died Tuscania; his brother Charles on 30 Sept 1918	Raisner Brothers Post	Raisner
CA	Oakdale/Knights Ferry	57	Stanley Lewis Collins	Died 6 Feb 1918 on Islay after lifeboat arrival	Stanley L. Collins Post	
IL	Potomac	428	Harry E. Carpenter	Died Tuscania	Harry Carpenter Post	
LA	Rayville	122	Tommie Cook	Died Tuscania	Tommie Cook Post	
MI	Grand Rapids	355	Merle Henry Howe	Survived Tuscania but died in WWII	Stewart-Howe Post	
MI	Hillsdale	53	Leighr A. Wright	Died Tuscania		Leighr A. Wright
MI	Lansing (Dewitt)	205	William Riker Johnson	Died Tuscania	Was at Michigan Agricultural College	William Riker Johnson Inc.
MN	Grand Rapids		Alexander Joseph Dunn, Jr.	Died Tuscania		McVeigh-Dunn Post
MN	Red Lake Falls	22	Gunder G. Austad	Died Tuscania		Gunder Austad
MN	Spring Valley	68	Everett Herbert Hale – he was also the namesake of	Survived Tuscania; killed in		Everett H. Hale

			Post No. 77 in Chippewa Falls Wi	action Argonne Forest 14 Oct 1918		
MO	Thayer	344	Charles L. Burkett	Survived Tuscania; killed in action 4 Nov. 1918		Charles Burkett
MS	Kosciusko	44	Thomas Frederick Wasson	Died Tuscania	Fred Wasson Post	
ND	Rolette	194	Peter Dethman	Died Tuscania, buried on Islay		Dethman- Armstrong
NH	New Boston		Gerald Kenton Clover	Sgt., died Tuscania		
NM	Socorro	4	Marcos Armijo	Died in war		
NY	Buffalo	174	Tuscania Post		Was at 104 Brinkman St.	
OK	Afton		William Ervin Vickers	Died Tuscania		Vickers- Nicholson
OK	Chickasha	54	Raymond Thomas Hurst	Died Tuscania		Hurst- Beaton
OK	Fort Cobb	197	William Van Smithpeter	Died Tuscania		Van Smithpeter
OK	Guthrie	58	Leo Parrott LeBron	Captain; died Tuscania		Le Bron
OK	Norman	88	Fletcher Odell Pledger	Died Tuscania	Fletcher Odell Pledger	Pledger-Allen- Phillips- McWilliams
OK	Tahlequah	50	Jesse Manuel Rhodes	Died Tuscania	Rhodes-Pritchett Post	
OK	Wright City (formerly Bismark)		William Wylie Wright	Died Tuscania		
OR	Bend	4	Percy Arthur Stevens	Died Tuscania		Stevens-Chute
OR	Madras	125 [originally 79]	John Sloss (post disbanded late 1920s, reinstated Feb 1942)	Died Tuscania	John Sloss	
PA	Scottdale	240	Thomas A. Lewellyn	Died Tuscania	Thomas A. Lewellyn	
SD	Parkston	194	Fred Mat Unger	Died Tuscania	Unger-Fergen	
TN	Nashville	141	Lambert Henry Mocker	Died Tuscania	Timothy-Mocker	
TN	Union City	20	Milton Charles Talley	Died Tuscania		
TX	Coleman	213	Otto Ray	Died Tuscania	Former post (2017)	
TX	Cuero	3	William Anton Dinter	Died Tuscania (3 days later)	Dinter	
TX	Dalhart	139	Roy Earl Rhoades	Died of wounds 12 Sep 1918 France	Roy Rhoades	
TX	Hallettsville	230	Thomas Eli Hudgeons & his wife Margaret	Died Tuscania	Hudgeons	

			(Singleton) Hudgeons, a nurse, died 24 Jan 1919			
TX	Pampa	56	Arthur Rudolph Zybach & Ben Verner Owens	Survived Tuscania; killed in action 3 Nov. 1918	Zybach-Owens Post	Owens died Tuscania
TX	Ranger	69	Edgar Carl Barnes	Died Tuscania	Carl Barnes Post	
TX	Thurber	14	Homer Girtree/Girtice Harris	Survived the Tuscania; died at Chateau Thierry 2 June 1918	Post disbanded 1933 when town of Thurber was closed	
WA	Rimrock		Eugene Willard Snyder	Died Tuscania	Eugene Snyder Post	
WI	Barron	212	Benjamin Harrison Brown	Died Tuscania	Ben Brown Post	Brown-Selvig Post
WI	Chippewa Falls	77	Everett H. Hale when it opened; also namesake of Spring Valley MN Post so name changed in mid- 1920s	Survived Tuscania; killed in action Argonne Forest 14 Oct 1918	Everett H. Hale Post	Now Meuli- Kelean-Kramer- Dannenberg Post
WI	Cumberland	98	Homer Llewellyn Anderson	Died Tuscania, 1 st buried on Islay		Anderson- Thomson
WI	Jefferson	164	George A. Reinhardt	Died Tuscania		Reinhardt- Windl
WI	Neenah	33	James Patrick Hawley	Died Tuscania	James P. Hawley	Hawley- Dieckhoff
WI	New London	263	Clifford Henry Norris & William Bryon Spencer	Both died on Tuscania	Norris- Spencer	Norris- Spencer
WI	New Richmond	80	Raymond Charles Butler	Died Tuscania		Butler- Harmon
WI	Whitehall	191	Otis Edgar Hutchins	On Tuscania, 1 st buried on Islay	Otis E. Hutchins Post	

The Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW) Post #1113 at Virginia, Minnesota, now called the Crellin-Tini Post, has as its namesake Walter Crellin, who died on the shores of Islay and was originally buried in the Kilnaughton Cemetery before being reinterred at Arlington National Cemetery.

The namesake of the Junker-Ball VFW Post No. 1865 at Kenosha, Wisconsin, is Arthur Christian Junker, missing in action aboard the *Tuscania*. William Matthews VFW Post 1585 at Bellingham, Washington, is named for casualty William ("Billie") Matthews, established July 14, 1928.

When it was organized, the Jesus Guzman Veterans of Foreign Wars Post No. 3249 of Corpus Christi, Texas, named for a *Tuscania* casualty, was one of two posts commemorating Hispanic Americans. Fellow Latino casualty Marcos B. Armijo of El Paso, Texas, is honored by the Marcos B. Armijo Post No. 2753 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

The VFW Post in Center, Texas, is named for *Tuscania* casualty Norman G. Crocker, the first Texas A&M cadet to die in World War I. He began his college studies in September 1912, left school due to ill health in May 1913, returned in May 1915, and enlisted as a private in the Forestry Division of the Engineers Reserve Corps. He was inducted into the service on December 13, 1917, while a senior in the School of Agriculture at A&M. The male residence hall at Texas Agricultural & Mechanical College (now Texas A&M University) on the north side of campus was named Crocker Hall in 1942 to honor Crocker. This all-male dormitory, which housed 246, was demolished in 2011 to make way for new construction.

Through a typographical error made when the VFW Post in Coos Bay, Oregon, was established, it is known as the Sidney Burnett Post, No. 1180, or sometimes the Sidney Burnitt Post, named for Sidney Walter Bernitt, a casualty from Coos Bay.

Survivor Robert Emmit Quinn, who died in action in France on July 18, 1918, is the namesake of the now-closed VFW Post #1203 in Guymon, Texas County, Oklahoma, which became the Jordan-Quinn Post.



Norman G. Crocker, first Texas A&M graduate casualty of the war, namesake of Crocker Hall



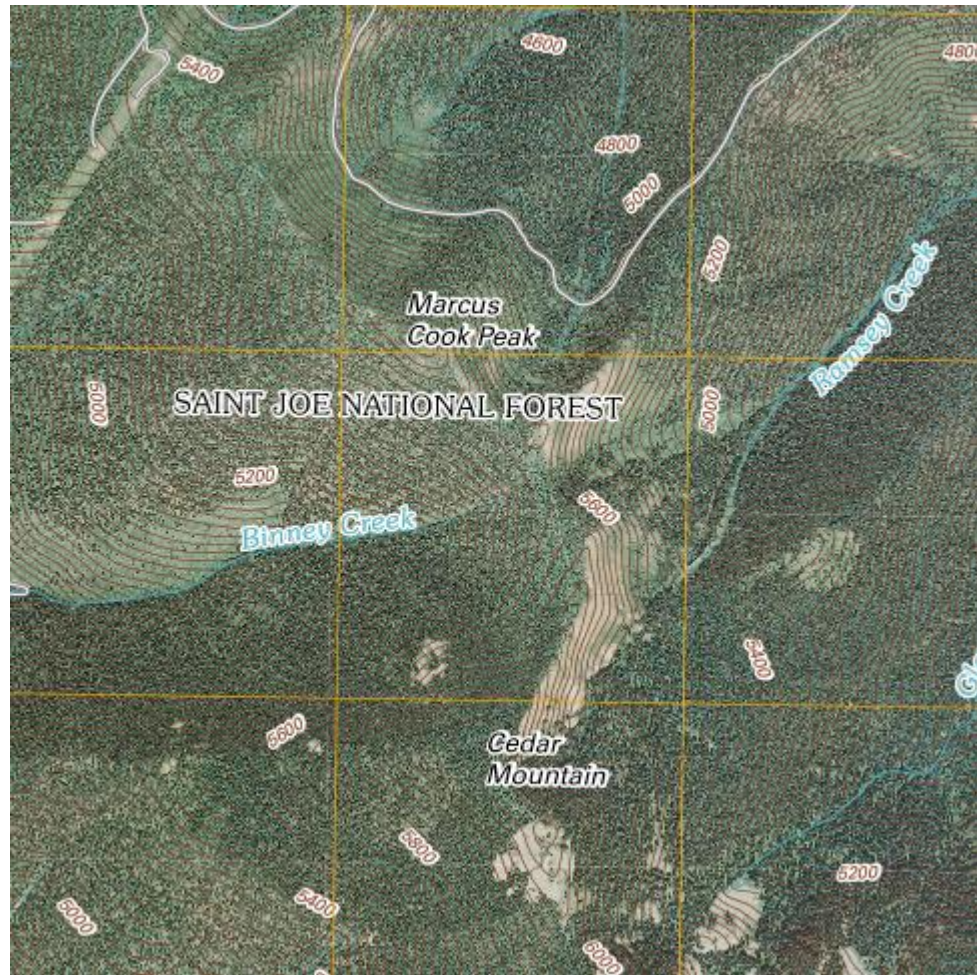
Crocker Hall, Texas A&M

In addition to Muncaster Mountain in Washington, another peak was named for a *Tuscania* casualty. Former U.S. Forest Service employee Marcus Barrett Cook, born November 10, 1894, in Como, Montana, is the namesake of Marcus Cook Peak. This mountain, one of the three peaks on Cedar Mountain, lies near Avery, Shoshone County, Idaho, south of Interstate-90. The 5,875-foot peak lies at latitude 47.3615929, longitude -115.8454351. About 10 or 12 men survived out of the over 70 in Cook's lifeboat.

Cook was the first University of Montana student to die in the war. Ten days after his death, on February 15, 1918, at the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the founding of the university, its president, Edward O. Sisson, spoke in memory of Cook.



Marcus Cook
from *The Sentinel* yearbook



From the U.S. Geological Survey 7.5-minute topographic map for Avery, Idaho



Cook's stone on Memorial Row, University of Montana, Missoula, Montana

Weymouth, in Norfolk County, Massachusetts, named its intersection of Commercial Street and Middle Street "Vincent A. Gorman Square," in honor of Vincent Leo Ambrose Gorman, whose tombstone in St. Francis Xavier Cemetery in Weymouth reads: "Killed Feb. 5th 1918 on troop ship Tuscania off the coast of Ireland in the cause of humanity." His body was not recovered.



*Vincent A Gorman Square,
Weymouth, Massachusetts,
November 30, 2017.
Photographs by, and courtesy of,
Julie Gahm Walker*

MARTYRS TO THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY.

VINCENT GORMAN resigned from the pay-roll department of the Hood Rubber Co. last October, enlisting in the aviation corps. He was sent to San Antonio, Texas, for training. In January he was granted a furlough and came East to marry Miss Grace Gooding, of the accounting department of the Hood Rubber Co. At the end of his furlough he reported at New York and sailed on the troop-ship *Tuscania*, which was sunk on its way to Europe, and Mr. Gorman's name is on the list of those lost.



Vincent Gorman had married work colleague Grace Hartt Gooding in January 1918 - from India Rubber World, July 1, 1918

Philip Emil Weigand was the first Baltimore *Sun* newspaper employee to die in the war. His association, the independent businessmen comprising the Sun Route Owners Association of Baltimore, Maryland, who distributed the *Baltimore Sun* newspaper, commissioned a bas-relief from noted Baltimore sculptor Hans Schuler, which was installed in the main room of the Sun Building (at Charles and Baltimore streets, occupied by the Sun from 1906-1950). The *Catalog of Copyright Entries* [Library of Congress], part 4, volumes 13-14 describes the plaque: "9276. In memory of Philip Emil Weigand; by Hans Schuler. [Bas-relief tablet showing draped female

figure seated with head bowed, holding back curtains with left hand and palm branch in right.] © 1 c. July 10, 1919. G 58352." The bas-relief was inscribed "A comrade faithful unto death." It was unveiled by Philip Weigand's two sisters, with his mother Barbara A. Weigand present, on December 8, 1918, in the lobby of the Sun offices with "impressive ceremonies" - speeches, a military band, the playing of "Taps."

Sun Route Owners Association president Francis J. Wolf told the crowd in the lobby packed with all route owners and subcarriers: "Phil might have lived 10, 20, 40 years had he not been martyred. Perhaps a half century would have marked the limit of his life, but here in the Sun building he will live as long as the walls will stand and when this strong building crumbles Philip Emil Weigand will continue to live along with his thousands upon thousands of fellow-martyrs in the pages of history."

This building has been demolished, and the current location of this plaque, if any, is unknown.

(Maryland Historical Magazine 1920 -

http://msa.maryland.gov/megafile/msa/speccol/sc5800/sc5881/000001/000000/000057/pdf/msa_sc_5881_1_57.pdf - Catalog of Copyright Entries, Part 4, Volumes 13-14 -

[https://books.google.com/books?id=rP83AQAAAMAJ&pg=RA1-PA185&lpg=RA1-PA185&dq=philip+weigand+schuler+bas+relief+baltimore&source=bl&ots=OaCA2BKx7m&sig=dO5D1-7t9sYEPZsfMEa-](https://books.google.com/books?id=rP83AQAAAMAJ&pg=RA1-PA185&lpg=RA1-PA185&dq=philip+weigand+schuler+bas+relief+baltimore&source=bl&ots=OaCA2BKx7m&sig=dO5D1-7t9sYEPZsfMEa-cxrL6ZQ&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwig7920uvzWAhUK4CYKHaLxDb0Q6AEIKDAA#v=onepage&q=philip%20weigand%20schuler%20bas%20relief%20baltimore&f=false)

[cxrL6ZQ&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwig7920uvzWAhUK4CYKHaLxDb0Q6AEIKDAA#v=onepage&q=philip%20weigand%20schuler%20bas%20relief%20baltimore&f=false](https://books.google.com/books?id=rP83AQAAAMAJ&pg=RA1-PA185&lpg=RA1-PA185&dq=philip+weigand+schuler+bas+relief+baltimore&source=bl&ots=OaCA2BKx7m&sig=dO5D1-7t9sYEPZsfMEa-cxrL6ZQ&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwig7920uvzWAhUK4CYKHaLxDb0Q6AEIKDAA#v=onepage&q=philip%20weigand%20schuler%20bas%20relief%20baltimore&f=false) - Baltimore Sun, 9

[December 1918](https://books.google.com/books?id=rP83AQAAAMAJ&pg=RA1-PA185&lpg=RA1-PA185&dq=philip+weigand+schuler+bas+relief+baltimore&source=bl&ots=OaCA2BKx7m&sig=dO5D1-7t9sYEPZsfMEa-cxrL6ZQ&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwig7920uvzWAhUK4CYKHaLxDb0Q6AEIKDAA#v=onepage&q=philip%20weigand%20schuler%20bas%20relief%20baltimore&f=false) - <https://www.newspapers.com/newspage/214656868/>)

The War Department's *Official Bulletin* February 8, 1918, noted that had a casualty died one week later than the February 5 sinking date, when new insurance rules concerning insurance compensation took effect on February 12, only those who had applied for government-issued insurance would have had benefits paid to their widows, children or widowed mothers. Since each *Tuscania* casualty automatically received government insurance and compensation, having died in advance of this change in regulations, each next-of-kin would receive \$4,300, paid out over 240 months. Had a man applied for insurance, his beneficiary would receive \$10,000.

It is highly likely that the Tuscania Post Office in Cherokee County, Oklahoma (in operation 12 June 1919-30 November 1929) was named for the ship. The now-closed Tuscania School in Chouteau County, Montana, was named for the ship; neighboring schools and communities bear World War I names. The school was located at 47.5218N, 109.5750W, near Big Sandy, Montana. The school opened in autumn 1919 with 11 students. There were 26 students in 1920 and 38 in 1930. The school was still in operation in 1959, and likely closed in the early 1960s.



*James Everett Babbitt's Cake - Feb. 5, 1988
Contributed by Betty McGillen*

VisualLightBox.com

Remembering 70 years earlier – 5:45 p.m.

“The cake, presented to Everett Babbitt last week by his two daughters, was an odd one. In the center was a sinking ship. Everett Babbitt could smile at his daughters’ gentle needle now. But for a long time – a very long time – he didn’t talk about the ship.”

-Jim Gosney, Yakima [Washington] Herald Reporter, February 1988



Victor Cemetery, Victor, Montana



*James Everett Babbitt
Contributed by Betty McGillen*

Twenty-two years after the sinking, a “letter to the editor” from Edgar L. Matlock of Van Buren, Arkansas, reminds *Life* magazine of the *Tuscania*. Published in the November 18, 1940, issue of *Life*, Matlock’s letter challenges a statement made in an earlier article: “On page 50 of your Oct. 28 issue you make the following statement in connection with the Navy’s work in the World War: ‘Not a ship was lost except on relatively empty return trips.’”

“It is my recollection that the transport *Tuscania* was torpedoed and sunk by a submarine off the Irish coast when she was on her way over loaded with troops and that a great many soldiers lost their lives. Am I right or wrong?”

The *Life* editor replies: “The British Cunard liner S.S. *Tuscania* was torpedoed off the Irish coast on Feb. 5, 1918. She was under British convoy. No American troop transports were lost on eastward voyage.” Ah, the U.S. Navy’s record was spotless, *Life* avers; it was those Brits in the Royal Navy that allowed the torpedoing of the *Tuscania*.

(<https://books.google.com/books?id=TUoEAAAAMBAJ&q=tuscania#v=snippet&q=tuscania&f=false>)

The Baraboo 21



Left: Otto Arndt of Baraboo, Wisconsin

Baraboo High School geography teacher Pete Arndt was chatting one day with his teaching colleague, history teacher Steve Argo. Pete mentioned to Steve that his great-uncle Otto Arndt had been on board the *Tuscania*. Like the majority of people today, Steve had not heard of the *Tuscania* but, after further research, became intrigued by its story. So, in 2015, Steve Argo launched a campaign to erect a memorial in Baraboo, Wisconsin, to commemorate the “Baraboo 21,” the twenty-one soldiers on the *Tuscania* who called Baraboo home, and also as an appreciation of gratitude toward the people of the United Kingdom who came to their aid.



Steve Argo’s Memorial Day 2016 address at Walnut Hill Cemetery, Baraboo, Wisconsin – where 13 Tuscania survivors are buried: Otto Arndt, Otto Franklin Bates, Arthur Francis Bender, Vernon Allen Caflisch, Donald Martin Duncan, George W. Hattle, Randall Hamilton Herfort, Charles Mattoon Kellogg, Ralph Linwood Sanderson, Herbert E. Steckenbauer, Paul LaVere Stewart, Arthur Howard Thayer and Earl Walter Veerhusen.

The television news announcement about the original plans for the Baraboo project is available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Os68CyfE0ZO>.



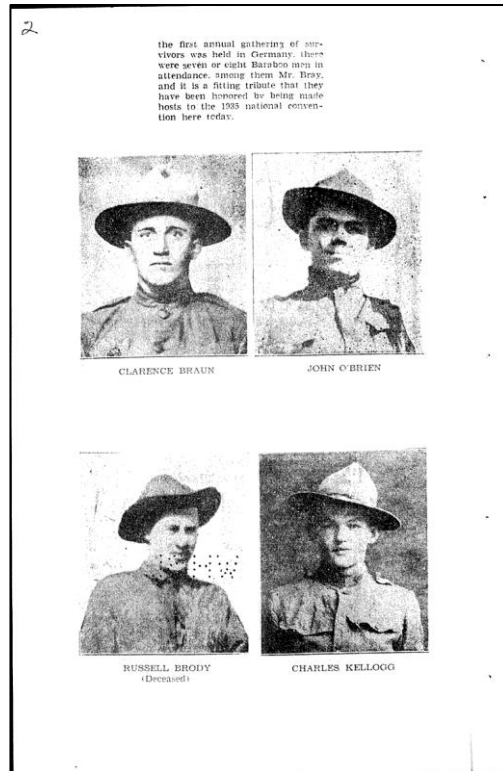
Left: Baraboo's 21, carefully pasted into his newspaper clippings by Leo V. Zimmermann – right: Baraboo Daily News, Thursday, 7 February 1918

The "Baraboo 21" from www.wisconsinhistory.org are pictured on the next pages.

John F. O'Brien of Baraboo, pictured below on the page labeled "2," died at age 44 on April 5, 1935. His obituary notes that it had taken one month to notify his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William O'Brien, that he had survived the sinking.



Tombstone of James Francis Bray (10 March 1896-10 April 1959), one of the Baraboo 21. St. Joseph's Cemetery, Baraboo, Wisconsin. Bray was a corporal in the 107th Supply Train, Headquarters Company.



The Baraboo 21

Left page: Clarence Braun, John Francis O'Brien (top row), Russell William Brodie, Charles Mattoon Kellogg (bottom row)

Right page: Horace Charles Cahoon, Earl Walter Veerhusen (top row), Herbert E. Steckenbauer, Earl Leroy Powell (center row), Paul LaVere Stewart, Donald Martin Duncan (bottom row). Duncan was the only one of the Baraboo 21 who did not return home from war, having died in 1919 in France of pneumonia.



The Baraboo 21

Left page: Randall Hamilton Herfort, Edward Weidenkopf Coughlin (top row), George W. Hattle, James Francis Bray (center row), Vernon Allen Caflisch, Richard Lorraine Mahler (bottom row)

Right page: Wayland E. Kier, Otto Franklin Bates (top row), Arthur Francis Bender, Otto William Arndt (center row), Ralph Linwood Sanderson (bottom row)

Argo approached the Baraboo Parks Commission with plans to honor the memory of the Baraboo 21. The original plans were to place a bronze plaque in the city's Mary Rountree Evans Park, along the Baraboo Riverwalk. In early 2018, an alternative location in the Baraboo High School was considered. On April 24, 2018, the Baraboo City Council decided to place the monument in Lower Ochsner Park in Baraboo, north of Second Avenue.



Baraboo Parks & Recreation director Mike Hardy points out the originally planned location of the Tuscania memorial in the city's Mary Rountree Park -

http://www.wiscnews.com/baraboonewsrepublic/news/local/article_d1b0813d-4c58-5279-87fe-0bd2f7c0ba4d.html

After approval from the city was obtained in August 2015, private fundraising for the monument, estimated to cost approximately \$90,000, began. The monument was unveiled on Saturday, November 10, 2018, the next day being the 100th anniversary of Armistice Day, while February 5, 2018, marked the 100th anniversary of the *Tuscania's* sinking. While Argo worked to secure grants, a new school club, called the "Baraboo 21 Club," served as an auxiliary club to the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars. This club also raised money for the memorial. "Legacy bricks" were offered for sale, to let the community "buy into" the memorial. Argo created the National Tuscania Remembrance Association through the Sauk County Historical Society.

The Tuscania Memorial website address is <http://www.tuscaniamemorial.org>. The National Tuscania Remembrance Association's mailing address is Baraboo Twenty-One, 1201 Draper Street, Baraboo WI 53913.



On January 9, 2018, Leon Braun (left), nephew of Tuscania survivor Clarence Braun, and Jerry Coughlin, son of survivor Edward Coughlin, inspect the Last Man's Club bottle of scotch at the American Legion Hall in Baraboo, before it is sent to the Museum of Islay Life. Jerry said his father recounted how he helped lower lifeboats. "He told me that he didn't get his feet wet." Jerry died August 27, 2018, shortly before the memorial unveiling on

November 10, 2018. https://www.wiscnews.com/baraboonewsrepublic/news/local/bottle-evokes-sinking-survivor-stories-in-baraboo/article_134c559a-ead7-51a4-ae9d-067538b48815.html



That's Arthur Siplon of Michigan looking out over the waters, awaiting his fate on a Tuscania lifeboat as it travels to the shores of Islay. Art by Renée Graef.

Steve Argo at Homer Daehn's studio, 24 September 2016 (photograph by Marilyn Gahm)



Sam Howard of the Baraboo American Legion Post 26 presents a \$10,000 donation to Baraboo 21 Club president Lilly Hinz at Baraboo High School. History teacher Steve Argo is in the tan jacket, holding a green folder. To his left is Jerry Coughlin, whose father Edward survived the Tuscania sinking as one of the Baraboo 21. Next to Jerry is Pete Arndt, whose story of his great-uncle Otto Arndt, a survivor, piqued Steve's interest.

Originally Baraboo artist Homer Daehn and Argo visited a quarry in Rock Springs in search of stone to support a 3.5-by-5-foot bronze relief to be created by Daehn. The relief shows U.S. soldiers being helped by Islay residents as the *Tuscania* sinks in the background. D.L. Gasser Construction had agreed to donate a 12- or 14-foot stone. The plans were changed, and the monument was instead placed on stacked stones.

The full story of the Tuscania Memorial and its unveiling on November 10, 2018, can be found in *Chapter 33: Tuscania Memorial, Baraboo, Wisconsin*, beginning on page 518 of this document.



Original maquette (clay model) of the Tuscania Memorial at Baraboo (above)



Artist Homer Daehn



Homer Daehn at work on the Tuscania memorial -

<https://www.google.com/search?q=tuscania+1918&sa=N&biw=1332&bih=769&tbm=isch&tbo=u&source=univ&ved=0ahUKEwi5n8z2upzQAhUF2oMKHXQmCHk4ChCwBAGg#imgsrc=6joBOJkv2m-pQM%3A>



Baraboo 21 Memorial – Homer Daehn’s design in clay as of 24 September 2016 – a work in progress, not the final version – photograph by Marilyn Gahm

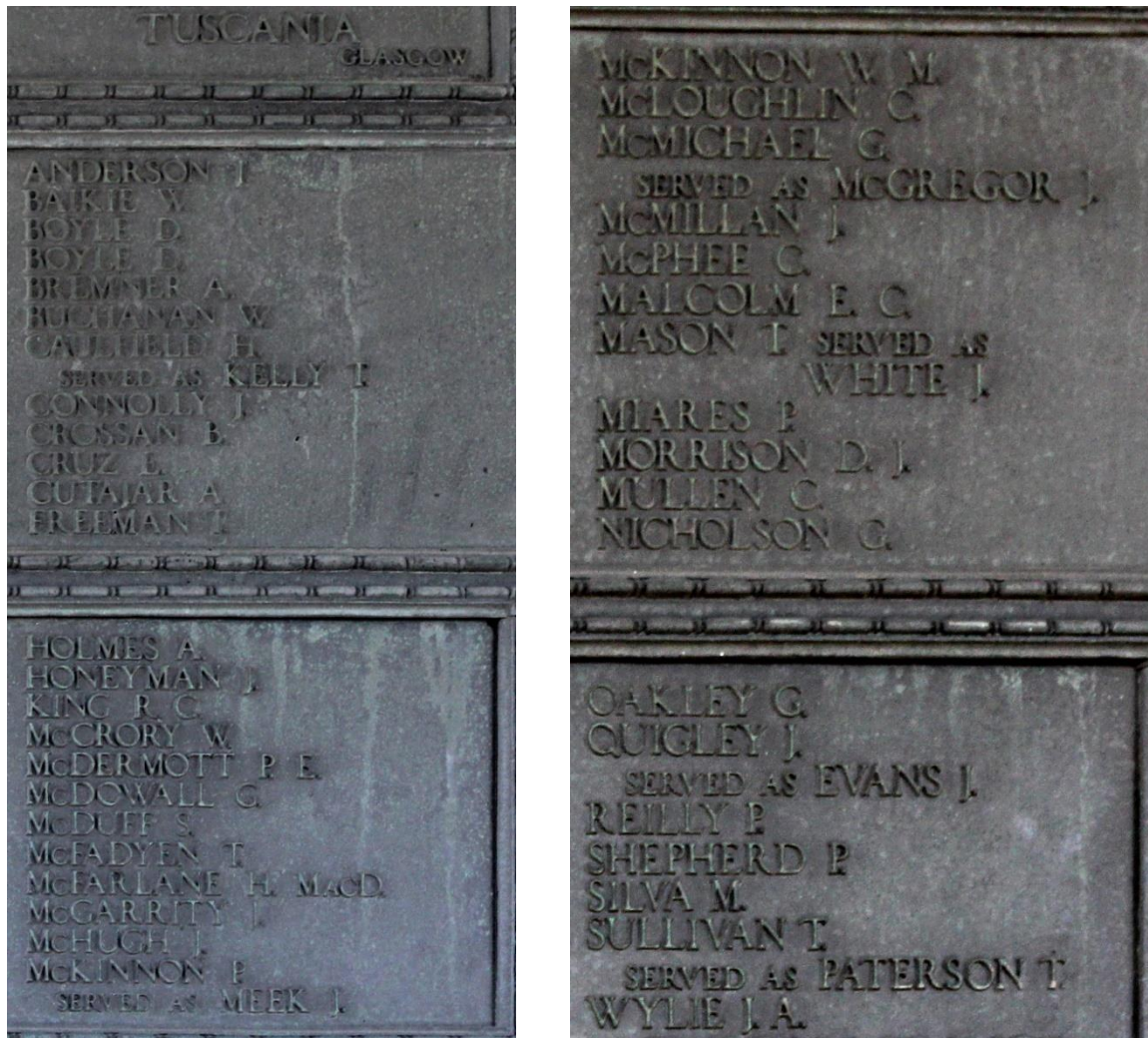
Memorial to the crew

The British crew members lost on the *Tuscania* are commemorated at Tower Hill, at the World War I memorial on the Tower of London grounds. This monument is located on the south side of the garden of Trinity Square, close to the Tower. The monument reads: "1914-1918 / To the Glory of God and to the Honour of Twelve Thousand of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets." Dedicated by Queen Mary on December 12, 1928, the memorial bears 11,919 names of those "who gave their lives for their country and have no grave but the sea." Included are four plaques with the names of those merchant seamen lost on the *Tuscania*. The majority are teenagers. It is estimated that 46 to 52 merchant marines died aboard the ship, fatally caught in the torpedo hit, or locked behind watertight doors. Other crew died, as the American soldiers did, in the lifeboats or from drowning.



The World War I memorial at the Tower of London, showing the memorial plaques on its exterior

It is sadly ironic that survivor 21-year-old John McDaniels, a *Tuscania* seaman, had taken a job in a munitions factory in New Haven, Connecticut, and only lived five more weeks. The *Bridgeport* [Connecticut] *Telegram* reported on March 13, 1918, that the gas supply to John's room became defective overnight while he slept, and he was found dead from asphyxiation on the morning of the 13th. McDaniels was from Omaha, Nebraska, one of the few Americans on the crew.



The plaques, headed "Tuscania, Glasgow" - bearing the names of the deceased British crew members whose bodies were not recovered. Plaques, crew names and personal details on each sailor can be found at:

<http://www.benjidog.co.uk/Tower%20Hill/WW1%20Tuscania%20to%20Umballa.html>

As the U.S. faced another war, the *Hope Star* newspaper of Hope, Arkansas - destined to be the birthplace of President Bill Clinton – as well as other newspapers, remembered the *Tuscania* 23 years after its sinking in a column run in the newspaper's June 10, 1941, issue, using the ship as a metaphor. "Where were you when the *Tuscania* went down? Soldiers in rough banter used to shout that at one another in 1918 – a gentle reproof from the old-timer to the new recruit." World War I soldiers, the paper wrote, were proud to have already been in military service at the time the *Tuscania* sank.

"Today's *Tuscania* isn't a ship at all. It is a national emergency of production." The U.S. needed to wholeheartedly produce ships, planes and war materiel. "If this battle is lost, if this *Tuscania* goes down, there will be many a reproachful question, 'where were you in the Battle of Production.'"

The editorial in the *Roundup Record* (Musselshell County, Montana), February 15, 1918, page 6 (www.montanane newspapers.org), sums up the opinions of many Americans about "Remember the Tuscania!"

The Tuscania Disaster

Sorrow entered more than a hundred American homes as a result of the sneaking death blow to the transport Tuscania, but the effect of the death of America's noble and valiant sons has been far different than what the fiend who caused their deaths probably hoped it would be.

For every hero who lost his life when the Tuscania sank beneath the waves, scores of the flower of America's manhood have eagerly applied at recruiting offices to take his place. Undaunted by the kaiser's cowardly methods of warfare and equally as brave as the Tuscania heroes, they too will die praising America – country of Liberty – if death on the battlefield or on the water in defense of Democracy be their fate.

Contrary to the hopes of the ruthless monarch who plunged the world into this maelstrom of bloodshed, the Tuscania disaster will serve to strengthen the determination of the American people to bring the conflict to a rapid, victorious conclusion. It will imbue our soldiers in France, and those who are eagerly awaiting the order to go "Over There," and the intrepid veteran fighters of our allies, with a greater courage and urge them on to glorious deeds of valor. Personal peril will be counted as naught and death will be gladly faced that the great birthright won for us at the cost of our forefathers' blood may be perpetuated and enjoyed by the coming generations.

As they hear the order, "Over the Top!" from the throats of the hundreds of thousands of American boys will ring out above the roar of battle the cry "Remember the Tuscania." And then into the trenches of the rapers of Belgium and devastators of France will pour the avengers. The enemies of civilization will long rue the day that hellish torpedo shattered the Tuscania's hull.

The bravery of America's heroes, dead or alive, who calmly stood at attention as the waters slowly closed over the Tuscania, singing the beloved airs of the country for which they were dying, demonstrated to the world that the American soldiers are worthy progeny of those brave men who won this great country from the perils of the wilderness and those others who held it against all enemies.

Their courage showed that the valor displayed by our forefathers is not dying out. If anything, it is intensified. For the soldiers of today face death in aspects as horrible as the scientists aiding the kaiser can make it. Death from poison gas or liquid fire. Is death not as frightful in this manner as the death faced by our forefathers in the Revolutionary war, Civil war and the clash with Spain? Yet our youth have gladly gone forward to face death in this manner. Those heroes of the Tuscania. Was their fate not a terrible one? Yet, did they flinch. No! They proved beyond doubt that the American soldier of today is just as brave as those others who have passed down the long, long trail.

So the death of the heroes on the Tuscania was not in vain. By their sacrifice of life they have awakened the people of this nation to the seriousness of the war crisis thru which we are passing as nothing previous has succeeded in doing. Their deaths bring victory nearer. Let their memories ever be kept fresh and their heroism recorded so that the future generations may read how they stood the great test to which they were put.

Part 23: The First-Hand Accounts of the Spooner Troops:

To summarize the rescues of the Spooner boys:

Transferring directly to a destroyer:

Earl F. Knight, to the *Mosquito* [or the *Pigeon*?]

Fred J. Taylor, to the *Pigeon*

Transferring to a destroyer, from a lifeboat:

Emil Rauchstadt

Transferring to a torpedo boat, from a lifeboat:

Charles Franklin Brisbin

Transferring to a trawler, from a lifeboat:

Harry D. Edwards [on the same trawler as Marino]

Frank Marino [on the same trawler as Edwards]

Oscar Peterson

The rescue method of the other Spooner troops is unknown.

Paulson

Corporal Guy William Paulson will return from war to live in Spooner the rest of his life. He became the father of Guy William ("Bill") Paulson, known as Guy, Jr. or Bill. Guy's son Bill Paulson served as Spooner's mayor for almost 19 years, from May 12, 1983, to April 15, 2002. Guy's letters home during wartime were the most frequently printed ones in the *Spooner Advocate*.

While serving in World War II in the U.S. Navy, Guy's son Bill sails very near the site where his father survived the sinking of the *Tuscania*.

During World War I, while serving in Company E of the 107th Supply Train, Quartermaster's Corps 32nd Division (now called the Red Arrow Division), Guy wrote a letter in February 1918 to his sister Helen Paulson Sayles (Mrs. Ambrose A. Sayles) in Spooner. He found it difficult to write about his experience aboard the *Tuscania*. On the positive side: "We haven't reached our destination yet but we are across." He lost all his possessions when the ship sank "so you can guess what happened. All I will say, or all I am allowed to write. The good Lord was with me." In a later letter to his sister, printed in the March 15, 1918, *Advocate*, Guy writes from Sunnylands Camp in Ireland. "Now I am writing this letter with pencil as that is all I have left, so you will know what happened to our ship. The kindness shown us is wonderful. They have done everything in their power to help us after what we have had to go through." He twice mentions the poor-quality paper he has to use.

On February 10, 1918, Guy again wrote his sister Helen Sayles. He was hoping to get new clothing soon to replace that lost on the *Tuscania*. Guy assured his sister that comrade Zino Tully from Spooner was not on the ship so Zino's mother, Mrs. Laidlaw, did not have to worry. "We are all in the highest and best of spirits, and not the least bit discouraged, although we feel very sorry for those we lost ... The kindness the British Army has shown us is too big to tell you."

He added a note dated February 13 to his original February 10 letter, that "all the Spooner boys are safe and sound. We are all together once more." In a second note added February 18, he said he cannot write about his experiences on the ship due to censorship, but someday he will share his experiences. "Of course no one will know what we went through, as that part is pretty hard to realize, but we can tell you better when we all come home."

Yesterday, Guy reported, he had taken a train 13 miles to a large entertainment show provided by the YMCA for the survivors of the *Tuscania*.

Guy wrote *Spooner Advocate* editor Frank Hammill from England on March 6, 1918. "No doubt whatever there is a lot of anxiety in Spooner at this writing, since our recent accident." Guy promises great tales to tell someday. Guy does not refer to the ship's name nor that it sank. He was impressed by his Spooner comrades: "The way they kept cool and helped to release life boats is remarkable." He has to omit a lot of details due to censorship, but all went well, he said, contrary to incorrect newspaper reports. "No doubt the papers have given all accounts of the disaster, but as some were wrong I thought best to write you that we are all well." He repeats he will tell the story when he gets home.

In a letter to his sister Helen Sayles on March 15, 1918, Guy again does not name the ship but only that that there was a quite a piece in the *Advocate* "about it."

Guy had met fellow Spoonerites Elmer Meyer and Elmer Wilson that day (March 15). "They were sure glad to see me as they had read about our misfortune before they left the States. We showed the Kaiser that it takes more than that to scare we fellows."

Guy continues his reluctance to write about the ship in a letter to his sister Helen and brother-in-law Ambrose Sayles, on March 25, 1918. He adds a note to it dated April 2 telling Helen he got her letter the day before, requesting details about his experience on the *Tuscania*, but he tells her that he does not like to say much about it. "At present we have many things to think of and we are trying to forget our past experiences."

"I can say I did not get wet, and the story about Ramstadt [likely Emil Rauchstadt] being in the water two hours is not true. He did not get wet either." Perhaps Emil did; his lifeboat was rather leaky. Guy repeats he will tell Helen about the sinking when he gets home.

But Guy does send her a souvenir. "I am sending you a picture of the boat I thought you would like one as a keepsake."

A year after the sinking, Guy notes the anniversary in a letter written from France on February 6, 1919, to his sister Helen and his brother-in-law Ambrose Sayles. "Just one year ago today we were torpedoed on the *Tuscania* on the north coast of Ireland. Now don't think for a minute we have forgotten it either." [*Spooner Advocate*, March 21, 1919]

Marino

Frank Marino wrote his father, Spooner alderman George Marino, from "somewhere in Ireland" on February 9, 1918. The *Tuscania* had sailed January 23 [24], he wrote, and it had been a lovely trip until February 5, the day they sighted land. "Every one of us U.S. boys were feeling fine and dandy." The men were ordered onto the top deck by an officer at 5:30 p.m., with the torpedo from the German submarine striking at 5:45 p.m. [Since the torpedo was a surprise, it seems unlikely he was ordered to the top deck because of a torpedo attack, but for some other reason.] All the lights went out. It was "a hard time getting to our life boats," but Frank reached the top deck safely. It took a long time to launch the lifeboats, some of which tipped over, described by Frank as a "terrible scene."

"For a while I sure wished I was on land." Frank managed to get on the last lifeboat and floated for two hours before being picked up by a "troller" (trawler)." "After we were on the troller, I started to look for some of the Spooner boys, and I bet you cannot guess who I found, it was Harry Edwards. Gee, but it seemed good to see him." Harry's nickname was Stub, and Frank reported that all he and Stub talk about is home, "just like two little kids." Stub asked Frank how he had liked driving "that old gray horse for his old man" [George Marino operated a grocery store] and Frank asked Stub how he'd like to make deliveries for Spooner businessman William Busch again. They agreed that after this "adventure" they'd both like to paint "A Life Time Job" on the wagon seats of both their delivery vehicles back in Spooner.

Frank asked his father if Frank's sister Josie (Josephine) would call Harry Edwards's mother, Anna, and let her know they were both safe. Frank, like Guy Paulson, had lost everything but what was on his back. Frank too remarked that the Americans had been treated very well by the Irish people. He asked his father for Camel cigarettes.

On February 18, Frank again writes his father George, suggesting that a shipment of Bull Durham tobacco and Camel cigarettes "would sure be a treat," as he had lost his smoking tobacco and cigarettes when the ship sank. "I lost everything I had on the ship." As a bribe, he offers his father a kiss when once home for each cigarette George sends him. "I suppose you have received the letter I wrote home a few weeks ago, and of our little experience off the Irish coast. Nearly everyone was saved, but no more experience like that for me. I will take my chance on land, but it sure was a great experience. When I get home, I will talk an arm off from all of you."

In Frank's letter to his father on March 22, 1918, he wrote: "Well Dad, I suppose you are over the shock of the happenings of my little experience on the *Tuscania*. Believe me, it was some

experience, one I will never forget.” He adds: “I will bet Aunt Folmina went nearly buys [sic/bugs?] when she heard I was in that ship that was torpedoed.” Folmana Marino Donatelli was his aunt.

Frank’s sister Josie received his letter from France, written May 3, 1918, notifying her that he was now a bugler. Besides wondering if Spooner is as dead a town as ever, Frank tells Josie he had met Spoonerite Charles Lockard [Lockhart] in England; Charles had heard that both Marino and Frank Brisbin had drowned during the sinking. That was obviously not true, but “it sure was excitement for a few minutes.”

In a letter written by Olag Slagstad to Frank Hammill, from France on April 20, 1918, Olag tells the *Advocate* editor that he has just received a copy of the newspaper, and it was interesting to hear about the boys who were “on the fatal ship.” He bets Marino thought he was a “goner.”

In every letter home Frank asks about his little brother, Angelo Carmino (“Carmen”). Sadly, Carmen dies of scarlet fever on October 9, 1918, at age seven, while his brother Frank survives the war.

Brisbin

In the same unit as Guy Paulson was Corporal Charles Franklin Brisbin, who both before and after the war often flips his name to Frank C. Brisbin. Frank wrote home from “somewhere in England” on February 10, 1918. “On the way over we had quite an experience so I suppose I can tell you all about it as the papers are full of it by now.” Frank said the torpedo hit after the men had gone down below after supper. All the lights went out. The men were ordered onto the top deck. “The men marched out to the deck in a grand style. Of course, lots lost their heads, but the majority took it rather cool.” Brisbin adds, “Some of those that got excited and jumped over board were crushed between the life boats and the ship. But our boys stood fast on the boat and waited until our boats came down.”

Brisbin’s lifeboat launching was a bit iffy. “Every one that saw us leave thought we would turn over but we happened to get a bunch at the oars that were good, so we went alright.”

Frank got on a lifeboat which carried 60 to 70 other men, nearly double its capacity. He had no hat or coat so decided to take his turn at an oar to keep warm. “But it was the longest and hardest row I ever had.”

They were picked up after one hour by a torpedo boat, then relocated to a camp in Ireland. “I was lucky. I did not even get my feet wet, and I am alive and all right. The Kaiser hasn’t gotten us yet and isn’t going to. His first trial was a poor one,” Frank writes. He has lost everything he had - and has not had a shave since, because his razor was one of the items lost. He had been anxious about the fate of Frank Marino, as everyone told Brisbin that Marino was dead. On the reverse side, however, Marino had been notified that Brisbin was dead. When Brisbin met Marino coming down the road, “Well it was like a couple of girls meeting.”

In Ireland, the American soldiers were “used like kings, we were given every comfort they have.”

In another letter to his parents John and Frances in February, Frank asks them to send him lots of Prince Albert tobacco, which is scarce. Frank is without any money as there has been no payday for a while, the payroll being lost when the ship sunk. He is eagerly awaiting payday as he needs that new razor and other items.

Knight

Private Earl William Knight wrote to his mother Mary Elizabeth (Mrs. William F.) Knight from England on February 10. “You no doubt have read the accounts in the American papers of the disaster that happened to us on our way over here, the torpedoing of our ship the *Tuscania*. Well there is no use of going into details, as it would be a task to tell you all I saw, and what we went through, but will tell you all someday. But I am all right, so don’t worry and we will trust in the Lord to see us through the rest safely.”

Earl wrote to Frank Hammill, who was both the *Spooner Advocate* editor and mayor of Spooner, from France on April 28, 1918. “It was sure kind of Congressman I.L. Lenroot in sending you the names of those saved on the ill-fated *Tuscania* and I know the folks back home appreciated it to [sic/too].” Earl talked of the “thrilling experiences” he has had. “I will not attempt to tell all I saw and went through that night, but I will say the good Lord in Heaven was with me and landed me safely in Ireland.” Earl added, “I will never forget the kindness of the people over there to us. They did all in their power to make it comfortable for us.”

On the nineteenth anniversary of the sinking, a lengthy article about Earl, then living in Rhinelander, Wisconsin, appeared in the *Rhineland Daily News*, February 5, 1937, page 2. Quotations from this article, “‘*Tuscania*’ Survivor Recalls Sinking of Ship 19 Years Ago,” were quoted earlier in the description of the ship’s final moments and his rescue.

Rauchstadt

In Volume III of the *Historical Collections of Washburn County*, page 36, Corporal Emil Rauchstadt recalled that he had gone up on deck after eating supper; it was 5:45 p.m. and almost dark. He could see lights in the distance on the Irish coast. Then there was an explosion, and everything went dark. The ship pitched and began to lean over on its side. The shock sent him about four feet in the air, and a large spray of water and steam washed over him. Emil ran up a ladder to the lifeboats; he could barely see for the steam. “Most of our troubles came with the lifeboats. Some of them upset and all went into the water. I saw a number of soldiers crushed between the boats.” Homer L. Anderson from Cumberland, Wisconsin, who was in Emil’s squad, was lost. The American Legion Post No. 98 in Cumberland, Wisconsin, will be named the Anderson Post (now called the Anderson-Thomson Post) in Homer’s honor, as the first Cumberland soldier to die in the war.

About 35 minutes after the initial explosion, Emil got into a lifeboat “and rowed for dear life.” His lifeboat leaked “a great deal” but they were lucky enough to be the first ones picked up by a destroyer. “I lost everything I had except the clothes I had on.” He could see the distress rockets lighting up the area around him. Emil’s report that “They got the submarine” was erroneous.

Emil’s granddaughter Jean Raucstadt [note the name change] shared information about her grandfather in March 2016. She has possession of Emil’s wartime diary. Emil was assigned to C Deck, Room 51, on the *Tuscania*. In his diary, he makes only one notation for February 5, 1918. Just one line – “Torpedoed Feb. 5, 1918.” The next day, February 6, he wrote that he arrived in Londonderry, Ireland, where he heard his first bagpipes. Those bagpipers led the parade of survivors into Londonderry. The unit left there on February 10 and arrived in Dublin, then left that evening on a mail boat for England.

In 2008, Jean Raucstadt visited Ireland and saw Rathlin Island.

On February 20, 1919, Emil’s dairy note read: “Went to South Hampton [i.e., Southampton, England] and went to a show that was held for the survivors on *Tuscania*. Whole city turned out to see us. Mayor gave a very nice speech. We were only a few rods from where Pilgrims sailed from.”

Shaffer

Private Henry W. Shaffer recalled the first anniversary of the *Tuscania* sinking in a letter to his parents, George A. and May Shaffer, written from France on February 6, 1919, and reprinted in the *Spooner Advocate* of March 21, 1919. “Can you guess what I was doing a year ago at about 5:50 p.m.? I was thinking of taking a pretty cold swim and little did I ever think of being on my way home a year from that date.”

Taylor

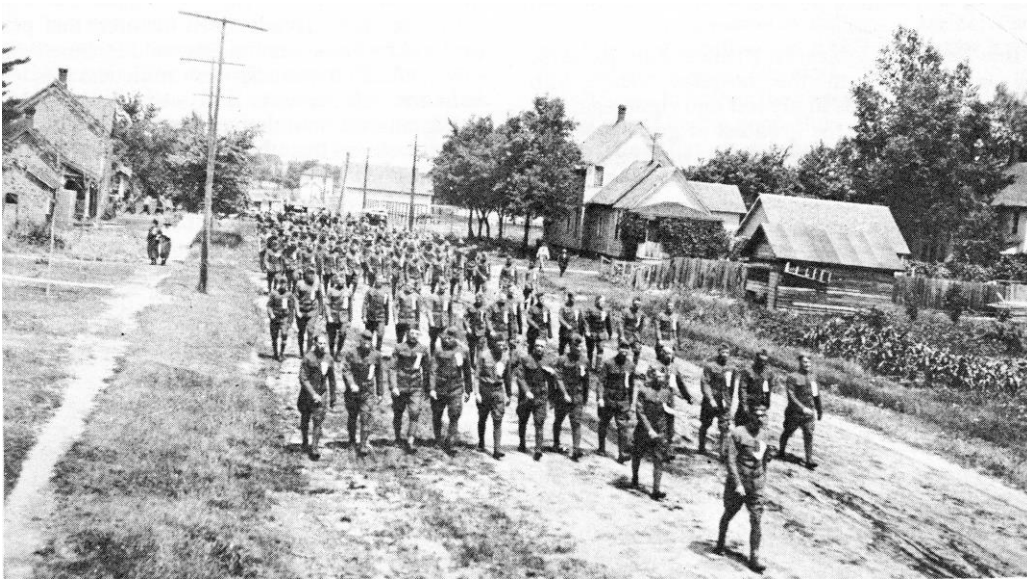
Private Frederick J. Taylor, in a letter to his mother Mrs. Artie Taylor, reprinted in the *Spooner Advocate* of February 14, 1919, with censorship restrictions being lifted after the end of the war in November 1918, recalls his trip across the Atlantic. “The first experience that I had in this war was when the Boche [the Germans] torpedoed the ship that I came across in and that was the Steamship *Tuscania*. I was one of the last to get off on a destroyer named the Pigeon an English boat. That was a great experience. I landed in Londonderry, Ireland.”

Part 24: Coming Home

The *Spooner Advocate* of May 2, 1919, announced that several Spooner boys had arrived home safely on Sunday morning, April 27, from the war, which had ended November 11, 1918. All but one, noted the paper, “were on the ill-fated *Tuscania*.” The *Tuscania* returnees were Harry Edwards, Earl Knight, Harry McCarty, Hilding Nelson, Guy Paulson and Lon Rhoades. Because of

illness, fellow survivors Frank G. Peterson and Henry Shaffer remained behind at Camp Grant, Illinois. The men had been honorably discharged on April 26, 1919.

The June 6, 1919, newspaper provided details on the “welcome home” banquet and ball held Thursday evening, June 5, 1919, at the Hotel Spooner. *Tuscania* survivors who attended included Frank Marino, Ernest Nolan and Fred Taylor. They had arrived home that morning. Frank Brisbin made it home the last week of June.



Spooner veterans of World War I march in town. From Spooner, Wisconsin: A History to 1930, compiled by Sharon Tarr

Part 25: The End ... and the Beginning

The Spooner boys aboard the *Tuscania* all survived the sinking and the war. Many future Washburn County residents owe their very existence to this fact.

And fans of the San Francisco 49ers might never had cheered on a team – and who knows what name such a team might have carried – if it weren't for two other survivors!



Spooner welcomes its boys home from war, at the intersection of Walnut and River streets [still the main business intersection in Spooner]

After the Washburn County men – all single while in the Army - returned from war, the weddings started. The babies followed. Then some divorces. Some of the survivors remain in the area for their lifetimes, but many moved away.

In the Spooner area, the survivors will organize, join and serve as officers in the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars. They will serve on the city council, play in bands and orchestras, sound “Taps” at Memorial Day and Armistice Day observances, continue serving their country in the National Guard and even World War II. They will serve on the fire department and county fair committees, join bowling leagues, serve as auxiliary police, play baseball, deliver mail, usher at church, farm, work on the railroad, act in amateur theatricals, operate grocery stores, own sheet-metal/furnace companies, serve on juries, catch big fish (and brag about them), win contests - even chase a fleeing bank robber through the woods.

Only ten years after he returns home from war, William Henry Davis is dead (1929), and less than two years later so is Harry A. McCarty (1931), followed in 1933 by Frederick J. Taylor.

Ernest Nolan dies in 1940, Lon Rhoades in 1943, Frank Marino in 1944 and George Pinney in 1948. Earl Knight dies in 1952, while Oliver Kniss dies in 1961. Oscar Peterson dies in 1965. Frank Brisbin and Frank Peterson die in 1966, Guy Paulson in 1968, and Herschel Bird and Hilding Nelson in 1969. Peter J. Voyer dies in 1972 and Emil Rauchstadt in 1975. The longest-lived survivor is Harry Edwards, who died in 1983; he was the youngest “Spooner boy” aboard – age 17 – when the ship sank.

Their personal histories are traced in other documents.

“Lest they forget,” the *Spooner Advocate* of January 30, 1930, called the attention of residents once more to the *Tuscania*, noting the upcoming meeting of the National Tuscania Survivors Association in “Tuscania Survivors to Meet in Kenosha,” which included a partial list of local survivors.

“The twelfth anniversary of the sinking of the army transport *Tuscania* off the coast of Ireland will be commemorated at Kenosha on February 5, every living survivor being invited to attend the banquet and get-together. There is considerable local interest in this event, for among those who were aboard the ship at the time it was torpedoed were the following Spooner veterans: Frank Marino, C.F. Brisbin, Guy Paulson, Harry Edwards, now of Chicago, Harry McCarty and Earl Knight, all of whom were rescued.”

Brisbin, Marino and Paulson attend the 1933 reunion, and meet with Edwards while in Chicago.

The November 16, 1923, *Spooner Advocate*, reporting the activities of the local Red Cross chapter in assisting servicemen, noted the Red Cross had successfully facilitated the awarding of a claim to one of the local veterans who survived the *Tuscania* sinking. His claim for personal property lost when the ship sunk amounted to \$6.95. And for that, the guy had waited over five years!

Part 26: Remember ...

In its March 23, 1918, issue, the *Poverty Bay Herald* of Poverty Bay, New Zealand, quoted the *London Daily Express*:

“America will shed proud tears, then her heart will harden. Remember the *Tuscania* will be their irresistible call to the colors. It will also be the battle cry of victory.”

The *Spooner Advocate* of February 15, 1918, wrote, rejoicing in the news that local soldiers were safe: “While the heart of the whole community goes out in sympathy to the poor mothers and fathers who have lost their sons, nothing we can do or say can relieve them of their great sorrow. The names of their sons will go down in the history of this great war among the names of the great heroes who gave their lives for the universal benefit of humanity throughout the world.”

Please do not forget.

Please – remember the *Tuscania*.



*"The Tuscania at Glasgow" –
lithograph by Sir David Muirhead
Bohn, from his series "On the Clyde" -
1918*



*"Tuscania" (1916)
by Odin Rosenvinge
(1880-1959),
Glasgow Museums*

(https://artuk.org/discover/artworks/tuscania-86041/view_as/grid/search/keyword:tuscania--term:funnel-9489/page/1)

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Fellowes: http://www.dreadnoughtproject.org/tfs/index.php/Thomas_Balfour_Fellowes - for

John Morrison Smith:

http://www.dreadnoughtproject.org/tfs/index.php/John_Morrison_Smith AND for HMS
Grasshopper: [http://dreadnoughtproject.org/tfs/index.php/H.M.S. Grasshopper \(1909\)](http://dreadnoughtproject.org/tfs/index.php/H.M.S._Grasshopper_(1909)) – HMS
Mosquito: [http://www.dreadnoughtproject.org/tfs/index.php/H.M.S. Mosquito \(1910\)](http://www.dreadnoughtproject.org/tfs/index.php/H.M.S._Mosquito_(1910)) – HMS
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Part 28: And With Special Thanks to: (in alphabetical order)

Steve Argo of Baraboo, Wisconsin, who shares the passion to “Remember the *Tuscania*” and to never let it be forgotten through the Baraboo 21 monument and his website

Susan H. Bell, curator/manager, Lillooet Museum & Visitor Centre, Lillooet, British Columbia, Canada, for her assistance across many miles in tracking down John Morrison Smith’s life in British Columbia after his Royal Navy career

Robert Brooks of Canada, and his brother, *Michael Brooks*, of the United Kingdom, for providing the photographs of their grandfather, hero Duncan Campbell of the isle of Islay

Homer Daehn of Baraboo, artist, who hosted me in his studio and used his talents to help all of us remember the *Tuscania*

The Dreadnought Project guys, whose World War I ship/captain websites are invaluable, and who were kind enough to put my contributions on their websites; I was honored

Thomas Gahm, my patient husband, who listened to every new and thrilling tidbit discovered about the *Tuscania* and read and re-read (and re-read) my document. Not every husband gives his wife a print of the sinking *Tuscania* as a Christmas gift!

Arthurene Russell Haney, for information on the life of her uncle, Harry Durell Edwards, after his life in Spooner

Marlys Hirst, director of the Lake of the Woods County Museum, Baudette, Minnesota, who willingly tramped out to the Clementson Community Cemetery to photograph Charles Franklin Brisbin’s grave

Charlene Brisbin Howe, for generously sharing the story of the life of her father, Charles Franklin Brisbin, after his departure from Spooner

Barbara Villella Peterson Koel, former daughter-in-law of Oscar Peterson, for sharing Peterson family genealogy and photographs, and for letting me hold the original *Tuscania* postcard that the 1918 passengers received, a bond across the years to “my boys”

Jean M. Kramer, of Algona, Iowa, whose October 17, 2017, story about the *Tuscania* was exceptionally well-done, and provided information on and photographs of two Kossuth County (Iowa) soldiers – Lewis Rist and Sam Hethershaw – as well as a fascinating telephone conversation with a fellow history aficionado. (<http://kossuthhistorybuff.blogspot.com/>)

Lauren, from the Museum of the City of New York, for granting me permission to use the museum's beautiful interior photographs of the luxury liner *Tuscania*, and for her kind correspondence

Milwaukee County Historical Society, for sharing the Edward T. Lauer papers, with particular gratitude to assistant archivist Steve Schaffer, intelligent, dedicated and helpful

Lisa M. Jackson, webmaster of the www.tuscaniamemorial.org website, for her valuable assistance in making this research available on the Internet

Jenni Minto of the Museum of Island Life, Islay, and her husband, *Les Wilson*, author of *The Drowned and the Saved*, co-editors of *Islay Voices*, for their friendship across the waters, for their fact-checking the Islay information and supplying valuable photographs, and for being gracious hosts on Islay in May 2018. In Islay Gaelic, *gun robh math agad* (thank you), many times.

Warren Mitchell, brilliant genealogical researcher whom I plagued with nitpicking questions, who also brilliantly married my brilliant genealogist sister, Janet Savelkoul Mitchell

Bill Paulson of Spooner, whom I knew for too short a time, and his gracious wife *Ruth*, who shared the story of Bill's father Guy Paulson, *Tuscania* survivor

Jean Raucstadt of Missouri, who forwarded the words her grandfather Emil Rauchstadt wrote in his war diary, and provided family information, and for her keen interest in *Tuscania*

Lord George Robertson of Port Ellen, whom I was honored to meet on Islay, who showed me his grandfather MacNeill's notebook, who has kept the story alive

Steven M. Schwartz, creator of the *Tuscania: An American History* website, and provider of his treasure trove of documents and images – and for sharing his incredible research abilities – and in memory of his grandfather George E. Schwartz, a passenger on the *Tuscania*

Spooner Advocate staff, who allowed me to spend days and days for months and years with them in my corner of their world, reading the local newspaper's back issues

Sharon Tarr, Spooner historian, author, editor, researcher, genealogist and storehouse of Washburn County knowledge

Tuscania Survivors Association on Facebook. <https://www.facebook.com/Tuscania-Survivors-Association-220503601482123/>

Wisconsin Veterans Museum staff, at Madison, Wisconsin, whose maintenance of and assistance with the Edward T. Lauer papers provided valuable information

The *Tuscania* survivors who shared their memories at the time and over the years – and to those whose lives ended that February 5, 1918, night. I was honored to tell their stories, in their eloquent words.

Some of us will always **remember the *Tuscania***.



Marilyn Savelkoul Gahm, who, while on her self-appointed task of reading the Spooner [Wisconsin] Advocate newspaper since it began publication in 1901, came across the newspaper's February 8, 1918, account of the Tuscania sinking. She realized the shock felt that day in Spooner was parallel to that felt by those who heard the news on September 11, 2001. She then wrote a two-page synopsis of the incident. That was only the beginning!

Left: Marilyn at the Museum of Islay Life, 3 May 2018, with the bell of the Tuscania and the 1918 flag sewed by the women of Islay, loaned by the Smithsonian Institution.

Right: On February 5, 2018, the 100th anniversary, Marilyn placed flowers and poured scotch whisky onto the eight graves of survivors in Washburn County: William Davis, Earl Knight, Frank Marino, Harry McCarty, Ernest Nolan (pictured above), Guy Paulson, Oscar Peterson and Peter Voyer. (photo courtesy of Spooner Advocate)

The past is never dead. It's not even past. – William Faulkner

Here's hoping that we may see no more wars. They are really stupid. – Captain John Morrison Smith, of HMS *Grasshopper*, in 1931



Part 29: The “Spooner Boys” of the Tuscania

Herschel Carver Bird

Of Superior – son of Charles Herschel & Jennie Caroline (Carver) Bird

Wife: Edna Mary Galloway Leonard. Wife: Katie Lou King Mitchell.

January 20, 1888 Chetek (Barron Co.) WI - August 26, 1969 Dallas (Dallas Co.) TX

Buried: Hillcrest Cemetery, Texarkana TX

Charles Franklin Brisbin (Frank C. Brisbin)

Of Spooner – son of John Wilson & Frances (Bicknese) Brisbin

Wife: Emily Eleanor Adele (“Nellie”) Jones. Wife: Alvina Catherine Anna Glessing Zandhuizen.

January 11, 1898 Spooner (Washburn Co.) WI - July 18, 1966 Williams Township (Koochiching County) MN

Buried: Clementson Community Cemetery, Clementson MN

William Henry Davis

Of Springbrook – son of Frederick William & Armada May (Platt) Davis

Wife: Mabel Menila Gaynor (known as Menila) (later Mabel Menila Gaynor Davis Hood Otis)

November 16, 1893 Jennings (Decatur Co.) KS - January 12, 1929 Park Falls (Price Co.) WI

Buried: Earl Cemetery, Washburn County WI

Harry Durell Edwards

Of Spooner - son of Lucius (“Lute”) Deloss and Anna (Skalicky) Edwards

Wife: Ghiselle C. Darche. Wife: Pauline Amato.

June 19, 1900, Beldenville (Pierce Co.) Wisconsin - April 18, 1983 Oak Park (Cook Co.) IL

Buried: Mount Carmel Cemetery, Hillside IL

Earl William Knight

Of Spooner – adopted son of William Franklin & Mary Elizabeth (Rush Maxfield) Knight

Wife: Julia Elizabeth Ness (also known as Jordis Ness)

October 4, 1888 Cedar Rapids (Linn Co.) IA or Clinton (Clinton Co.) IA - November 26, 1952 Rhinelander (Oneida Co.) WI

Buried: Anah Cemetery, Crystal Township, Washburn County WI

Oliver Alvin Kniss

Of Spooner – son of John and Margaret/Margarett C./E. (Swope) Kniss

Wife: Goldie McMillan

September 28, 1891, Rochester (Fulton County) IN – January 9, 1961, Proviso, Cook Co. IL

Buried: Oak Grove Cemetery, Lawton, Van Buren County MI

Frank William Marino

Of Spooner – son of George and Angeline (Donatell) Marino

Wife: Estella Christina ("Stella") Olson

July 16, 1897 Spooner (Washburn Co.) WI - June 1, 1944 Minneapolis (Hennepin Co.) MN

Buried: Calvary Cemetery, Spooner WI

Harry Albert McCarty

Of Shell Lake (Dewey Township, Burnett County) – son of John Andrew & Elvira E. (Donaldson) McCarty

Wife: Lana Evelyn Stafford

June 26, 1896 Shell Lake (Washburn Co.) WI - January 6, 1931 Denver (Denver Co.) CO

Buried: Spooner Cemetery, Spooner WI

Hilding Nels Nelson

April 10, 1887, Arkcastop, Sweden –April 30, 1969 Spokane (Spokane Co.) WA. Buried: ?

Ernest Cornelius Nolan

Of Spooner – son of Edward John & Mary Elizabeth (Hoyt) Nolan

Wife: Lois Electa White. Wife: Jeanette ("Janet") R. Leach Cuddigan [later Jeanette Leach Cuddigan Nolan Costello Busch].

September 14, 1892 Turtle Lake (Barron Co.) WI - October 24, 1940 Rice Lake (Barron Co.) WI

Buried: Spooner Cemetery, Spooner WI

Guy William Paulson [Senior]

Of Spooner – son of Hans Peter & Gurine Caroline (Hanson) Paulson

Wife: Esther A. Oettel

March 10, 1896 Lake Benton (Lincoln Co.) MN - January 8, 1968 Spooner (Washburn Co.) WI

Buried: Spooner City Veterans Memorial Cemetery, Spooner WI

Frank Gustave Peterson

Of Shell Lake – son of Frank A. and Anna C. Peterson

Wife: Edith A. Holleen. Wife: Christina.

July 22, 1892 Barronett (Barron Co.) WI - August 19, 1966 Rice Lake (Barron Co.) WI

Buried: Nora Cemetery, Rice Lake WI

George Edgar Pinney**Of Spooner – son of William Edgar & Eliza E. (Hughes) Pinney**

Wife: Goldie M. Andrews. Wife: Ruth Imogene Bixby.

May 21, 1898 South Wayne (Lafayette Co.) WI - September 22, 1948 Grand Rapids (Kent Co.) MI

Buried: Grandville Cemetery, Grandville, Kent County MI

Emil William Rauchstadt**Of Shell Lake - son of William A. & Bertha A. (Radeik/Radeck) Rauchstadt**

Wife: Clara (Clair) Zilla Kraemer. Wife: Mary DeLarosby Johnson.

August 25, 1894 Shell Lake (Washburn Co.) WI - November 6, 1975 Perham (Otter Tail Co.) MN

Buried: Old Calvary Cemetery, Cloquet (Carlton Co.) MN

Lon Rhoades**Of Trego - son of James William and Maria Mae (Rose) Rhoades**

Wife: Emma Mae Hathaway Welch Campbell Everts. Wife: Mildred L. Foster

November 10, 1892 Rock Falls (Lincoln Co.) WI - August 12, 1943 Minneapolis (Hennepin Co.) MN

Buried: Fort Snelling National Cemetery, Bloomington MN

Henry Willard Shaffer**Of Spooner – son of George Allen & May Glenna (Farrar) Shaffer**

Wife: Nellie Mae Chamberlain

February 20, 1898 Ohio (perhaps Springfield, Clark Co.) – August 1, 1984 San Diego (San Diego Co.) CA

Buried: Cypress View Mausoleum & Crematory, San Diego CA

Frederick J. Taylor**Of Spooner – son of Charles H. & Artimissa (“Artie”) (Bowman) Taylor**

Wife: Gladys E. Bond Gosler

June 3, 1892 New Portland (Somerset Co.) ME –April 26, 1933 Charlton (Worcester Co.) MA

Buried: Westridge Cemetery, Charlton, MA

Peter Joseph Voyer**Of Shell Lake – son of George & Louise E. (Guibord) Voyer**

Wife: Mabel Ida Caroline Hanson

January 8, 1895 Sarona (Washburn Co.) WI – May 11, 1972 St. Paul (Ramsey Co.) MN

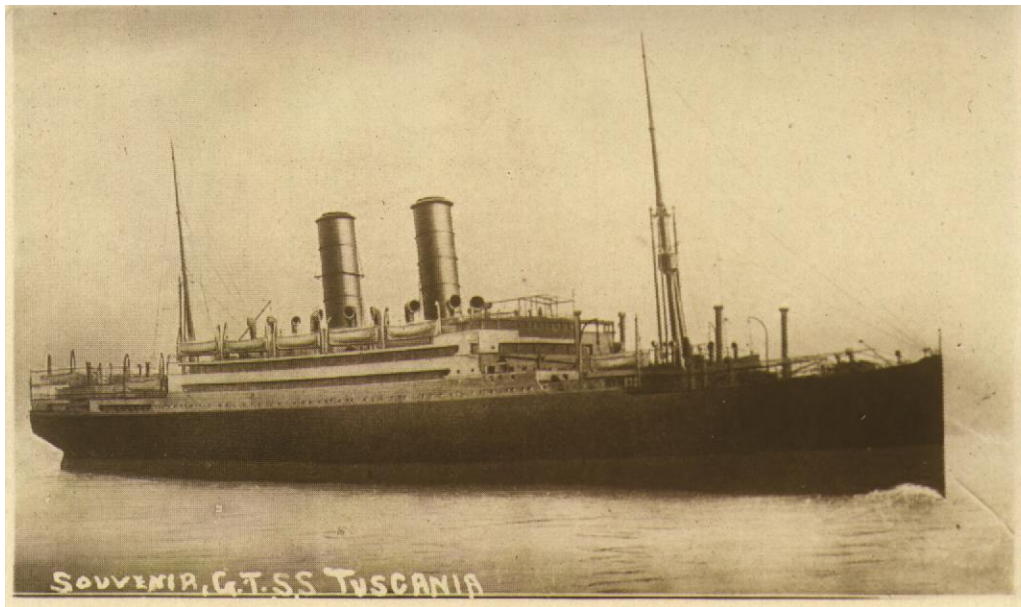
Buried: Shell Lake Cemetery, Shell Lake WI

Later a resident of Spooner (beginning in 1935):**Oscar Ludwig Peterson****Of Upson WI – son of Hans & Hannah Pederson/Peterson**

Wife: Martha B. Olson

August 24, 1894 Upson (Iron Co.) WI – December 20, 1965 Spooner (Washburn Co.) WI

Buried: Spooner City Memorial Veterans Cemetery, Spooner WI



Souvenir postcard of the Tuscania

**Part 30: The Dead of the *Tuscania* –
Discharged to Eternal Watch February 1918**

Abboni, Anthony (Antonio)
 Agren, Peter Alexander
 Allen, Clarence Walter
 Allen, Fred Kent
 Altwein, George Alexander
 Anderson, Homer Llewellyn
 Augspurger, Stanley Roy
 Austad, Gunder Grunde
 Baker, Roger
 Bargerstock, Clea Robert
 Barker, Ben
 Barnes, Edgar Carl
 Bartolomeo, Adolph
 Bates, Henry Garrett
 Benefiel, Fredrick Tolman
 Bennett, Russell Frank
 Bennett, William Earl
 Berkey, Edwin Ray
 Bernitt, Sidney Walter
 Besner, Herbert Christian Joseph
 Binnie, William
 Bishop, John Baker
 Bjork, George Nelson
 Bradley, Claudius
 Branland, Verner Carl
 Brown, Benjamin Harrison
 Brown, Walter Lee
 Bruno, Frank (born Salvatore Francesco)
 Buckley, James Joseph
 Butler, Raymond Charles
 Byrne, Jack Joseph / John J.
 Calabrese, Rocco
 Carollo, Alcide
 Carpenter, Harry
 Casper, Orvel Nazro
 Cheshier, John Wilburn
 Church, Franklin Alvin
 Clark, Wilbur William
 Clover, Gerald Kenton
 Cochran, Joe

Cohen, Ruben
Collins, Alva Norman
Collins, Arthur William
Collins, Stanley Lewis
Collom, Sterling Edgar
Cook, Marcus Barrett
Cook, Tommie Ward
Cowan, Elmer Luther
Crellin, Walter
Crocker, Norman G.
Crow, Jennings Byron
Crowley, John Michael
Davidson, Chauncey Jack
Davis, Reed Clive
Dethmann, Peter (also Dethman)
Diaz, Rosendo
Dinter, William Anton (Willie)
Drahota, Frank
Dreyer, Richard Ferdinand
Droogs, William Ira
Duffy, Everett Harold
Dunn, Alexander Joseph, Jr.
Edmondson, Elton Lee
Edwards, John
Eichhammer, John Albert
Eriksen, Hans Marius
Feyrer, Edward Charles
Fish, Dale Marian
Flores, Sixto
Garza, Guadalupe
Gehring, Gregg Frank
Geyer, William Orville
Gillespie, Alexander Storrie
Gorman, Vincent Leo Ambrose
Grahamer, Edward Carl [Grayhamer]
Gurney, James Brian
Hartsook, Winston Allen
Harvey, Arthur Nelson
Hawley, James Patrick
Heras, Florencio
Herrmann, Fred William
Hill, Martin Columbus
Houston, Elmer Alfred
Hudgeons, Thomas Eli
Hurst, Raymond Thomas
Hutchins, Otis Edgar
Hyatt, Wesley William
Inglehart, Delbert E.

Jenkins, Clyde Gibson
 Johnson, John Carstain
 Johnson, William Riker
 Junker, Arthur Christian
 Keown, William Christial
 Kirk, Frank Leslie
 Kossaeth, Frank
 Laakko, John Alexander
 Lankenau, George W.
 Latham, James Mathew
 LeBron, Leo Parrott
 Lewellyn, Thomas A.
 Lewton, Theodore Eugene
 Licari, Alfio Luigi
 Lighthall, Philip Kilburn
 Lintow, Frederick Marion
 Marlin, Joseph (Joe/Josiah)
 Marsh, Dudley Hathaway
 Matthews, William ("Billie")
 May, Roy Wilson
 Maystrick, Joseph George [Meystrik]
 McAlister, Alexander
 McCoy, Ora Leland
 McMurry, William Franklin
 McVey, Charles Patrick Henry
 Metzenbauer, Clare
 Mocker, Lambert Henry
 Moore, William Arthur
 Moreno, George
 Morin, William Peter
 Muncaster, Roy
 Murray, Riley Frank
 Nineheart, Richard August [born Neunherz]
 Norris, Clifford Henry
 Notkowitz, Julius
 Olmsted, Benjamin Guy
 Owens, Ben Verner
 Oxford, Henry Grady
 Ozment, Luther William
 Page, Henry Hamilton
 Patillo, James Roscoe
 Paul, Clarence
 Pelley, Clyde Carlisle
 Pentecost, Sam Houston
 Perez, Angel
 Perez, Juan Antonio
 Perry, George C.
 Pierce, James LeRoy, Jr.

Pledger, Fletcher Odell
 Powell, Ondis
 Price, James Alvin
 Rader, Carl C.
 Raisner, William Howard
 Rames, Manuel Antony
 Ramos, Lucio
 Ray, Otto
 Redfield, Joe Ira
 Reeder, Luther Bunion
 Reilly, Francis David
 Reinhardt, George Arthur
 Renton, David Gleason
 Rhodes, Jesse Manuel
 Rice, Alpha Leroy
 Ridge, Samuel Peter (alias Samuel P. Riggs)
 Roberts, Lewis
 Robinson, John Clifford H.
 Rodriguez, Cirilo (also Rodriquez)
 Roessler, Raymond Leonard
 Routt, Edward LaFayett
 Rudolf, John Alfred Frederich
 Rupp, Herman
 Schleiss, James Albert
 Schulze, Richard
 Scully, Carroll Joseph
 Sharpe, Frank
 Sherman, Philip Vincent
 Short, Clarence Wilbur
 Short, Nathan Bradley
 Sims, Irvin Montgomery
 Skinner, Henry Alexander
 Sloss, John
 Smith, Ellis M.
 Smith, Harry E.
 Smith, Oscar Lee
 Smith, William G.
 Smithpeter, William Van
 Snyder, Eugene Willard
 Sparkman, James Frederic
 Speidel, Henry Fred
 Spencer, William Bryon
 St. Clair, Thomas Ernest
 Stevens, Percy Arthur
 Straach, Arthur
 Swanson, Charles Emil
 Talley, Milton Charles
 Thompson, Tula B.

Tomlins, George Wesley
Trageser, William John (Wilhelm)
Trowbridge/Trobridge, Daniel Webster
Tullington, Bernard Leroy
Tuttle, Terry
Unger, Fred Mat
Vickers, William Ervin
Wagner, Julius David
Walker, Claude William
Warren, Robert Fay
Wasson, Thomas Frederick
Wayne, Charles Leo
Weeks, Bert Oliver
Weigand, Philip Emil
Weisenberger, Earl Odearl
West, Clayton Burr
White, Ethan Oren
White, Patrick Henry
Whittington, Walter Leonard/Lawrence
Williams, Bill Mack
Williams, Paul Amos
Willson, Curtis Willard
Wilson, William Riley
Wood, James Crouch
Wright, Leighr A.
Wright, William Wylie
Ybarra, Jose
Young, Edward Franklin
Zimmerman, George Vincent



*American Monument, 11
November 2018, the 100th
anniversary of the Armistice.
Photograph by, and courtesy of,
Ben Shakespeare Photograph, Islay.*

Part 31: Tuscania Casualties by State/Country

Arkansas - 7

William Earl Bennett
 Claudius Bradley
 Sterling Edgar Collom
 James Roscoe Patillo
 Nathan Bradley Short
 Ellis M. Smith
 Bill Mack Williams

California – 17

Stanley Lewis Collins
 John Michael Crowley
 Reed Clive Davis
 Alexander Storrie Gillespie
 Delbert E. Inglehart
 Clyde Gibson Jenkins
 George W. Lankenau
 Alfio Luigi Licari
 Frederick Marion Lintow
 Ora Leland McCoy
 Charles Patrick Henry McVey
 William Arthur Moore
 William Howard Raisner
 Samuel Peter Ridge (alias Samuel P. Riggs)
 Claude William Walker
 Charles Leo Wayne
 Bert Oliver Weeks

Colorado – 2

Roy Muncaster
 Paul Amos Williams

Connecticut – 2

Dudley Hathaway Marsh
 Julius David Wagner

Hawaii – 1

Manuel Antony Rames

Idaho – 2

William Ira Droogs
John Clifford H. Robinson

Illinois – 2

Harry Carpenter
Henry Alexander Skinner

Iowa - 1

Clyde Carlisle/Carlyle Pelley

Kansas – 3

Raymond Leonard Roessler
Daniel Webster Trowbridge/Trobridge
Clayton Burr West

Kentucky – 1

Roger Baker

Louisiana – 2

Tommie Ward Cook
Clarence Paul

Maryland – 2

Harry E. Smith
Philip Emil Weigand

Massachusetts – 2

Vincent Leo Ambrose Gorman
Frank Leslie Kirk

Michigan – 6

Anthony (Antonio) Abboni
Clarence Walter Allen
Herbert Christian Joseph Besner
Wilbur William Clark

Alpha Leroy Rice

Leighr A. Wright

Minnesota – 11

Fred Kent Allen
Gunder Grunde Austad
Edwin Ray Berkey
William Binnie
James Joseph Buckley
Walter Crellin

Frank Drahota
 John Albert Eichhammer
 Dale Marian Fish
 John Carstain Johnson
 William John (Wilhelm) Trageser

Mississippi – 1

Thomas Frederick Wasson

Missouri – 3

Everett Harold Duffy
 William G. Smith
 William Ervin Vickers

Montana – 6

Jack Joseph [John J.] Byrne
 Marcus Barrett Cook
 Elmer Luther Cowan
 Chauncey Jack Davidson
 Peter Dethmann (also Dethman)

John Edwards

Nebraska – 1

Fred William Herrmann

New York – 10

Adolph Bartolomeo
 Frank Bruno [born Salvatore Francesco Bruno]
 Ruben Cohen
 Richard Ferdinand Dreyer
 Philip Kilburn Lighthall
 Joseph George Maystrick [Meystrik]
 Julius Notkowitz
 Herman Rupp
 Henry Fred Speidel
 George Vincent Zimmerman

Ohio – 5

Stanley Roy Augspurger
 Gregg Frank Gehring
 Richard August Nineheart [born Neunherz]
 Francis David Reilly
 Carroll Joseph Scully

Oklahoma – 16

John Baker Bishop
Joe Cochran
Raymond Thomas Hurst
Leo Parrott LeBron
Joseph (Joe/Josiah) Marlin
Luther William Ozment
George C. Perry
Fletcher Odell Pledger
Ondis Powell
James Alvin Price
Jesse Manuel Rhodes
William Van Smithpeter
Tula B. Thompson
George Wesley Tomlins
Ethan Oren White
William Wylie Wright

Oregon – 20

Peter Alexander Agren
Henry Garrett Bates
Fredrick Tolman Benefiel
Sidney Walter Bernitt
George Nelson Bjork
Verner Carl Branland
Alexander Joseph Dunn, Jr.
Hans Marius Eriksen
James Brian Gurney
Elmer Alfred Houston
William Riker Johnson
John Alexander Laakko
Theodore Eugene Lewton
William Peter Morin
Riley Frank Murray
James LeRoy Pierce, Jr.
Joe Ira Redfield
Percy Arthur Stevens

Terry ("Ted") Tuttle
 Curtis Willard Willson
Pennsylvania – 5
 Clea Robert Bargerstock
 Edward Carl Grahmer [Grayhamer]
 Thomas A. Lewellyn
 Carl C. Rader
 Clarence Wilbur Short
Rhode Island – 1
 Franklin Alvin Church
Scotland – 2
 Alexander McAlister
 John Sloss
South Dakota – 1
 Fred Mat Unger
Tennessee – 2
 Lambert Henry Mocker
 Milton Charles Talley
Texas – 44
 George Alexander Altwein
 Ben Barker
 Edgar Carl Barnes
 Arthur William Collins
 Norman G. Crocker
 Jennings Byron Crow
 Rosendo Diaz
 William Anton (Willie) Dinter
 Elton Lee Edmondson
 Edward Charles Feyrer
 Sixto Flores
 Guadalupe Garza
 Florencio Heras
 Martin Columbus Hill
 Thomas Eli Hudgeons
 William Christial Keown
 Frank Kossaeth
 Roy Wilson May

William Franklin McMurry
 George Moreno
 Ben Verner Owens
 Henry Grady Oxford
 Henry Hamilton Page
 Sam Houston Pentecost
 Angel Perez
 Juan Antonio Perez
 Lucio Ramos
 Otto Ray
 Luther Bunion Reeder
 Lewis Roberts
 Cirilo Rodriguez (also Rodriquez)
 Edward LaFayette Routt
 Richard Schulze
 Irvin Montgomery Sims
 Oscar Lee Smith
 James Frederic Sparkman
 Thomas Ernest St. Clair
 Arthur Straach
 Patrick Henry White
 Walter Leonard/Lawrence Whittington
 William Riley Wilson
 James Crouch Wood
 Jose Ybarra
 Edward Franklin ("Edd") Young
Vermont – 1
 Philip Vincent Sherman
Virginia – 6
 Walter Lee Brown
 Gerald Kenton Clover
 William Orville Geyer
 Winston Allen Hartsook
 James Mathew Latham
 Bernard Leroy Tullington

Washington – 8

Rocco Calabrese
 John Wilburn Cheshier
 Wesley William Hyatt
 William Matthews
 Benjamin Guy Olmsted
 David Gleason Renton
 Eugene Willard Snyder
 Robert Fay Warren

Wisconsin – 20

Homer Llewellyn Anderson
 Russell Frank Bennett
 Benjamin Harrison Brown
 Raymond Charles Butler
 Alcide Carollo
 Orvel Nazro Casper
 Alva Norman Collins
 Arthur Nelson Harvey
 James Patrick Hawley
 Otis Edgar Hutchins
 Arthur Christian Junker
 Clare Metzenbauer
 Clifford Henry Norris
 George Arthur Reinhardt
 John Alfred Frederich Rudolf
 James Albert Schleiss
 Frank Sharpe
 William Bryon Spencer
 Charles Emil Swanson
 Earl Odearl Weisenberger

All *Tuscania* casualties had the military rank of private except for three captains – one first lieutenant – seven sergeants – eleven corporals – one bugler – one cook – one private first class.

S T O R E R O O M S

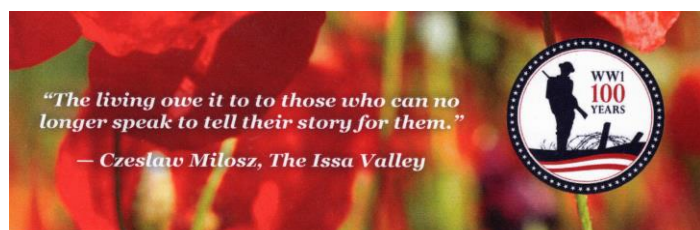
		T O N S O F 40 C. F T.	
		T. O. B.	BALE
Nº 2 ^A	ORLOP TWEEN DECK PORT FLOUR STORE	79	72
" 2	" " " GENERAL STORES	404	371
" 3	" " " P. BONDED STORES	195	178
FORE PEAK STORE	LOWER DECK	18	16
AFT	" " "	28	24
FORE	" " " MAIN	54	48
AFT	" " " "	83	71
FORE	" " " UPPER	23	20
TOTAL		884	800

H A T C H E S

		T. O. B.
Nº 1	UPPER TO SHELTER DECK	41
Nº 2 ^A	ABOVE UPPER DECK	3
Nº 2	" " "	5
Nº 3	UPPER TO BRIDGE DECK	74
Nº 4	ABOVE UPPER DECK	3
Nº 5	" " "	3
Nº 6	" " "	3
Nº 6	LOWER TO MAIN	27
TOTAL		159

		T O N S O F 40 C. F T.	
		INSUL ^D	T. O. B.
Nº 2 ORLOP TWEEN DECK			
GENERAL STORE PORT		88	79
" " " PORT		19	18
PASSAGES		52	47
ROUND HATCH		102	97
EMIG ^T WINE IN CASKS		143	130
TOTAL		404	371
Nº 3 ORLOP TWEEN DECK			
BONDED STORE AFT.		39	26
GROCERY "		49	44
BONDED STORE FOR ^W		45	40
PASSAGE		62	57
MILK ROOM		28	
ICE "		19	
WINE "		28	
BACON & C		26	
VEGETABLES & C		79	
CUTTING ROOM		46	
FISH		67	
BEEF & C	" AFT.	44	
" " "	FWD.	86	
TOTAL		423	195
			177

Chapter 33: Tuscania Memorial, Baraboo, Wisconsin



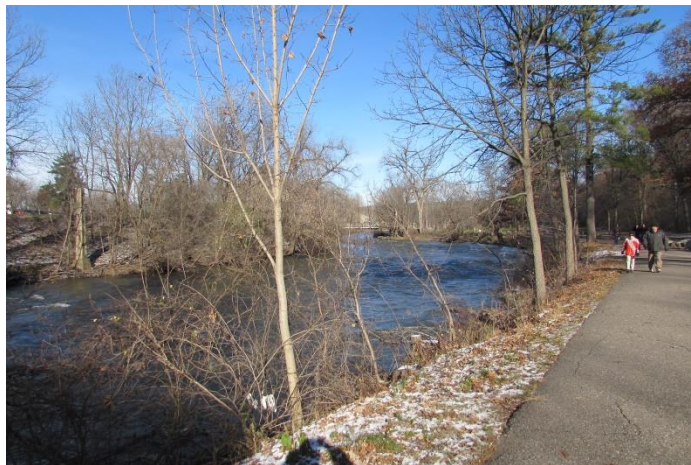


The only memorial to the *Tuscania* in the United States – the Tuscania Memorial – was unveiled and dedicated on Saturday, November 10, 2018, in Baraboo (Sauk County), Wisconsin, one day before the 100th anniversary of the end of World War I, with the Armistice occurring at the 11th minute of the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month of 1918. Although the sky was sunny and bright, temperatures were in the 20s, and snow had fallen. The ceremony began at 10 a.m.

<Steve Argo, 10 November 2018

The monument was the brainchild of Baraboo High School history teacher, Steve Argo. It was designed to honor the survivors and casualties of the *Tuscania*, as well as those of the British crew; the rescuers of the Royal Navy; and the men, women and children of Scotland, Ireland and England, who comforted the survivors and buried the dead.

The memorial honors especially the “Baraboo 21” – the 21 men from Baraboo who had survived the sinking. The advance work to build and fund the memorial, as well as details on the Baraboo 21, can be found beginning on page 449 of this document. The clay model by artist Homer Daehn was bronzed at a foundry in Illinois. Daehn then applied a wooden backing to the bronze, before it was mounted on the stone wall.



The memorial is located in Lower Ochsner Park, at 820 Second Avenue, in the city of Baraboo. It is just north of Second Avenue, and is located between the Baraboo River on its west, and Ridge Street on its east.

<The Baraboo River, just west of the memorial. [All photographs in this chapter taken by Marilyn Gahm on 10 November 2018.]

Tuscania Memorial Dedication Service

NOVEMBER 10, 2018 | BARABOO, WISCONSIN

Prelude	Traditional music of Scotland Mike O'Connell
Welcome	Bill Crowley, LTC, Retired
Posting of the colors and processional	Baraboo Scouts
	"Hymn to the Fallen" composed by John Williams and performed by the Driftless Brass Quintet
Invocation	Rev. Myron Talcott
Placement of Remembrance wreath	Daughters of the American Revolution
Presentation of the Tuscania Memorial to the City of Baraboo and to the people of the United Kingdom	Steve Argo, Baraboo 21 and Sauk County Historical Society
Remarks	Mike Palm, Mayor of Baraboo
Remarks	Commander Spencer Hubschmid, Deputy Head of Strategic Programs, British Royal Navy, Washington Navy Yard, District of Columbia
Final remarks	Bill Crowley
Creating the Tuscania Memorial	Patricia Kelly
Unveiling of the Tuscania Memorial	Homer Daehn
Postlude	"With Quiet Courage," composed by Larry Daehn, and other instrumental music performed by the Driftless Brass Quintet

Members of the Driftless Brass Quintet:

Andrew Sgrignoli – Trumpet | Amy Hiel – Trumpet | Matt Hiell – Trombone
Rebecca Schroeder – French Horn | Griffin James - Tuba



Before the dedication. (Left:) Commander Spencer Hubschmid, Royal Navy, with Matt McDonald of the U.S. Marine Corps.

Approximately 200 to 300 people attended the unveiling.

Preceding the unveiling, bagpipe music was provided by Mike O'Connell. The welcome was given by retired U.S. Marine Corps Lieutenant Colonel Bill Crowley of Sauk County.



< Bill Crowley and Scouts

The Scouts of Baraboo posted the colors – the flags of the United States, Scotland, Ireland, Britain, Ireland, Wisconsin – while some Scouts carried smaller flags denoting the nations from which the *Tuscania* crew was drawn.



(Left:) The salute. (Right:) The Driftless Brass Quintet (right) performed “Hymn to the Fallen,” composed by John Williams.



The Reverend Myron Talcott (left) gave the invocation.

Two representatives of the Daughters of the American Revolution laid a wreath at the memorial. It depicted the “red arrow” of the 32nd Division, known as the Red Arrow Division, or “Les Terribles.”



In his speech, Steve Argo (left) presented the memorial to the city of Baraboo and the people of the United Kingdom. Steve is wearing the 100th anniversary cap and scarf woven by the Islay Woollen Mills, Isle of Islay, Scotland. The commemorative plaid uses the green of Islay, the blue of the sea, the red of World War I poppies, and the gold of Gold Star Mothers.

Steve Argo’s speech:

First, I want to wish Bill Crowley over here and all of his fellow U.S. Marines today a "Happy Birthday." Today is the 243rd birthday of the Marine Corps. To all Marine veterans and active duty Marines, "Thank you for your service."

And while we're at it, this might be a good time to recognize ALL veterans and ALL active duty and reserve personnel from ANY branch of service. Please stand. And while you're standing, I would also like to ask anyone in our First Responder community to stand as well - police officers, firefighters, EMTs. Please, stand.

These are the people who keep our communities safe. These are the people who keep our country safe. These are the men and women who have made the world a safer, better place. To ALL of our men and women in uniform, thank you for your service to the country. Happy Veterans Day. Please, a round of applause for these amazing people!

Service to your country and service to others is really what the Tuscania Memorial is about. In the most fundamental sense, what we are doing here today is honoring the service and remembering the sacrifice of America's men and women in uniform, past and present.

Many of the bricks behind me speak to the idea of service to others and service to one's country. Some of the bricks are dedicated to people who are alive and doing well, men like Navy veterans Leo Bronkalla and Allen Paschen, who each followed their military service with a lifetime of public service.

One of the bricks is for a good friend of mine, Jack Kahoun. Jack graduated high school in the middle of World War Two and shortly after graduation enlisted in the Army and found himself in Europe at the tail end of the war. While Jack survived the war, his older brother - a paratrooper with the 101st - did not. He was killed in Normandy, in the Allied effort to secure the beaches so that others could get down to the business of liberating Europe. Several years ago, Jack spearheaded a campaign in Wisconsin Rapids to honor the veterans of Wood County, and at the very start of this project I met with Jack to get advice on how to put something like this together. Jack died a few years ago, but in this regard, he is STILL giving back to his country. His wife Sigrid and daughter are here today with us.

There are so many other veterans whose bricks are behind me and whom I'd love to tell you about - Clayton Luther, Rollie Peetz, Art Gibson - but it's cold, time is limited, and I need to get down to MY business of dedicating this memorial.

I'm not going to say anything about the story of *Tuscania*. In a few minutes you can come forward and read the panels behind me, and I think you'll find that it is indeed a story of courage, duty, and the virtue of putting the interests of other ahead of oneself.

Tomorrow will mark the 100th anniversary of the end of World War One. All over the world there will be ceremonies of remembrance for the millions of people whose lives were cut short by that terrible war.

These ceremonies will be quiet and solemn occasions because they will be about loss, the loss of life, the loss of innocence, the loss of hope of an entire generation. This was not merely a war that killed millions of people. It was holocaust that in many ways obliterated the idea of human progress. The Wright Brothers had only recently conquered air, and now airplanes were being used to drop bombs on other

human beings. Edison and Tesla had only recently developed electrical light, and now those lights were burning in factories to make nerve agents, artillery shells, and millions upon millions of bullets for men kill their fellow man.

Our ceremony, however, does have a SILVER LINING. We are here today not only to REMEMBER the dead of the *Tuscania*, but also to HONOR those whose actions on the night of February 5th, 1918, saved the lives of over 1,800 American doughboys who otherwise would have drowned in the frigid waters of the Irish Sea.

But they didn't die. They didn't die because good people stood up and did the right thing at precisely the right time. Hours later, on the Scottish island of Islay, hundreds of residents came out of their homes and rendered aid to the frozen, exhausted U.S. soldiers whose lifeboats had hurled them onto their doorstep. Over the next several days, Islay residents gave the Americans food, medical care, and in many cases, quite literally the clothes off their backs.

THAT'S the silver lining. More than 200 men died, but more than 1,800 lived. Twenty-one "Baraboo Boys" were alive because brave men and strong women acted honorably.

Martin Luther King once said, "It's never the WRONG TIME to do the RIGHT THING," and if ever those words rang true, it was this moment from World War One, one hundred years ago.

Now it's OUR TIME to do the right thing. It's time for us to say "thank you" to the people of the United Kingdom, and also to remember the sacrifice of the *Tuscania* men who never made it back.

On behalf of the Sauk County Historical Society, I wish to present this memorial to the citizens of Baraboo in the hope that you will draw strength from the *Tuscania* story, that you will lead lives as honorable as those who saved your great uncles and grandfathers. The physical memorial that you see here, we are giving to the City of Baraboo, and in just a moment we'll hear a few remarks from Baraboo mayor Mike Palm.

But in a larger sense, we are presenting the Tuscania Memorial to the people of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland for the actions of their ancestors, and in a few minutes we will hear from a representative from Her Majesty's Royal Navy, Commander Spencer Hubschmid.

In advance of these remarks, I wish to say you, sir, "thank you." To all of you for coming today, "thank you." And especially to Homer, who more than anyone has internalized and created the *Tuscania* story into an amazing piece of art that will be here for generations. Thank you.



Argo's speech was followed by remarks by Baraboo's mayor, Mike Palm (*left*).



Commander Spencer Hubschmid (*left*), deputy head of strategic programs, British Royal Navy, Washington Navy Yard, District of Columbia, then spoke, recalling that his research into the *Tuscania* revealed to him that he had sailed over the site of its sinking several times, and that submarine *UB-77* had been scrapped in Swansea, not far from his hometown.

Bill Crowley followed with final remarks.



Patricia Kelly (*left*) described the "Creating of the Tuscania Memorial" with a focus on the inspiration that Homer Daehn found in its narrative.

The monument was then unveiled by its artist, Homer Daehn. Homer said his work on the memorial was the least he could do to say "thank you."



Postlude music was provided by the Driftless Brass Quintet, which played an original composition, “With Quiet Courage,” by Homer Daehn’s brother, Larry Daehn.

A video of the unveiling from WISC-TV television, Madison, Wisconsin (Channel 3000/News 3), can be viewed at: <https://www.channel3000.com/news/wwi-memorial-dedicated-in-baraboo/855224912>.

Ben Bromley’s review of the memorial dedication in the *Baraboo News Republic* of November 8, 2018. It can be found online at:

https://www.wiscnews.com/baraboonewsrepublic/news/local/baraboo-wwi-memorial-dedication-saturday/article_915454c4-164d-5e10-a73f-b45deeb5e353.html





In bronze (above) and the clay model (below)

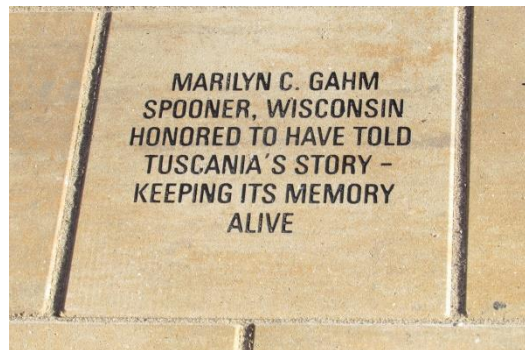






In front of the memorial, which faces the Baraboo River, is a pentagon-shaped set of engraved commemorative bricks set in concrete. Around the concrete are four downward-facing lights. The memorial is lit in the evening.



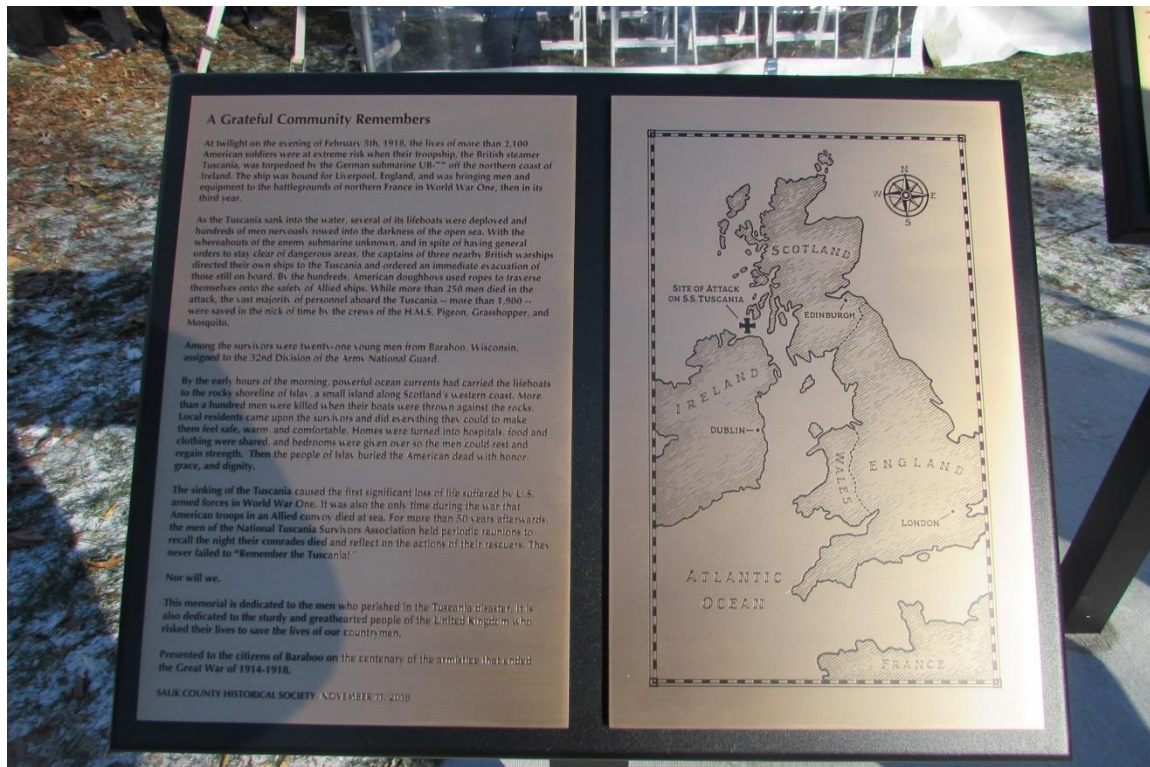


There are two plaques on stands to the left of the memorial and two to the right.



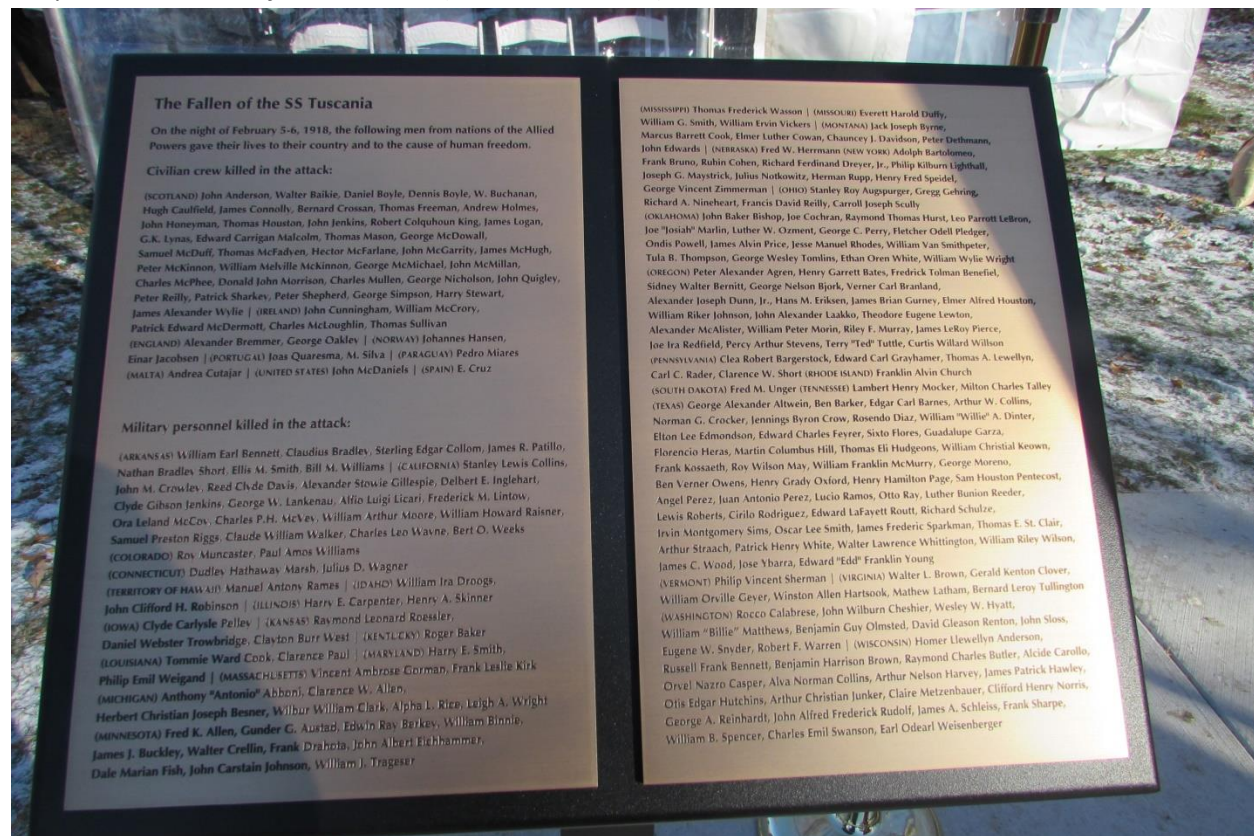
The first plaque on the left tells the story of the *Tuscania*, and includes a map, created by Renée Graef.

Plaque 1: The story of the Tuscania and map showing site of attack



The second plaque lists the casualties in the British merchant marine crew and the United States soldiers (by state).

Plaque 2: The Fallen of the Tuscania (crew and soldiers)



The third plaque (to the right of the memorial) lists and pictures the members of the Baraboo 21.



Plaque 3: The Baraboo 21



Otto Arndt – Otto
Franklin Bates –
Arthur Francis
Bender – Clarence
Braun – James
Francis Bray –
Russell William
Brodie – Vernon
Allen Caflisch –
Horace Charles
Cahoon – Edward
Weidenkopf
Coughlin – Donald
Martin Duncan –
George W. Hattle
– Randall
Hamilton Herfort –

Charles Mattoon Kellogg – Wayland Kier – Richard Lorraine Mahler – John Francis O'Brien – Earl Leroy Powell – Ralph Linwood Sanderson – Herbert E. Steckenbauer – Paul LaVere Stewart – Earl Walter Veerhusen

The fourth plaque lists the people, businesses and organizations thanked by the Sauk County Historical Society for their support of the memorial.

Plaque 4: Sauk County Historical Society's thanks to supporters – to be replaced by a permanent plaque in spring 2019 after all donors have been ascertained. A list of donors on this plaque is on the next page.



The Sauk County Historical Society wishes to thank the following individuals, businesses and organizations for their generous support of the Tuscania Memorial:

PLATINUM DONORS (\$5,000+)

Baraboo American Legion Post 26
Daniel Mounce, Albuquerque, New Mexico
Green Bay Packers Foundation
Sauk County UW Extension, Arts & Culture Committee and Wisconsin Arts Board
with funds from the State of Wisconsin and the National Endowment for the Arts

Gold Donors (\$1,000+)

Baraboo 21 Club, Baraboo High School | Baraboo State Bank | Baraboo Veterans Funeral Honor Guard Baraboo Youth Hockey | Bill Crowley | BRM Masonry | Brute Construction | City of Baraboo (Alma Waite Fund)
Domino's Pizza | Don Larson Supercenter | Joel Vodak | Lea Culver | Mike Fichter | MSA Professional Services, Inc.
Patrick and Sigrid Helland | Roman and Bea Statz Family | Rotary Club of Baraboo
Sauk County Forty and Eight No. 652 | Teel Plastics, Inc. | United States World War I Centennial Commission
VFW Post 2336 | Parshall-Cummings – Baraboo | Walmart | Wisconsin Power and Light

Silver Donors (\$250+)

All Sky Energy LLC | Blum Excavation | Dr. Anthony Kujawa LCDR USNR | Baldwin Funeral Services
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Carol Fleishauer | Cell.Plus II | Chris Gabrielson | Coffee Bean Connection | D and D Tent Rental
Econoprint of Lake Delton | Ethan Carlson | Fairfield Concrete | Future Farmers of America | Baraboo High School
Greater Sauk County | Community Foundation | Halquist Stone Company | Herb Kohl Philanthropies | Hill's Wiring Inc.
Hiroshi and Arlene Kanno | History Club, Baraboo High School | Ho-Chunk Nation | Jan Swenson | Jason Lane
Joe and Mary Ellyn Sensenbrenner | John G. (Gof) Thomson | Koshawago Club | Lanman & Lanman | Larry Daehn
LSC Communications | Laura Stanek | Marc and Mara Seals | Master Carts LLC | Pauline Argo
Pointon Heating and Air Conditioning | Steve and Libby Rundio | The Sign Shop | Synergy Metalworks, LLC
Thomas H. Sutter | Thunder Valley Inn | VFW Post 987 Greenwood Memorial – Baraboo
VFW Post 4747 – Vernon, Texas | VFW Post 1916 Thurber-Greenwood – Reedsburg | Weickgenant Accounting, Inc.

The following individuals have given greatly of their time, talent, and effort for the Tuscania Memorial:

Homer Daehn, Artist | Patricia Kelly, Artistic Design and Research
Steve Argo, Project Director | Kari Nelson, Publicity and Media Director
Jerry Exterovich, Project Manager | Paul Wolter, Executive Director, SCHS | Rob Nurri, Site Development
Linda Levenhagen, Contribution Administrator, SCHS | Mike Hardy, Director, Baraboo Parks, Recreation & Forestry
Sandy Snow, Daughters of the American Revolution | Jason Lane, Community Liaison | Marilyn Gahm, Historian

Honorable Mention

Accetta, Debra | Ackerman, Deborah | Aitken, Diane | Anderson, Chris & Cheryl | Anderson, Clifford & Susan | Anderson, Robert & Monica | Austen, Ellie | Baker, Debra | Balsamo, Jeraldine | Baraboo American Legion Auxiliary | Beagan, Paul & Arline | Brekke, L. Brice, E. James | Burns, Timothy & Nancy | Cafilisch, Carolyn | Callahan, Barbara | Chiquoine, Eleanor | Circus City 4-H Club
Coady, James & Evelyn | Collins, Mary | Collins, Stephen and Kathryn | Community First Bank | Deyo, Mariah | Don-Rick Insurance
Dubois, Colleen | Edwards, Ron & Mary | Eldred, James & Sophie | Ellis, Andrew & Jane | Enfield, Fred | Erlandson, Virgil
Etwiler, Nijole | Fauth, Douglas E. | Founders Crossing Chapter DAR | Fritsch's Corner Drug Store | Fuller, Duane & Angie
Gerdman, David | Giebel, Katherine | (The) Grainery | Grant, Betsy | Greenwood Appraisal | Greenwood, James
Haller, Michael & Angela | Hanchek, Dick & Debbie | Harry Machtan Realty | Haselwander, Frank & Deanna | Hayden, Daniel & Diane
Herbst, Erich & Jean | John Scott Horner Chapter DAR | Johnsen Central Agency, Inc. | Kaney-Hammermeister, Gail
Kember, Gerald & Nanette | Kovars, Al & Mary | Lane, Jo Ann | Larsen, Gene & Mona | Larsen, Michael & Linda | Lees, Harold
Lemke, Chris & Terri | Lowe, Tim & Cheryl | Luther, Fred | Maynard, Roger | McCoy, Larry & Olson, Keri | McDonald, Matt
McGann Furniture Inc. | Messner, Audrey | Miller, Mary Jill | Modern Woodmen of America | Morrison, Alan & Elizabeth | O'Keefe, Tim
Parker, Mary | Paschen, Allen & Mona | Perry, Sandra | Popp, Alice | Poster, Fr. Jay | Refsland, Randal & Jie Fang | Reilly, Maureen
Ritzenthaler, Tom & Crystal | Roland, John & Pamela | Roltgen, Gretchen | Ryan, John (Jack) | Schmelzer, Steve & Julie
Schoenoff, Geri | Schroeder, Al & Jean Wendt | Schuette, Bill | Sears, Priscilla | Shadiow, Robert & Linda | Shaw, Diane
Slezak, Thomas | Snow, Susan | Stewart, Mary Anne | Strozinsky, Michael & Sara | Sullivan's Two Unlimited | Swansby, Michael R.
Swenson, Judith | Timm, James R & Madonna | Umhoefer, Aural | Vander Schaaf, David & Diane | Veidemanis, Gladys V
Wedekind, Timothy | Weiner, Debra | Weiner, Gerald & Joyce | Weiner, Lisa | Weiner, Roger & Lucy | Weiner, Roxanna | Weiner, Thomas
Wery, David & Karen | Wild Bird Barn | Wisconsin Society Daughters | Wise, Greg & Patti | Wood, Heather

From the program:

The 21 men from Baraboo who were on the *Tuscania* when it was torpedoed by an enemy submarine in February of 1918 were the lucky ones. More than 260 men died in the incident, including 20 from the Badger State. Of great significance, however, was the rescue that night of more than 1,800 American soldiers by the seamen of the British Royal Navy and by the residents of Islay, a small island off Scotland's western coast.

When they returned from the war, the men of the *Tuscania* formed the National *Tuscania* Survivors Association, and for more than 50 years the nucleus of the organization was in southern Wisconsin where it operated out of American Legion and VFW halls and the homes of its mainstay members, especially Milwaukee residents Edward Lauer and Leo Zimmerman.

The men of the *Tuscania* never forgot the singular acts of courage that saved them from certain death. In the depth of the Great Depression (1931), the NTSA presented the captains of the three warships that saved them with gold medals. One of the officers, T.B. Fellowes of the warship *Mosquito*, later wrote to the membership of the Survivors Association:

The action which I took on the occasion of the sinking of the Tuscania was no more than my plain duty, and that my action resulted in saving the lives of some of our comrades in arms was, in itself, sufficient reward... I hope that our two countries may continue to work together to preserve the peace so hardly won 13 years ago. It is actions like that of the Association which makes one realize that we have much more to unite us than just a common language... Please assure the donors that this medal is now, and will remain, one of my most treasured possessions and that I, like those who gave it, shall not forget.

We will not forget, either.

The National *Tuscania* Remembrance Association was formed in the spring of 2015 with the goal of creating a memorial to the victims, survivors, and rescuers of the *Tuscania* disaster before the centenary of the armistice that ended the Great War, in November of 2018.



CORP. DONALD F. DUNCAN

◀ Donald Duncan – The only member of the Baraboo Twenty-one who did not return after the war. He died of pneumonia in France in Nov. of 1918.

The de facto leader of the Baraboo Twenty-one was 1LT Paul Stewart, seen here in his Baraboo High School basketball uniform and later after the war. ▶



1st LT. PAUL L. STEWART

Medals to British Sailors



LEO ZIMMERMAN

Those Honored Were Commanders of Destroyers Sent to Rescue Of Sinking Vessel.



CORPS. EDW. COUGHLIN & BRAY.

◀ Among the most admired of the Baraboo Twenty-one were Jim Bray and Edward Coughlin. Bray was president of the Survivors Association in 1935 when the national reunion was held in Baraboo at the Warren Hotel. Coughlin died in 1958 and his son, Navy veteran Jerry Coughlin, passed away only a few weeks ago. Edward's burial flag is on display today next to the speaker's podium.

Final thanks from project director Steve Argo

- The Tuscania Memorial could never have been built without the generous contributions of hundreds of individuals, businesses, and organizations. Thank you all so much. The names of our \$250 and above donors are indicated on a stand to the far right of the main panel. (Please note: Though this is a temporary marker, a permanent bronze panel will be installed after the confirmation of final funding from various foundations in the spring of 2019.) Additionally, we wish to recognize several businesses that either made in-kind donations or gave us a hefty discount on materials. We have done our best to accurately estimate the value of these gifts and have incorporated them into our main list.
- The memorial site would never have come to fruition without the expertise and backbreaking physical labor of Baraboo landscaper Jerry Exterovich and artist Homer Daehn. For days on end these two men dug into the earth, hauled out massive stones, and directed area contractors doing the concrete and landscaping work. To borrow the words of Churchill, they were (are) the "blood, toil, tears, and sweat" of the Tuscania Memorial. Additionally, no single individual has logged in more hours of their time on this project than Paul Wolter, executive director of the Sauk County Historical Society. Paul is a great friend and the Sauk County Historical Society is lucky to have him at the helm.
- Homer Daehn wishes to recognize several individuals who helped him in the development of his sculpture. Those individuals are: Patricia Kelly, Lynsheree Eastman (girl model for clay), Aaron Rothe (soldier model), Rob Nurre (farmer model), Katy Carter's Quarter Horse, "Brutis" (horse model), Marjorie Cutting (costumes), Alan Treinen (horse bridle), Randy Neuman family and Russ and Terri Schider (transportation), Nate Ortiz (photography), D-Squared Studios, Brent Hesselberg, and Peter Shrake.

- Several individuals and institutions need be recognized for their contribution to the historical record of the Tuscania. The papers of Edward T. Lauer at the Wisconsin Veterans Museum in Madison, Wisconsin are the single best collection of primary source documents concerning the Tuscania and the National Tuscania Survivors Association. Steven Schwartz of Renton, Washington, whose website *Tuscania, An American History* revived the history of the Tuscania in the early-2000s, is to be commended for his tireless work. His database of soldiers on the Tuscania at the time of the the attack was particularly helpful. Marilyn Gahm, a retired librarian in Spooner, Wisconsin has used modern research tools to create the single best American history of the Tuscania disaster, and she has generously made that research available to the general public. Individuals wanting to learn about relatives who were on the Tuscania are encouraged to write to her in Spooner.
- Baraboo attorney Cliff Bobholz and former Sauk County Corporation Counsel (and SCHS president) Todd Liebman both provided legal assistance in the areas of accounting and contracts.
- For the last two years, Lisa Lucas of Colorado Springs, Colorado has been our website manager and principal advisor concerning social media. Lisa's razor sharp technology skills were important in allowing us to reach a wider audience.

- Retired Marine Corps lieutenant colonel Bill Crowley was absolutely indispensable in giving our project legitimacy among veterans organizations in Sauk County. In particular, his willingness to encourage American Legion Post 26 to make a sizeable contribution early on provided the financial leadership the project needed at just the right time. And over coffee at the Reedsburg Culver's in 2015, Vietnam veteran and Army Ranger Matt Ison provided invaluable advice on how to best proceed with fundraising and in generating support for a memorial. Like so many vets I've met, Matt wakes up each and every day with a desire to serve the country he loves.
- Baraboo artist, musician, storyteller, and children's librarian Anne Horjus was instrumental in making early illustrations for us. His vision adeptly incorporated the natural beauty of the outdoors, historical perspective, and community well-being. Like many artists who have to juggle multiple projects, Anne had to leave our effort in December of 2016 but his contributions until then were critically important.
- Benjamim Bromley of the *Baraboo New Republic* is to be thanked for the many times he went out of his way to promote the Tuscania Memorial as a project that would enhance the physical beauty of the Baraboo Riverwalk.
- In 2016, Cedarburg, Wisconsin artist Renée Graef created the dramatic lifeboat illustration that you've seen on our website and in hundreds of our mail-outs and brochures. Two years later she was brought back in to draw the map of the British Isles that you will see on one of the bronze panels.

- Two members of the Baraboo community, Sandy Snow and Jason Lane, have put in hours of their time on every conceivable detail of this project. They are the personification of what good citizenship is all about. Time and time again, Sandy and Jason have been my “go-to” people when jobs need to be done right and on time.
- Students of Baraboo High School's Baraboo 21 Club should be recognized. Early on, Liam Taber and Jasper Swallen put together our web page and Lily Hinz got our fundraising machine up and running. Miles Statz, Josh Arnold, and Ryan Bouhankov each brought high-octane energy to many of our public events. Anoop Chandrashekar and Mariah Deyo also came on board and brought exemplary leadership and spot-on organizational skills. This year, there have been several students who have volunteered their time and talents: Joseph Zech, Caleb Verstein, Brayden Turner, Liberty Paske, Ashley Palacek, Alec Schmelzer, and Solveig Nelson Argo.
- Baraboo School District employees Mike Pullen and Jared Beder have been most helpful troubleshooting baffling computer issues, and, as mavens of social media, Christina Beam and Holly Henderson provided critical assistance in the areas of photography and public outreach. Front office staff at Baraboo High School, especially Bernie Borkenhagen and Renee Teasdale, have shown nothing but generosity, patience, talent, and a perfect willingness to do whatever they could to help our cause. High school principal Glenn Bildsten has shown enthusiastic and unwavering support for the Tuscania project. Not only is Glenn a passionate educator, he fully understands the importance of making connections with the wider Baraboo community. My colleagues in the Social Studies Department -- Jake Boll, Barry Flesch, Pete Arndt, Erick Blasing, Brittany Crammond, Becca Onken, Mary Edwards, Justin Olson, and Rick Osgood -- have given me encouragement every step of the way.
- Finally, my amazing wife of almost 20 years, Kari Nelson, has helped in too many ways to mention. From starting our Facebook page and Gofundme site to creating every single one of our brochures, Kari combines extraordinary technical skills with the talents of an able wordsmith. More immediately, she has put up with the long hours and headaches that I have brought into our home with love, patience, kindness, and perfect equanimity. She is a pearl of great price and the love of my life.



Artist Homer Daehn, a native of central Wisconsin, has also restored 30 circus wagons for the Circus World Museum in Baraboo, and has done restoration work on the Wisconsin State Capitol. Among his well-known works are the bronze of John Muir at the Sierra Club legislative offices in Washington, D.C., and the bronze of environmentalist Aldo Leopold, at the Leopold Legacy Center in Baraboo.



Children's book illustrator Renée Graef created the artwork depicting the men in the lifeboat used on the tuscaniamemorial.org website, mailings and brochures, as well as the map used on the first plaque. She is a native of Cedarburg, Wisconsin.



Mr. Anne Horjus, originally from the Netherlands, assisted through December 2016 with early illustrations. He is a Baraboo artist, musician, storyteller and children's librarian.



And so this story of the *Tuscania* – of the people aboard, the people who helped and buried them, the people who attacked them, the people at home - has come to an end. This story that began with preparations for war ends with the story of a memorial that will keep the memory of those who served in that war alive.

Remember the *Tuscania*!



Marilyn Gahm, 10 November 2018